

1948

LORETTO RAINBOW

LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS, TORONTO, CANADA

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The "Loretto Rainbow" is a quarterly magazine, the publication of the Loretto Schools in Canada and the United States. Its object is to cultivate the literary taste of the pupils, to exchange news between the Schools, and to keep former pupils and friends in touch with Loretto activities. You will enjoy it, and by subscribing to it you will not only give yourself pleasure, but will help the cause of Christian education.

Published at Toronto Four Times a Year.

Subscription, \$1.00 per year



To
Mary,
Pilgrim Virgin of
Fatima.

whose gracious visit
remains a radiant memory,
with loyal and affectionate
devotion, we dedicate these pages.



At Fatima we did not share the vision bright,
As radiantly you stood, enshrined in light;
To Fatima we may not go with heart's full plea,
Fades out for us the light of Lucia's ecstasy;
But now, undreamt of love within thy grave, sweet face
(Oh, strong the power of darkness as evil grows apace!)
Holds fast our hearts. Since Fatima has crossed the seas,
With hope we kneel to pray — pray many Rosaries.



The Institute of the Blessed Virgin in Europe

The celebration of the Centenary of the Institute of the B.V.M. in America, which followed the Tercentenary of the death of Mary Ward, its great foundress, gave a new impetus to the unity and solidarity of the Institute throughout the world.

Communication with Houses in Europe and Asia, disrupted by the war, has been re-established and, as the story of the sufferings endured by the Religious in these lands began to come through, it seemed that the roles had been reversed, and the American branch had become the Institute militant, and the European, the Institute suffering.

To help our suffering Sisters, in Eastern Europe especially, whose trials demanded the heroic strength only Divine grace can bestow, was at once a duty and a joy. However pitiable as was their own condition, the one thought of these saintly women was how to re-establish their glorious work of Catholic education — without resources of any kind. Their spacious Academies and schools, now a heap of rubble, had to be replaced by huts and sheds, where war orphans, destitute and desolate, were cared for with the maximum of love and the minimum of all material things.

As a little thanksgiving offering for a hundred years of peace and blessing, a hundred boxes of food, clothing and supplies of various kinds were sent early in the year from the Loretto Houses in America. Each House adopted one or more of these schools and orphanages, and continues to support this great work of zeal.

Letters received by Mother General personally, or forwarded to her from other Houses, were from Mainz, Fulda, Bingen, Bensheim, of the Mainz Generalate; from Nymphenburg, Bad Reichenhall, St. Zeno, Aschaffenburg, Eichstatt, and Wurzburg, all in the Munich-Nymphenburg Generalate; and from Budapest, Krems, and Keeskemet, of the St. Polten Generalate.

From Mother Leo of St. Zeno's in Bavaria:

... Yesterday the six precious gift parcels arrived here just at the moment when the church bells, which a short time before had been safely returned, were joyfully ringing for the first time to announce the high festival of Pentecost. Their solemn, happy song was the symbol of our deep gratitude for your sisterly love. How much joy

your Reverend Mother Superior General has given to our house with these fine and practical gifts. And how much more still will be given to all the families when the clothes are given away. Our gratitude will increase with all the happiness, and in the same measure the blessings of Our Lord will pour down on your Convent... I immediately had offered High Mass, full of jubilee, for your community, and will present your troubles — as children of the Lord you must bear some — in my daily prayers to the Heart of Jesus...

St. Zeno's is an old convent, built nine centuries ago by the monks of St. Augustine. We are fifty nuns here, unfortunately the greater part of them sixty or seventy years old. Yet they are all devoting their remaining strength to their different duties, waiting meanwhile for younger heads and hands to take over the burden. These last unhappy years were not conducive to vocations.

Nearly one-third of our girls are evacuees; a good many of them had to flee with their parents from the Russians, taking with them only the most necessary things they could carry... And yet they bear their hard fate without complaining, nay, cheerfully, especially the children...

From Mother Veronica Schmidt of Eichstatt, also in Bavaria:

... I at once sent your dear letter to the Motherhouse in Nymphenburg to Reverend Mother Provincial Tarasia Konstantin... She will be just as happy as we are. Nymphenburg has a large school with almost four hundred children in the high school, and four hundred in the elementary. Most of these children, from good families, are pale and thin and badly clothed, and lived through the winter in houses without windows, and with no wood for heating. How grateful they will be for your kind gifts. We have here at Eichstatt a Madchenmittelschule with one hundred and twenty pupils, and a small boarding school. The last medical examination of these children showed bad results, as there is everywhere a scarcity of food... We had eight thousand inhabitants normally, but since so many refugees have arrived from the East, there are now certainly twenty-four thousand.

Eichstatt has the graves of St. Willibald and his sister, St. Walburga, who works many miracles. Out of her bones flows a healing liquid, Walburgisol, every year from February 25 to October.

... All our schools were closed by the Nazis in 1938; even private lessons were forbidden to the nuns. The town council asked for our buildings for the displaced persons from all the European countries, occupied by Hitler... In 1941 many of our young teaching Sisters were employed for other occupations. With the coming of the Americans, the war ended and "die partei ist abgetreten" wrote a newspaper of the Allied Military Government.

Perhaps you know what our houses suffered in bombarded towns. I was present at the whole war-attack in Munich, where we lost sixteen members, beside the three in Reichenhall...



"In this hut we cooked our meals, twenty persons, for nine months. Even a postulant's reception took place here."



At the Kindergarten. On the wagon is the cocoa brought from the Institute kitchen. Papal alms have provided this for the children



In the Convent garden the Angelus is just ringing. In the background is the ruined city of Wurzburg



In the ruins of the Convent at Wurzburg where the nuns have begun the re-building

...In spite of the war and the terrors of the war, we celebrated with great enthusiasm the anniversary of Mary Ward's death on January 30, 1945. It is a pity we cannot send you the different publications that appeared for this feast...

Farther to the East, in Budapest, that same feast saw quite a different scene: The nuns were given three hours notice by the Russians to leave their Convent, as it was required for barracks. One of the nuns writes:

...“We felt more united to our Foundress than ever before, sharing to a certain extent her hardships in these times of persecutions.”

From Mother Ludgera Speckmann, who sent with this letter the snapshots:

Perhaps you may be interested in how the Institute in Wurzburg is faring at present. Our former property in the centre of the city is completely destroyed. A more recently built school house of the year 1930 was taken from us during the Nazi regime — that is, we were forced to sell it. So of our former fifty members the twelve strongest have put themselves to the task of rebuilding a ruin, thus to secure for the Institute a location in the University city of Wurzburg. We have been living in the house for a year, even though to date it has not been completed... For half a year now Our Divine Lord has been living with us in a poorly-furnished house Chapel. The day He took up His abode with us was one of great rejoicing. In all our poverty we feel very happy. We do not wish to lose any of these difficult hours. We have only one burning desire; that all men, through the great sufferings of this district, may find their way back to God. May God be thanked and praised for everything... In Heaven we shall be able to thank you personally for all your love — until then may God reward you a hundredfold.

From Mother Immolata of Bensheim, in the German U. S. Zone:

It is a grey rainy fall day, and the November wind blows the last leaves from the trees. After a glowingly hot summer, as the Germans have never known it, Fall came, and now everywhere there is fear in hearts, the fear of the harshness of the winter. Yet “to the people that walketh in darkness, there ariseth a great light” — lumen Christi, Deo gratias! Thus the first stretch of the way lies in darkness; indeed, the darkness of our country is great — many persons, exteriorly, but still more interiorly, homeless... so many embittered and hard-hearted souls... so much disunity and estrangement in the families. These ruins of human beings are more shaking than all exterior debris. Every day it reveals itself more to us, this darkness of our days, and all of us carry a heavy load. Nevertheless, we who by the grace of God, continue believing, hoping, loving, we shall again be privileged to live through a happy, holy night. “An astonishing miracle, out of the bosom of the Father came God from God down to us!” More than ever our Institute walks in the footsteps of our Mother Mary Ward, and we wish to be ready

to sing with her in every dark night, a thankful “Te Deum.”

From Mother Scholastika of Wasserburg, on receipt of a parcel for her eighty-third birthday:

... To-day great pleasure fills my heart in telling you what joy our Heavenly Father prepared for me. September 26 was my birthday, completing eighty-three years. During the forenoon, after I had assisted at Mass, which had been said for me, the call was suddenly sounded “America congratulates you”... His festal gift, your three CARE packages. I cannot express how I feel, or how my sisters in religion are impressed with your charity. The Sisters in the kitchen, who best understand the value of these things, continually beseech God to reward you a thousand times. May He protect you and yours; bless all your labours; diminish your sorrows; keep you healthy and joyful, as well as all those associated with you.

... In spite of all this (drought, poor crops, and forest fires), people still do not understand that Our Heavenly Father wishes through these visitations to lead them to prayer... Everywhere we feel a shortage of teachers, and we have had to engage many secular teachers. Unfortunately, I can no longer be of assistance, because my eyes and limbs refuse! But I can still pray with heart and soul. For that I am glad...

Here, then, we see revealed a situation harrowing as a testimony of suffering, but heartening as a testimony of self-effacing devotion. The warmth of the thanks these letters convey, and the repeated assurance of prayers must more than repay every school, Alumnae group and individual who in any way assisted the Institute in Europe.

MEMBERS OF LITHUANIAN COMMUNITY MAKE HOME IN TORONTO

Loretto Abbey was privileged to offer hospitality to ten members of the Congregation of the Sisters of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, eight of whom are refugee Sisters from Lithuania who will make their home in Toronto for the next year. They are Sister M. Michael, Sister M. Agnes, Sister M. Magdalen, Sister M. Teresa, Sister M. Natalia, Sister M. Arcadia, Sister M. Hostieria, and Sister M. Jeanina.

They were met in Toronto by Mother Aloyse, Mother General of the Order in America, and Sister M. Appollinara, the New Toronto Superior, both from the Motherhouse in Putnam, Connecticut.

Canada, in offering haven to these nuns, is blessed in having thereby her first Lithuanian community.

A Tribute to Mother Bernard

On January 18, at Loretto School, 387 Brunswick Avenue, Toronto, Mother M. Bernard Donnelly died in the 57th year of her religious life. Although for many months she had suffered from failing health, she nevertheless made a valiant struggle to remain active,



and it was not until two weeks before the end that she consented to relinquish her work as editor of *The Rainbow*.

In the death of Mother Bernard the Community of Loretto loses a valued and much loved member, and many an alumna loses a revered and cherished friend. Born in Orillia, she attended the Separate School in that city, and

received her high school education at Loretto Convent, Lindsay. Shortly afterwards she entered the novitiate at Loretto Abbey. She taught in various schools in Toronto, Hamilton, Niagara Falls and Chicago, always continuing to study and diligently striving to become more efficient. She obtained her Master's degree from Loyola University, Chicago. Besides her work in the classroom, she was always generous with her versatile talents, and ready to help out in dramatic work, music and art. For the last 12 years she was editor of *The Rainbow*.

On Jan. 21 Requiem Mass was sung in the Convent Chapel by Rev. H. L. Cormier, S.J. Present in the sanctuary were Msgr. J. A. McDonagh, Rev. F. McNab, C.S.P., Rev. J. F. Lynch, S.J., Rev. D. Hourigan, S.J., and Rev. G. Cochran.

Mother Bernard is survived by a brother, Dr. I. Donnelly, and a sister, Mrs. Chas. Thompson, both of Scranton, Pa. — R.I.P.

* * *

After Mother Bernard's death a host of letters evidenced how great was her genius for friendship. The tributes chosen for these pages are representative of the love and devotion borne her by her former pupils, those with whom she

worked in the Alumnae, contributors to the *Rainbow*, and the Sisters of the Assumption of Nicolet, with whom she spent several summers.

* * *

From MOTHER M. ALICIA,
Loretto - Niagara Alumna

Looking in a box to-day for something, I came across an envelope on which was written in a shaky hand "Happy Birthday, Dear."

More years ago than I would like to tell, my first card came from Mother Bernard. It came to me as a little girl at Boarding School at Niagara; and through the years, my school life, my after school, my Novitiate, my younger years in Religion, and up through the later years, up to this very year, came the little card.

This last one is especially dear, because it told me that Mother Bernard was thinking of me, even in her suffering; and it was specially dear because it was my only birthday greeting this year, since there are none of my own family to remember.

Perhaps you who read this will have had a similar experience, for the name of every child in the school found its way to Mother's little book. On day of rejoicing, on day of sorrow, Mother Bernard was never too busy to say or write the word of congratulation or sympathy, and we felt the words came from the heart.

At school we found a sympathetic listener in Mother Bernard in all our doubts and difficulties. She was never too busy to give us all her attention in our troubles. Never too busy when visitors came to do everything to make them feel at home. When our parents came, we knew that they would never hear of our childish misdeeds from her. She always made them welcome, and they were persuaded that some day we would be real Loretto daughters. All my memories of Mother Bernard are of her many kindnesses.

Thinking always of others, never of herself, her pleased gratitude for the smallest favors done for her was touching. In her last couple of weeks several times we saw her so pleased when we discovered what she would like, because she would never ask for it herself.

Thinking of her now, the words of a little poem come to me:

"For courtesy is love of God,
Which finds the human heart too small
And overflows on one and all
In Kindliness."

* * *

From EDNA DUFFY HASENCAMP,
Loretto - Niagara and College

To M. M. Bernard.

Dearest Sister:

With a sad and heavy heart I learned that never again might old acquaintance be renewed with my dear teacher and friend who has been such a guide and inspiration all down the years. But I feel I must have a few last words with you to tell you how much you have been in my mind and heart, especially these latter days.

What a flood of memories overwhelms me as I look back over the forty years since first we met! How well I recall that memorable day in September, 1907! That was the year I passed the entrance examinations into high school in St. Thomas. My parents decided to send me to a private school rather than to public high, and mother, who had known you when you were school girls together and cherished happy memories of you, voted for Loretto, Niagara, where you were now stationed. How vividly I recall my first visit there! Father and I called at the academy "situated on a high and lofty eminence overlooking the Falls of Niagara," just as the brochure said, one lovely autumn afternoon. I can still see the immaculately polished floors as the portress led us into the spacious library. It is as if it were yesterday that we met you, and Mother Febronia, the superior, and Mother Theodora, the business manager, for business was afoot and on that September afternoon my future for the next four years was decided—indeed, I should more correctly say, for the following decade.

When we returned home late that night, my mother was surprised and more or less pleased that all the arrangements had been completed. (I have since learned that it is with mingled feelings one sends away a child of thirteen). I remember clutching tightly all the way home a little bouquet of pansies you picked for me in a sweet secluded garden beneath the study hall windows. When mother asked about you, I recall telling her you were tall and slender and that you glided rather than walked. But I was most impressed by the kind expression in your eyes. Brash young me! I was all for going forth into this brand new world, little realizing the inferno of home-

sickness I was to pass through before I became adjusted to my change of scene, beautiful though it was.

A week or two later found me enrolled as a very green "freshie" at Loretto, Niagara. How it all comes back to me now! Those graceful, dignified seniors, who were such poles removed from us of the lower grades, pass before my eyes as I write. My first teacher was the very popular Mother Margarita whom I was to meet again in college days and who linked the old with the new. I can still taste the longing for home that assailed me from morn to night—especially night—in those early weeks. You knew nothing of it till one afternoon returning from a walk down by the power houses, you asked me if this were not my hour for music practice. When I replied it was my crying hour, busy as you always were, you left everything and came and stayed with me trying to initiate me into the mysteries of sharps and flats. But as dear Mother Ambrose was later to remark to Mother Pauline, my beloved teacher of second year, "All little Duffey was ever interested in was her Latin and her 'litra-chure'."

It was not till my third year that I became your pupil, though all along you had been the kindest of friends to me. I'll never forget the day I laughed in your chemistry class when you said something was "soapy to the feel." To silly adolescent me the phrase seemed funny. It lost its humor, however, when you told me to remain after class. But when the others had gone and the door was closed, you looked at me and smiled and made me feel so ashamed of my thoughtlessness, I've been fairly careful ever since about laughing at the wrong moment. After that we were better friends than ever. I remember how I used to love helping you in the laboratory on Saturday afternoons.

During the same year, to everyone's great joy, you became mistress of schools. How we used to vie with each other to get a place by your side when strolling down the board walk between the little church and the convent! We even walked backward if there wasn't a spot in the forward-moving phalanx.

When I passed the matriculation examinations in 1910, it was you who prevailed upon my parents to send me on to the university, and when they consented after my graduation from Loretto, Niagara, it was you who accompanied me to Toronto. When we entered the registrar's old gray tower, you answered all the questions the wizard Brebner conjured up. I have often

thought since, when making out one of those endless questionnaires, how fortunate I was to have you by my side the day the University of Toronto learned my life history to date.

After leaving my Niagara Alma Mater, I saw you only occasionally, but you ever remained my counselor and friend, and I always felt I could lay any difficulty at your feet. All through my Toronto years I had the opportunity of seeing you at least once or twice a year, meetings to which I looked forward with great joy. But after you went to Chicago, I never contacted you again, though we corresponded as of old.

Some years later when you returned to Toronto, I somehow felt you were coming home though I shall always associate you with the Falls primarily.

And now, beloved friend, I must take leave of you till the veil is lifted and we see again those we have loved and lost awhile. I feel, however, I have not really lost you, for there are a few dear ones who live on in one's heart and whose presence nothing can destroy. It has been wonderful having had you as my teacher, counselor and friend, and I shall ever be thankful for the kindly fortune that brought us together. I can readily envision you gliding about in your new home and frequently going out of your way to perform a kind deed. No doubt you will be busy there, too, but I have a feeling every now and then you'll find time to lean over the "golden bars of Heaven" to look down upon all who are bereft and to tell Our dear Lord and His Blessed Mother Mary about us, so that one day we may all be together again. Till that time I shall love you and cherish your memory and be humbly grateful for having been able to call you friend.

* * *

From HELEN HERBOLD BARRYMORE,

Loretto — Englewood

It is the day of your little son's birthday. He is two years old, and this is a first party. Three young friends will come and the preparations are under way.

The simple cake stands frosted and decorated, custard ice-cream freezes in the lower compartment, and the pink and blue "Mary-and-her-Little-Lamb" decorations are being whisked on to the small-sized table, just before your own little lamb awakens from his nap and is made ready to receive his tiny guests.

A moment to pause and glance out the window at the new, white snow: the heightened

mood is overshadowed in these brief seconds of quiet as thoughts turn to a dear friend who only a few hours earlier, this very day, has been laid to rest several hundred miles away.

In this solitude of the winter and the snow are crystallized all the thoughts and memories of the years, almost a quarter century ago, when Mother Bernard came to Loretto-Englewood from Woodlawn, and you were just entering your senior year.

It was a happy last year, made stimulating by a talented teacher whose lively interest in the teaching of botany made possible some extra-curricular trips to city-park conservatories; whose creative talent in art made you quicken to the masterful collections at the Art Institute; whose feeling for the language of the French had you racing home from school to listen to the weekly broadcast of a French lesson; or whose deep, deep love for Shakespeare and senior English had you teasing for a larger allowance to cover the Shakespearean plays that were more numerous in the city's dramatic life than are found today.

Came at last, and all too soon, graduation and the severance of the daily contacts and tete-a-tetes that made a final year a memorable one in your school day career.

But the friendship did not end with the white dress, crowned head, rose bouquet and petite flower girl. The school year just completed was only the beginning of a continuing interest that survived the years: university courses and your grades, first ventures into the business world, movies, music, parties, plays, operas, symphonies, lectures, books, exciting friends, vacations in the West, your enthusiasm for laywomen's retreat work, and always a concern for personal heartaches: illness and deaths in your family — your own illnesses, too, as they came. In the years that passed there was always a letter arriving at the opportune moment: when you returned home from your mother's funeral; a word of consolation the day your aunt died and you reached home from the office thirty minutes too late.

War years ... your brother in service ... changes in home life ... your own small apartment and initiation into domestic arts and science. Then the short but important romance in your life: a baptism, First Communion, and your winter Wedding Day — the inevitable letter of loving good wishes adding joy to the biggest moment of your life.

But the interest in you did not cease with your acquiring a devoted husband. The ups

and downs of long distance moving, the national shortage of living quarters, house hunting in a strange town, new friends, the new life: all these were of concern to her, many miles away, yet ever close at hand with the exchange of letters that bridged the miles so quickly.

Then the day your son was born: the telegram your husband sent and the swift response that reached your hospital room. The anxiety over the new little life and the ordeal of returning immediately to your home town to live in a new but unwieldy house . . . the subsequent finding of your suburban domestic life so involved you trembled every time the infant cried. Her prayers which, after a year, helped to get you out of your "cage" and back to the bailiwick you knew and could handle.

The snow is falling again; the guests do not yet come; the Little Lamb sleeps on. You recall a winter week-end at Niagara Falls when Mother Bernard lived there; then other week-ends later in Toronto when she was transferred there. Always a welcome and the saddening when the delightful little trip came to an end.

When was the last visit? Oh, long before your wedding! Last year you found it impossible to attend the Centennial — the final big Loretto affair in which, though frail, she had a part.

Letters had been infrequent this past year, and you are a poor scribe, thanks to the ever increasing demands of an energetic little two-year-old. Though you had not written often, nor had had a moment since the holidays to write of a happy event expected in August, you realize that now she knows and that she will be there as she was during her lifetime in all your biggest undertakings.

The Little Lamb is stirring. He is up. He is dressed. He sits down to his party table, wide-eyed and understanding, disturbing not a single spoon, just looking, looking. The bell rings . . . the guests and their mothers and the excitement . . . a quick "Requiescat in Pace" . . . You will be thinking of her often in the days and years to come.

* * *

From K. CAMILLE ADAMS, Secretary of the Montreal Circle of the Alumnae

When word reached Montreal that Mother M. Bernard had gone to her final reward, the doleful message filled the hearts of our Alumnae members with sorrow and dismay.

Many of us who visited her at Brunswick during the Centennial celebrations last Sep-

tember recalled her gracious smile and warm, friendly interest in our unit.

Personally I knew Mother Bernard as a dear, dear friend and a considerate editor, and I find it difficult to visualize "The Rainbow" without her wise and kindly guidance. I believe, however, that those of us who have contributed to the journal in the past will do our utmost to see that "The Rainbow" will long be a sacred monument to her dear memory.

"The fruit of good labor is glorious."

* * *

From FLORENCE MULLIN, International President of the Niagara Alumnae

A half a century of convent girls enjoyed the privilege of the guidance and counsel of Mother Bernard, whose understanding of human nature, whose high ideals made her a mentor of unsurpassed quality. When I enrolled at Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, I had the happiness of becoming her friend in every sense of the word. She encouraged me always to work for something better than the best, to be satisfied with nothing short of perfection.

After I left school, though the years separated us and many times our correspondence lagged, there was never a birthday without a letter from Mother Bernard. Though she might have been ill, though she was very, very busy, the letter was written, always with the word of encouragement, of praise for accomplishment, and admonition to strive for the ideals, which are part and the foundation stone of Loretto. Though we shall not hear her voice again, Loretto girls throughout the world will remember her and be better women for having passed her way.

* * *

From ALINE MICHAELIS, of Beaumont, Tex.

She was so tranquil, through each changing scene
Preserving something vital to the good
Of those around her; unafraid, serene,
Though earth itself was in tumultuous mood.
For she was as the light, which does not know
The shadows that retreat before its gleam;
It was her portion on us to bestow
Bright glimpses of a far and fair regime.

She left her gracious touch upon our lives,
So all ignoble things were set apart
As alien, and in us yet survives
The mirrored merit of her stainless heart.
Now, by some miracle of heaven's will,
She, who has gone, is ever with us still!

From KATHLEEN A. SULLIVAN,

Goderich, Ontario

Your tide of life has ebbed into the deep,
 The waves, once surging, passed serenely
 on;
 Within your mortal craft you've gone to sleep,
 And sailed away to find your Avalon.
 Three queens shall guide you, voyaging afar —
 Bright Faith, and radiant Hope, and tender
 Love;
 God's pilot safe will steer you towards His Star
 His entrance — signal to His Home above.
 Your tide of life has ebbed, and friends, alone,
 Stand watching your departure from life's
 shore;
 And yet they utter no complaint or moan,
 Though on this earth they'll see you never
 more;
 For well they know you'll find your trysting-
 place . . .
 With God — will gaze bliss-filled upon His
 Face.

* * *

From LOLA A. BEERS, Wisconsin

She knew that rarest thing — an ageless age,
 Who sought perfection in the printed page,
 To have the gentle wisdom that was hers,
 Ah, what a heritage, new hope bestirs.

Words were not merely letters joined anew,
 To her, but a composite Rainbow hue
 Spelled color, Laughter, Homage, Talent, Tears,
 And music that a future reader hears.

Is it too much to hope we can attain
 In our great loss of her a great gain?
 — A new Illumination of the Soul
 That ultimately brings us to her goal?

* * *

From FRED B. FENTON, of Toronto

On Time's rough track; across the diverse years
 Of effort, ardour, romance, war and peace,
 We trace, mid rise and ruin, smiles and tears,
 The marks of those from earth who've found
 release
 And left us, here and there, a precious word —
 The gold of gracious act, uplifting thought;
 And through Life's winding labyrinths are heard
 Heart stirring echoes of some lesson taught.

And those who shared with us the daily round
 Seem often near, as Memory gives them voice.
 Alike in cloistered courts, where calms abound,
 And in the throbbing mart they do entice
 The soul to pray; reminding Life's a path
 To where our Father's many mansions are,
 Which we should cultivate, as though a strath
 To pastures clean and fresh that bloom afar!

For Mother Bernard, counsellor and friend,
 Who cheered the plodder on his struggling way,
 A bouquet of our love — our prayers we blend
 On this auspicious and Memorial Day!
 Does she not signal from a loftier plane:
 "By practice preach the Truth that makes you
 free;
 Each earthly sacrifice means heavenly gain:
 The cross endured, a crowned eternity" — ?

* * *

From SOEUR MARIE - ANGES, A. S. V.,
 of Nicolet, Quebec

It is with sentiments of deep regret that
 we learn of the death of the excellent and very
 dear Mother Bernard who left in our midst such
 a lasting souvenir. In our esteem, she imperson-
 ated all the virtues of a perfect religious; char-
 ity, goodness, love of souls, ardent devotion to
 Christ and Our Lady, constant forgetfulness
 of self, manifested always in a most gracious
 and exquisite courtesy.

Your Community loses in her a precious
 worker. Very deeply do we share your grief,
 and it will be a pious duty for us to solicit for
 the soul of our dear Mother Bernard the full
 possession of beatitude in an everlasting glory.

COLLEGE GRADUATE — I.S.S. REPRESENTATIVE

Miss Gyneth Stencel, 4T6, graduate of
 Loretto College, was chosen as Assistant Secre-
 tary by the International Student Service to
 attend the Seminar being held from July 15
 to August 15 at the Castle of Schoss-Ploen in
 the British Zone of Germany. It is hoped that
 the Seminar, made up of Canadian and Euro-
 pean professors and students will win support
 for the idea of freedom, without which universi-
 ties can have no meaning. In this activity
 Gyneth brings honour to her Alma Mater and
 her fellow graduates, inasmuch as the basis of
 this appointment is personality, scholarship and
 efficiency.

I. B. V. M.

Reverend Mothers General in America

1847-1947

REV. MOTHER IGNATIA HUTCHINSON
REV. MOTHER TERESA DEASE
REV. MOTHER IGNATIA LYNN
REV. MOTHER VICTORINE HARRIS
REV. MOTHER STANISLAUS LIDDY
REV. MOTHER PULCHERIA FARRELLY
REV. MOTHER ST. TERESA FINNIGAN
REV. MOTHER VICTORINE O'MEARA

PROFESSION CEREMONY AT LORETTO ABBEY

The ceremony of First Profession took place at Loretto Abbey on April 27. Reverend W. Fraser said the Mass and officiated at the simple, private ceremony. Before Mass the candidates knelt at the altar and answered the questions which form the first part of the ritual. These answers constitute a public avowal of the candidate's intention to consecrate herself to God by means of the three vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience. After the "Domine non sum dignus" each sister pronounced her vows and signed them while the priest stood, holding aloft the Consecrated Host.

The altar was exceptionally beautiful. Red roses mixed with Baby's Breath were the background for the blue and white Centenary vestments.

Before Mass the Novices' choir sang "Lord Give Me Souls" and during Mass, parts of the "Missa Regina Pacis." The pronouncing of vows was followed by "Veni Sponsa" and the ceremony was concluded with the restrained but exultant chant, "Te Deum."

Those professed were — Sister Mary Celine, Miss Catherine Oliva, Chicago; Sister Mary André, Miss Catherine Hensel, Chicago; Sister M. Hilary, Miss Helen Kenifick, Holland Township; Sister M. Gilda, Miss Margaret Turano, Toronto; Sister M. Margaret Anne, Miss Gertrude Mahoney, Saskatoon; Sister M. Teresina, Miss Emma Felice, Thorold; Sister M. Donata, Miss Flora Dean, Guelph; Sister M. Charlotte, Miss Mary Bergin, Adjala.

The Saint of Chelsea

Produced at Loretto Abbey, March 17, 18, 19

The play, *The Saint of Chelsea*, is a little masterpiece, for by means of its crisp and easy dialogue it lucidly develops the drama of St. Thomas More's stand for principle against expediency. A very great deal of the dialogue is made of the very words that the chief characters, as narrated in the authentic biographies of More, are known to have used. Much more valuable than this literal accuracy is fidelity to the spirit which the play achieves.

The chief burden of the play was carried in the role of Sir Thomas More. It was rather a grave More, but there was always the radiant dignity and kindness of the noblest of all Englishmen; there was the gleaming power of intellect which so easily repelled all assaults and exposed all tricks; and there was at least enough suggestion of the irrepressible gaiety that made him jest as spontaneously as he prayed.

Next to More himself it was most important that there should be a faithful representation of his favorite daughter, Meg, and this was most satisfactorily rendered. The scenes of father and daughter in the cell of the condemned approximated to perfection. The Duke of Norfolk was shown as compassionate but un-courageous, Cromwell as ruthless, the King as calculating even in his fury, and Ann Boleyn as bereft of all prudence as well as mercy in her hatred of More.

All are to be congratulated on this contribution to the Centenary celebration of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

(Mr. Henry Somerville in *The Register*).

OUR LADY OF THE CATARACT

Each morning as I step outside the door
I see the seventh wonder of the world.
The gushing waters of Niagara pour
Swiftly against the rocks on which they're hurled.
Above the misty spray arising from
The roaring, thundering cataract below,
The Blessed Lady stands. From heav'n she's come,
To guide her Son's possession on its flow.
From morning when the sun comes into sight,
Till evening when the moon comes into view,
She stands in all her glory of radiant light
Above the roaring falls of foaming hue.
Oh! Lady of the Cataract of fame,
Niagara Falls will ne'er forget your name.

Louise D'Anna, Grade X,
Loretto - Niagara.

THE SAINT OF CHELSEA



More at home
with Clement,
Elizabeth, Meg
and
William Roper



The court of
Henry VIII and
Catherine of Ara-
gon

Summer Vacation

Graduation day! A red letter day for most girls, but just another day in the year for eighteen year old Diana Gaylord. As she stood before the full-length mirror attired in an exquisite gown that would make any girl's heart beat faster, she was not thinking of the events of the day, but rather of the summer days ahead. She had made up her mind that she was going to Europe for the summer. She had not asked her father as yet, but she was confident that she would go. She visualized herself strolling down the Champs Elysées on the arm of a handsome Parisian, or basking in the sun of the fabulous Riviera, or perhaps . . . her dreams were interrupted by a soft tapping at her door.

The well-dressed, middle-aged man standing in the doorway, typified the wealthy, successful New York business man. But although Thomas Gaylord was a success in the business world, he was a failure as a father. The loss of his wife during his daughter's infancy, left him with the task of raising the child, a task which he found too heavy. In an attempt to overcome his grief, he devoted himself wholly to his business. He rarely saw his daughter. Business trips to all parts of the world often kept him away for months at a time, and it is not surprising that the child sometimes forgot that she had a father. Her upbringing was left to the care of various nurses and governesses who thought of her not as a person, but as the means of earning a living.

Thus, raised in these surroundings, Diana Gaylord became a veritable dictator in the household. Her word was law; her slightest whim was obeyed without question. No one dared or cared to correct her. Governess after governess left and was replaced until Mr. Gaylord, as a last resort, enrolled his daughter in an exclusive school for girls. The plan proved futile. His daughter had in no way improved. She was still the selfish, proud, arrogant girl that she had been before her enrollment.

But if one could probe the innermost thoughts of this girl, he would discover, much to his surprise, that this haughty young miss was unhappy and lonely. It is true that she was very popular among the cream of New York's society. In fact, she had what many a girl only dreams of having: expensive clothes, good looks, as much money as she wanted, and

popularity among the élite. But she was, literally, a slave to society. Parties, concerts, and other social

events took up most of her time, and she had little time to think of her loneliness. Although she refused to admit even to herself that she was unhappy, she was keenly aware that something vital was lacking in her life.

Mr. Gaylord realized his mistake when it was almost too late. He knew that the only remedy lay in separating her from her present associates, who were, in truth, no better than she. He determined to carry out his plan. A few days later he received a mysterious letter post-marked "Canada."

As he stood in the doorway facing his daughter, he knew that what he had to say to her would not be to her liking, but he determined that for the first time in her life, she was going to do something someone else wanted her to do, not what she wanted to do.

He squared his shoulders, cleared his throat, and began:

"I have some news for you concerning your vacation, Diana."

She turned quickly, her eyes bright and eager. Believing that the news concerned the anticipated trip to Europe, she resumed her dreams. But her thoughts tumbled into nothingness as she heard her father say:

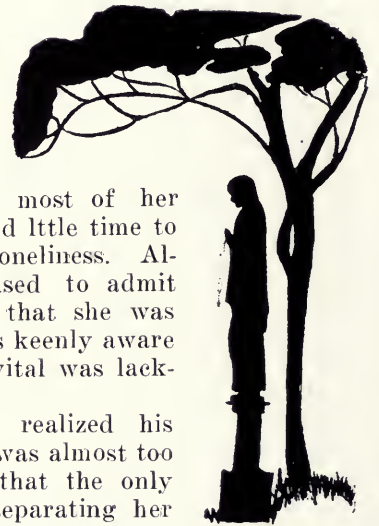
"I have cabled your aunt Martha, and she will expect you next Friday."

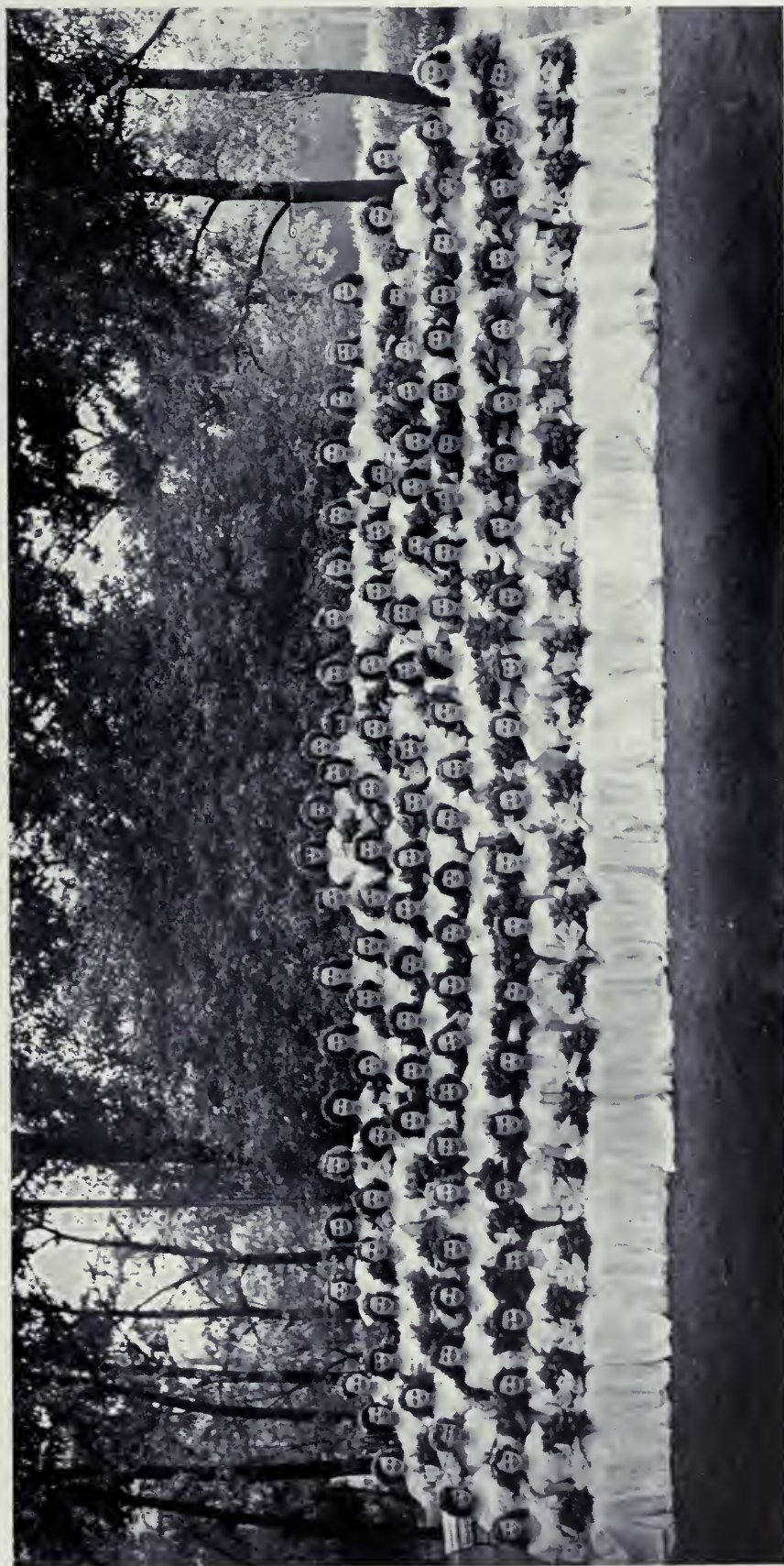
Aunt Martha's! She did not know much about Aunt Martha except that she was her mother's sister and lived somewhere in Northern Canada. She pictured herself spending the whole summer in the wilderness, freezing in a one-room cabin, her only companions an old-fashioned aunt and a few Eskimos.

"You are just joking," she said aloud.

"I was never more serious in my life," replied her father.

Diana made up her mind that she would





GRADUATES, 1948, LORETTO ACADEMY, WOODLAWN, CHICAGO

TOP ROW: Joan Thompson, Therese Glatzhofer, Mary Jane Maloney, Mary Colette Peak, Helen Griffin, Dorothy Priestley, Kathaleen Delber, Joanne Budilli, Mary Ann Boreczky, Lorraine Bradsgaard, Eleanor Murray, Marguerite McGann, Joanne Cenway, Rita Konrath, Marilyn Metz, Therese Mae Meyers, Patricia McKenna, Mildred Hubeny, Arlene Stacey, Virginia Goodman, Jane Nix

FOURTH ROW: Margaret O'Malley, Mary Gertrude McGrath, Carole O'Rourke, Gloria Aaron, Noel Mast, Marjorie Hansen, Mary Struile, Donna Jean Beck, Kathleen Scanlon, Patricia Jensen, Margaret Allen, Mary Patricia Braatz, Barbara Cook, Patricia Horgan, Marian Starr, Marguerite Struebing, Mary Lou Reda

THIRD ROW: Gabriella Lockington, Eileen Wagner, Mary Therese Murphy, Rosemary McKee, Norma Morin, Joan Drummond, Genevieve Cahoe, Mary Jean Stephens, Geraldine Pientka, Virginia Berger, Mary Lou McArthur, Mary Ann Purpura, Dolores Winterlin, Virginia O'Connell, Mary Lux, Louise Shanabarger, Dolores Connelly, Mary Ruth Carney, Mary Therese O'Connell

SECOND ROW: Irene Heatherty, Peggy O'Sullivan, Mary Ellen Adams, Mary Karatinos, Catherine Ambrose, Dolores Sharp, Phyllis Schlesna, Marian Durtin, Jean Cain, Kathleen Ryan, Jean Orel, Antoinette Ontiveros, Mary Quinn, Marilyn Gestner, Joanne Cain, Beverly Brown, Joanne Bray, Dolores Ingalls, Therese Hoensefaat, Margaret Stafford, Germain McKay, Renata Frankiewicz, Patricia Thavis, Mary Margaret Pierzyski, Margaret Hayes, Barbara Bloom, Jane Bojanowski

FIRST ROW (left to right): Patricia Fitzgerald, Margot Curry, Joan Kiely, Therese Fox, Evelyn Derrick, Barbara Bissonnette, Therese O'Donahue, Frances Frey, Joyce Haran, Molra Coughlan, Marilyn Benson, Rosemarie Schneck, Norma Shogren, Mary Louise Teugels, Geraldine Polarek, Mary Ann Arseneault, Jane Cunningham, Maureen Cryan, Angela Battaglia, Mary Shanley, Rita Siciliano, Mary Ann Helmick, Joan Milord

not go. He would soon get over the idea and forget all about it. Then they would be off to Europe.

"I simply refuse to go, father, and nothing you can do or say will make me go," she said.

But Mr. Gaylord had made up his mind also.....

The arrival of a train always brought the inhabitants of Pine Tree, Ontario, to the tiny station to learn the latest news, but the arrival of a young, attractive girl to the town was something out of the ordinary. Almost the whole town had turned up to catch a glimpse of this mysterious newcomer.

Diana stood on the platform of the tiny station, scanning the road for any sign of life. She had never felt so ill at ease before. Why were those horrible people staring at her? Hadn't they ever seen a woman before? The small group of inhabitants were standing near the platform regarding her with apparent interest. A few Indians squatting on the ground eyed her with curiosity. Diana did not like their cold stares, and for the first time in her life she was afraid. She viewed her surroundings. The town of Pine Tree consisted of a general store, a small church, a few frame houses, and a saloon. The cluster of people before her continued to stare, but no one said a word. Diana began to feel more and more uncomfortable. How long was this going to continue? She peered anxiously down the road, and breathed a thankful sigh of relief as a cloud of dust about a mile away told her that a car was approaching.

The townspeople saw the car and immediately focused their attention on it. The car slid to a stop in front of the station and a buxom, middle-aged woman stepped from it. She was greeted with loud exclamations of welcome from the people, and even the solemn Indians looked pleased at her coming. This woman was evidently quite popular with the people here.

Diana was quite unprepared for the woman's next move, for on seeing the girl she detached herself from the crowd and with a glad cry embraced the startled girl enthusiastically.

"Diana" she cried, "welcome to Pine Tree!"

Diana murmured a response, and before she had time to think, she was led to the car amidst the hearty good-byes of the people, and the town of Pine Tree was soon left far behind.

Her aunt kept up a steady flow of con-

versation, asking her many questions about her father and New York.

"I suppose it is quite dull up here for you sometimes. Don't you wish you were back in civilization again?" Diana said, emphasizing the "civilization."

"Dull!" her aunt replied in surprise, "I never have the time to do all the things I want to do. Running a ranch has its responsibilities, as you will see when you have been here a while. You'll like the ranch and the men who work there. I'm sure you will enjoy yourself this summer, my dear."

"That is where you are mistaken, Aunt Martha," replied Diana. "I want to make you clear on one thing. I did not come up here because I wanted to, but because I had no choice in the matter. I would rather be in a great many other places than in this wilderness. I know that I could never enjoy myself among working-men."

Martha Newson frowned. Her task was going to be even more difficult than she had imagined. When she received the letter from her brother-in-law, telling of his concern for his daughter, she realized that something had to be done. This sullen girl sitting beside her was definitely going to be quite a problem, but she would try.

By this time it was dark. Martha speeded up the car, for she wanted to reach the ranch before midnight. They began to descend a steep incline. Diana was dozing in her seat, but a loud bang brought her fully awake.

"Flat tire!" cried her aunt.

The car began to veer crazily and swerved off the road, hitting a huge tree. Diana remembered nothing more. When she regained consciousness, it was the following evening.

"Ah, the patient is awake at last. How do you feel, Miss Gaylord? You got quite a bump on the head."

Diana turned at the sound of the voice, and saw an attractive, business-like young man standing near the bed.

"Where am I? Who are you?" she asked dazedly.

"You are at your aunt's ranch. We brought you here last night. Your aunt was fortunate. She was not hurt as badly as you. But you will be all right now. As for me, I am the doctor in these parts. Doctor William Everett at your service," he said with a slight bow.

Her aunt entered the room saying, "How are you feeling, Diana?"

"I will be lucky if I live! I will probably be a cripple for life, and it is all your fault. If you had not tried to show off, we would



GRADUATES, 1948, LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL, TORONTO

- BACK ROW (left to right): Anne Marie Sullivan, Adele Scofano, Mary Louise Purvis, Marcella Buck, Ruth Doherty
 SECOND ROW: Joan Gibson, Mary Holland, Victoria Genovese, Mary Ewanchek, Nella Renzetti, Almarie Roach, Joyce Alberico, Marjorie Christopher
 FRONT ROW: Margaret Robinson, Lorraine Murray, Elizabeth Grady, Patricia O'Leary, Evelyn Cribbett, Mary Dutton, Patricia Manning, Molly Mulligan

never have crashed into that tree!" shrieked Diana.

The young doctor started to say something, but Martha checked him by saying:

"You only got a bump on the head, my dear. You can get up to-morrow if you like. I am certainly sorry for what has happened, and on your first night here too. But we will make up for that, won't we, Bill?"

But Bill Everett did not answer. He was looking at the sullen girl in the bed and he decided that he was not going to like this Miss Gaylord, debutante or not.

The savoury odour of bacon and eggs greeted Diana the next morning, and she discovered that she was ravenously hungry. She glanced at her watch. Seven o'clock! She had never risen that early in all her eighteen years. Nevertheless, she was descending the stairs half an hour later. She dreaded meeting her aunt. After the affair of last night, she would probably go out of her way to make her stay an unpleasant one. But she was surprised to see her aunt smile at her from over a platter of tempting flapjacks, and greet her merrily. "Sleep well, dear?"

Diana had to admit that she could not remember having slept so well before. She concluded that it must have been the weather. It was beautiful up here and the weather was ideal.

Presently, she sat down to one of the best breakfasts she had ever tasted. This Canadian weather gave one an appetite too, she realized.

That afternoon, Dr. Everett came to see his patient. Diana had made up her mind to dislike him. His visit was brief. He left with a greater dislike for her than he had previously had. But in spite of himself, he had to admit that she was very attractive.

Diana felt that she had never disliked anyone more than she did that insolent doctor. Telling her that she was a snob! Her cheeks still burned from that remark. Still, he was very good-looking in spite of his extreme rudeness.

The next morning found her helping her aunt in the kitchen, something she had never done, and she made her first cake. It was truly a thing of beauty. Her aunt was so pleased that she decided to serve it at dinner that evening. They were having a guest that evening. Dr. Everett was coming. Diana tried to convince herself that she did not want to see

him, but she could not help looking forward to his arrival.

The meal was a pleasant one, and Diana felt a strange sensation of pleasure as the young doctor praised her cake. He was surprised on hearing that it was Diana's work of art, for he could not picture her in a kitchen. Diana saw this, and from that moment she determined to show the doctor that even snobs can change. She caught her breath. She had actually admitted that she was a snob!

"Well, perhaps I am a snob," she murmured, "and the doctor is right. But he will change his opinion of me, or my name is not Diana Gaylord."

Bill Everett soon saw the change that had come over her, and he wondered if he had been a little too hasty in his judgment of her.

He soon became a frequent visitor to the ranch, and he and Diana saw a lot of each other. The summer days were filled with new and interesting activities. Diana found herself forgetting her parties and dances, and she began to wonder what she had seen in the senseless life she had led in New York. As the summer continued, she admitted that she had never enjoyed a vacation so much before, and in her heart she thanked her father for sending her to her aunt's.

The fall arrived and with it a letter from her father who was still in Europe. It stated that he had booked passage for her aboard the liner "Duchess of Kent," which was sailing for Europe the following week. Diana did not want to go. She had become attached to the place and she had to confess that she had become very fond of Bill.

Diana answered the letter as she would never have answered it a few months ago. "Am not interested in proposed trip. Please cancel reservations."

That night, Bill asked her to marry him, and in a few weeks she became Mrs. William Everett. They were married in the little church in Pine Tree. Her father, who had flown from Europe for the occasion, gave her away.

After he had talked with his daughter for a few minutes, he realized the great change that had come over her, and as he saw the happiness in her face, he thanked Providence that he had sent her on this Summer Vacation.

Marie Sammut, XII,
Loretto College School.



LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL

397 BRUNSWICK AVENUE
TORONTO 4



George

To tell the truth, I don't know anyone named George, yet George was my best friend. In fact, George even wanted to marry me. How did it all happen? Well, one night, as I was sitting all alone, dutifully doing my homework, the telephone rang. I rushed towards the stand, picked up the receiver, and heard a voice say:

"Guess who this is?"

"I wouldn't know," I replied — slightly deflated and annoyed even more so. When anyone started like that, it almost always proved to be a disappointment.

"This is **George**," said the voice, thereby supposedly illuminating me. Not knowing anyone by the name of George, I was on the point of informing the gentleman that he had the wrong number, when my intentions were rudely interrupted. "How are ya, Ethel? Are ya gonna keep that date we've got next Saturday?" My name does **not** happen to be Ethel, so I said (or rather attempted to say):

"Well, really—"

"Aw now, Ethel, you're not still mad at me, are ya? I promise I'll never have another date with Margie agin. I'll pick ya up at seven-thirty sharp. Well, g'bye now, Ethel." He hung up, and all I could hear was the operator asking for my number so I put the phone down, thinking:

"Wait 'til George finds out he didn't talk to his girl, after all. Will **he** be surprised!"

The following Sunday morning, the phone rang again. I answered it, and sure enough, George.

"Now, listen here, Ethel," he started, "If you think you can stand me up like that, ya got another think comin'." By this time, I had begun to reason:

"If this fool can get the same wrong number twice, somebody'll have to teach him a lesson." Thus, I began: "Why, George, what do you mean? I waited for you to call until nine o'clock Saturday night and you never showed up. What's a girl supposed to do?"

"Well, mebbe I was a little late, I'm awful sorry. Say, Ethel, you wouldn't want to go out tomorra night, would ya?"

"That'd be fine with me, George. What time did you say?"

"Mebbe we'd better make it eight o'clock. I work kinda late."

"Okay, George. Goodbye." I hung up, chuckling inwardly.

However, the next night about seven-thirty, I heard the telephone bell jangle once more. This time, my mother answered. After listening for a moment, she turned and said to me:

"It's someone named George. Do you know any George?"

"I'll take it," I said and then, "Hello?"

"Say, Ethel, you can't two-time me. I heard that you're goin' out with that Stanley Davidson. Once and for all, Ethel, will ya marry me? I'll be over in ten minutes to hear your answer. **Good-bye!**" I hung up, wondering what in the world Ethel was going to think about all this.

A few weeks later, I happened to pick up and glance through one of our neighborhood newspapers. There, on the third page, was the announcement: "Mr. and Mrs. J. Andrew Appleby announce the engagement of their daughter, Ethel Clara, to Mr. George P. Pettigrew. The wedding will take place sometime in the near future. Members of the families of both and friends will attend." Naturally, I couldn't help wondering if that was my Ethel and George. Who knows? Maybe George did manage to communicate with Ethel after all.

Frances Thurson, IV,
Loretto High School, Chicago

A CLOUD

I saw a cloud go floating by,
A snowy, downy fluff,
As soft and white as a baby lamb,
As light as a feather puff.

I saw a cloud go scudding past,
Across the deep, blue sky,
As though 'twas loath to be the last
To bid the sun goodbye.

I saw a cloud go sailing by
O'er a summer sea,
And on across a grassy plain,
O'er hill and vale and lea.

I saw a cloud go winging by,
As fast as time itself;
It made me think, in all this world,
How important, self.

Mary Catherine O'Brien, X,
Loretto College School.



GRADUATES, 1948, LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL, CHICAGO

TOP ROW: Lois Tallet, Lorraine Shanley, Florence Adams, Lorraine Johnson, Betty Burke, Sally Baggott, Peggy Baggott, Rose Mary Skokan, Theresa McGowan, Marguerite Wagner, Catherine Hernan, Joan LeBlanc, Maureen Galvin, Edith Nicolay, Jane O'Donnell, Marcela Farrell

FOURTH ROW: Julianne Hurley, Winifred Wellman, Catherine Farrell, Virginia Gleason, Mary Gillespie, Rita Quinn, Mary Virginia Fitzgerald, Margaret Julian, Barbara Schuler, Jacqueline Smith, Joan Foran, Joan Costick, Patricia Mulherin, Rosemary Doody, Kathleen Cleary

THIRD ROW: Caroline Chamberlain, Nancy Hay, Marjorie Meyer, Ann Graham, Lorraine Slattery, Catherine Swain, Mary Jane Russ, Ruth Niesen, Betty Nachel, Audrey Kiley, Eleanor Richards, Helen Barton, Patricia Lenz, Kathleen Mahoney, Ann Donnersberger, Mary Devlin, Marilyn LaFauce

SECOND ROW: Betty Tankesley, Kathleen Mulholland, Mary Jane Brown, Mary Louise Fillwalk, Kathleen Lavin, Carol Harris, Rose Marie Fox, Kathryn Radloff, Rosemary Duffin, Dolores Freitas, Joan Healy, Frances Thurson, Veronica Bankert, Evelyn Enzenbacher, Rosemary Benson, Margaret Harrington, Frances Santangelo

BOTTOM ROW (left to right): Betty Prete, Mary Therese Cook, Margaret Mary Morgan, Rosemary Cassidy, Elaine Farrington, Jeanne Stone, Theresa Pertichl, Dorothy Horbach, Catherine Zubricky, Kathryn Leonard, Mary Ellen Cummings, Rosemary Riley, Anna Kerner, Carol Stender, Margaret McFadden, Cathleen Chaudier, Theresa Poydock

A Bird's Eye View, and Beyond

The first International Trade Fair on this continent was held in Toronto from May 29 to June 10. Perhaps you did not give it a thought; or else you let it slip by, a link in

the chain of unending events which you could not fit into your crowded schedule; or again, you may not have possessed the all-important business card which opened the Trade Fair buildings to you.

Nevertheless you must have stopped to admire the windows of Eaton's College Street store, which encompassed the world in the modern wonder of clear plastic. As the globe rotated slowly on its axis, one could envisage the glorious day when all the nations of the world would unite—who knows but in their consecration to the Immaculate Heart of Mary? Meanwhile, in international trade, lies one solution to the world's economic troubles.

On entering the Trade Fair building, the excitement overwhelms you, and you are aware only of ostentatious display. Every colour of the rainbow surges past you. Efficient Mounties are stationed at the door, worriedly regarding the fast-fading polish on their boots. Indians (from India) and other brightly costumed figures hurry by, intent on hastily scribbled notes, stopping occasionally to greet, with a totally disarming smile, a conservatively dressed English merchant. You are swept past registration desks, button desks, information desks, insignia desks, and press desks, all humming with business. At last in the rotunda the undercurrent which you felt before breaks through, and no longer is the Fair only a colourful spectacle.

The hubbub created by a score of languages impresses on you that, although the representatives of all these countries are practically wear-

ing dollar signs, they are, unconsciously, ambassadors of their respective lands towards friendlier international relations.

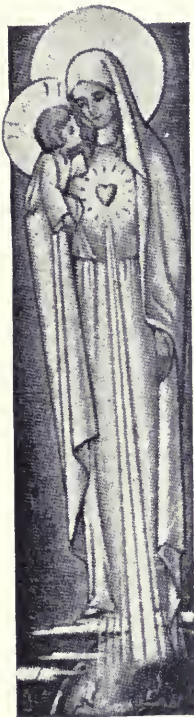
The rotunda is decorated with a hanging mural by Gordon Webber, depicting in relief the countries participating in the Fair and their products. This provides an effective centre, as well as an educational preview of what is to come. Opposite the entrance the International Club Room, the fulfillment of a modern designer's dream, offers almost continuous entertainment. At that time a fashion show by world-famous designers was in progress.

No matter what your preferences, there is always a display to leave you gasping in wonderment. Ranging in intricacy, there is everything from thumbtacks to the cathode ray electrocardiographs; in size, from dome-fasteners to 1,000 H.P. Diesel locomotives.

Those with an appreciation of art would be delighted with the paintings on one wall of the Palm Room. The Palm Room, by the way, I considered a gross misnomer, because searching high and low all I could see were kumquat trees, uniformly clipped. Perhaps they are of the palm family! Here bobbing chefs, gowned and capped in immaculate white, chattered as they brandished gleaming knives over the story-book food. Here I became engaged in conversation with a Swiss merchant and was promptly dispatched to see his unique display.

The Swiss are world-renowned for their exquisite time-pieces; they featured, among others, a replica of the wrist-watch presented to Princess Elizabeth on the occasion of her wedding. A caption beneath it informs us that the setting, valued at twenty thousand dollars, will be destroyed immediately after the exposition, leaving only the original in existence. The quarter-inch band sparkled with diamonds. Crowds were drawn, too, by the smallest watch in the world, the face of which is the size of a very small pea. Another one was an ultra-thin model, almost paper-thin, in fact. To the mechanically-minded, the watch of interest was that which calculates the second, the minute, the hour, the day, the month, and the phase of the moon.

From Switzerland we went to sunny Brazil, where leather producers showed lifelike alligators, snakes and other reptiles which would





LORELY
HBBY



have warmed the heart of any amateur taxidermist.

The Czechs, who had arranged for their display before the Red coup, had an exceptionally large number of booths in proportion to those allotted other European countries. Their incomparable textiles and glorious jewels, some of which are synthetic, drew the compliment of almost silent awe. The cut-glass set which Madame Eduard Benes had given as a wedding gift to the Princess was there.

When I was admiring a hand-carved chest inlaid with ivory at one of the Chinese booths, the familiar strains of "The Serenade of the Bells" came from a booth just a few feet away, where a salesman from Minshall Organs was giving prospective customers a demonstration. The twain, East and West, had met!

The height of interest, literally, in the Engineer Building was a huge revolving globe which towered above the other products of the display. Here was housed a 1,000 H.P. Diesel locomotive, weighing one hundred and seventy-five tons. It is both the largest and the most powerfully built in Canada.

Although this drew large numbers, I saw an even larger number straining their necks and jostling one another around some central display. I discovered that all these curious men were grouped about a fountain in which was a marvellous collection of fresh-water fish. Most of the excited onlookers had only dreamed of catching such perfect specimens. I will venture a guess that many of these hot, tired businessmen tired themselves further recounting to those standing by some long tale of the one that got away.

I have not even mentioned the rug merchants of Persia, the maker of hand-made shoes from Athens, nor the globe-shaped Emor radio, nor the miniature pulp mill, nor the quarter-inch scale Timkin locomotive, destined for the New York Museum of Science, but even wonder and enthusiasm have saturation points and I began to accept the spectacular as ordinary!

One impression, however, remains: the importance of this first tangible attempt of thirty-two countries to band together in favour of the Marshall Plan and the European Recovery Plan against the heretofore unprecedented spread of communistic doctrines and practices. Everyone knows that the Marshall Plan must succeed if a lasting peace is to be secured. Hanging in the chasm of international troubles, it clutches at our trade straws. Should

it not obtain a firm grasp, it will fall into that same shadowy gloom as did the League of Nations.

Realizing this the Department of Trade and Commerce has carefully planned since 1946 every minute detail. All of the one thousand seven hundred booths, housing items from "abrasives to zine," are prefabricated, so that countries possessing greater capital may not overshadow those ravaged by war, or harassed by government restrictions.

European countries, actively participating in the Fair, hope that it will be the occasion for the re-establishment of multilateral world trade. Many of them lost their independence during the years of the past war, while their industries toiled under the dictator's heel. To them it is an opportunity to make the necessary adjustments caused by war. Now they can furnish their homelands with the needs of peace. To us it is a chance to explore new markets before our present markets, both at home and abroad, are glutted, with a resulting slump in production.

For all these reasons the Trade Fair will return to Toronto in 1949. Perhaps in these exhibits, the twentieth-century fruits of God's providence, "for the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof" — men may find the means of employing them to restore world order. And thus, individual nations, freeing themselves from nationalism, and consolidating international relations, will obtain true peace in the restoration of all things in Christ.

Barbara Dillane, XII.,
Loretto Abbey.

HAIL, MARY!

She walked in humble piety,
In modesty and gravity;
Her foremost thought was charity,
Her actions mirrored purity;
Her virgin soul glowed chastity,
She loved her Saviour perfectly;
She counselled others prudently,
With inspiration heavenly;
Her love goes on eternally,
As o'er worn paths we trod;
She walked in humble piety,
The Mother of our God.

Jean O'Gorman, XI,
Loretto Abbey.

Felicitations

Loretto follows with pride and pleasure the activities of her friends and former pupils, and offers her cordial congratulations on their success.

* * *

The University of Toronto conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws (honoris causa) on **His Eminence Cardinal McGuigan**. Dr. Sidney Smith, the University's president, referred to the pride and gratification felt throughout all Canada when Archbishop McGuigan was elevated to the Sacred College of Cardinals. Loretto knows real pleasure in this latest mark of esteem of her Cardinal Archbishop.

* * *

The Most Reverend B. I. Webster, titular bishop of Paphos and auxiliary bishop of Toronto, celebrated in May his twenty-fifth anniversary to the priesthood. Cardinal McGuigan, who celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of his own ordination the same day, assisted at the Mass of Thanksgiving offered by Bishop Webster at St. Augustine's Seminary.

* * *

The Most Reverend Isidore Borecky and the **Most Reverend Andrew Roborecki** received their episcopal consecration on May 27 from the hands of His Excellency, Bishop Basil Ladyka in the presence of the Cardinal Archbishop of Toronto, the Apostolic Delegate to Canada and sixteen other members of the hierarchies of Canada and the United States.

Among the historic events of the Church in Canada during the past ten years, the consecration of these two Ukrainian bishops is an outstanding one, placing the seal on the official erection of the new Apostolic Exarchates for the Ukrainian Catholics of Canada.

* * *

The Most Reverend M. C. O'Neill, D.D., was recently consecrated as the fourth Archbishop of Regina. Tall, distinguished-looking, the new Archbishop has an easy grace and a winning smile. To most of the men with whom he served as chaplain overseas he was known as "Father Mike." He was appointed senior Catholic chaplain of the Canadian forces while serving overseas. He comes to Regina from Edmonton where he was rector of St. Joseph's Cathedral. In his first pastoral letter he urges that "sound knowledge of the dogmas and doctrines" be the basis of our faith. "Medio-



THE MOST REVEREND M. C. O'NEIL, D.D.

crity among those who battle for Christ can no longer be tolerated. We need in our time men and women of the highest talents who will give of their very best to the cause of religion and truth."

It is Loretto's prayer and hope that he may have a long and fruitful life of service to the Church.

* * *

The Right Reverend Monsignor A. J. Jansen, Vicar-Apostolic of the Archdiocese of Regina after the death of Archbishop Monahan, has been appointed by Archbishop O'Neill Vicar-General. The fact that Monsignor held this appointment twice previously, under Cardinal McGuigan and Archbishop Monahan, bears ample testimony to the esteem in which he is held throughout the Archdiocese.

The Reverend L. J. Bondy, C.S.B., M.A., Ph.D., superior of St. Michael's College, received the honorary degree of Docteur de Lettres from the University of Montreal, in recognition of his eminent scholarship in the field of French literature.

* * *

The Reverend J. L. Wilhelm, J.C.L., received his degree of Licentiate of Canon Law from the Faculty of Canon Law, University of Ottawa. Father Wilhelm, before his chaplaincy in the Armed Forces, was a devoted chaplain at Loretto Academy in Hamilton.

* * *

Dr. J. M. Uhrich of Regina, former Minister of Public Health, was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Saskatchewan. The Reverend A. J. Phelan, rector of Holy Rosary Cathedral, Regina, in extending the congratulations of the congregation termed Dr. Uhrich "a man of God" for his fervent practical Catholicity. Both Dr. and Mrs. Uhrich are daily attendants at Mass and evening devotions, and Dr. Uhrich is known for his able defense of Christian social principles. He was created a Knight of the Order of St. Gregory the Great by His Holiness, Pope Pius XI.

* * *

Dr. R. A. Starrs of Ottawa received a Fellowship from the American College of Physicians at San Francisco in April. The winning of the FACP is a distinction in the Canadian medical world since only 150 Fellowships through all the years have come to the Dominion. Doctor Starrs' daughter, Catherine, is a pupil at Loretto Abbey.

* * *

Mr. Joseph Victor Laderoute, noted Canadian tenor, was married to Elizabeth Sears, formerly of Boston and now of Wayland, Mass., at Wayland, on June 12. Our nuns at the Sault have the happiest memories of Joseph, not the least of which are those on the occasion of his being both organist and choir for the Golden Jubilee Mass of our dear Mother Clara and Mother Attracta.

* * *

Mr. Paul McLaughlin, a member of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, as winner in the Montreal dinghy races, will represent Canada at the Olympics. Paul is the son of the late Mr. Frank McLaughlin, and brother of Aileen McLaughlin Robert, Joan McLaughlin Walsh and Irene McLaughlin Hatch.

The recipients of the blessing of His Holiness Pope Pius XII, **Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hannan** kept January 3 the anniversary of their marriage fifty years ago in St. Francis Xavier Church, Dublin. Since 1912 they have made their home in Toronto where Mr. Hannan worked as a research scientist for the city filtration plant until his retirement in 1937.

All of Mr. and Mrs. Hannan's children are graduates of the University of Toronto. To these children the four daughters, Colette, Moira, Angela and Isabel — all graduates of Loretto College and to their sons, Benjamin, an engineer in Los Angeles; Frank, a Jesuit teacher in Barborough Hall, England; and Michael, a Jesuit missionary in Southern Rhodesia, we offer our sincerest congratulations.

* * *

The celebration of the golden anniversary of **Mr. and Mrs. James Mallon**, on June 22, began with the solemn High Mass of Thanksgiving in Holy Rosary Church with the Reverend Paul Mallon as celebrant, the Reverend Francis and the Reverend Gregory Mallon as deacon and sub-deacon, and the Reverend Hugh Mallon as master of ceremonies. A grand-nephew, John, was acolyte.

A cable, received through His Eminence Cardinal McGuigan, imparted the "paternal apostolic blessing" of His Holiness to Mr. and Mrs. Mallon on this occasion, the happiness of which they shared with an unbroken family circle of six sons, Gerard, Anthony, Newman, Fergus, Justin, Albert, and one daughter, Mary, graduate of Loretto College.

To Mr. and Mrs. Mallon Loretto offers felicitations and all good wishes for a continuance of blessings, spiritual and temporal.

* * *

To this year's Jubilarians — Mother M. Saba and Mother St. Roque, whose Diamond Jubilee occurred on April 18 and July 2; and Mother M. Ernestine and Mother M. Hermes whose Golden Jubilee occurred on January 6 and March 11 — Loretto and her friends express loving admiration on this half-century and over of devoted service, and beg God for continued blessings on their years.

* * *

Eleanor Andreoli, graduate of Loretto-Niagara and student for a year in Honour English at Loretto College, received her degree at the June Convocation at Fordham University summa cum laude, winning a medal for obtaining the highest standing in her class.



ESTEVAN SODALISTS

ESTEVAN HAS RECEPTION INTO SODALITY

A beautiful ceremony took place Sunday evening, December 7th, at St. John the Baptist Church, at which 22 candidates were received into Our Lady's Sodality. The reception started at 7:30 p.m., when the Rosary was recited, followed by an inspiring sermon delivered by Rev. M. Hogan who pointed out the duties of real sodalists towards Our Blessed Mother.

The official reception of candidates followed, led by Monsignor P. F. Hughes, the Sodality's spiritual director. The sodalists took their places at the altar rail, solemnly promising to be loyal children of Mary and received their medals and Little Office of the Immaculate Conception.

The ceremony closed with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The candidates received were: Jack Frank, George Dukart, Paul Glasser, Edward Glasser, Richard Hagel, Victor Hagel, Mathew Johner, Inez Lloyd, Helen Scraper, Rose Dukart, Geraldine Bisgaard, Laurine Elliott, Bernadette Bast, Emily Kulchyski, Anne Johner, Marie Imbury, Eleanor Dukart, Monica Freiss, Marie Stropko, Margaret Kiggins, Elaine Boldue, Irene Bachmeier.

THE WHEATON RECEPTION

On the Feast of Saints Peter and Paul, six young ladies received the habit of the I.B.V.M., at our Loretto Novitiate in Wheaton, Illinois.

To accommodate the many guests, the parlour was transformed into a lovely Chapel, where the altar, with an exquisite arrangement of white gladioli was set into a window backdrop. The red-carpeted staircase, with its graceful turn, made for a regal descent of the Brides of Christ: Miss Mary Frances Trivisanut, Sister St. Elizabeth; Miss Mary Spatz, Sister M. Charles; Miss Mary O'Connor, Sister M. St. Timothy; Miss Margaret Keating, Sister M. Michael; Miss Lucy Romano, Sister M. Phillip, and Miss Geraldine Walsh, Sister M. Catherine.

The Right Reverend Monsignor Hillenbrand officiated at the Ceremony, assisted by Reverend Father Leander, O. Carm. The Reverend Kenneth Hoffman spoke eloquently of the beauty of religious life, expressing in conclusion that as the years pass the newly-received might always be able to answer Our Lord's query to St. Peter, "Do you love me?" with all the fervent enthusiasm of that Apostle: "Lord, you know that I love You!"

After the Ceremony the newly-received met their relatives and friends at special tables arranged on the spacious lawn.

In Memoriam

REVEREND PATRICK L. O'BRIEN, Ph.D.

On the twenty-seventh anniversary of his ordination to the Holy Priesthood, Father O'Brien died in St. Joseph's Hospital in Hamilton.

He was born outside Hamilton fifty-three years ago. His early education was obtained in the Separate Schools in Hamilton and St. Michael's College, Toronto. After his professional training at the Faculty of Education he returned to teach in Cathedral High School. Interrupting his teaching to study for the Holy Priesthood, he entered the Grand Seminary in Montreal. After his ordination he studied in Rome and obtained his doctorate. He was later made principal of Cathedral High School.

It was as pastor of Sacred Heart parish in Guelph, however, that Loretto grew to know and love Father O'Brien. His moulding of the youth of that parish along educational and religious lines will live as monuments forever, so that someone could truly say, "Father O'Brien will never die."

At his funeral from the Cathedral of Christ the King, the Reverend B. J. Ryan expressed fittingly what everyone felt: "As parish priest, he was shepherd of all the members of his flock — their guide and guardian. His parishioners were united to him in generous love and mutual trust. He did not live in cold aloofness from the joys and sorrows of his people — he shared them. He could find no words tender or kind enough to comfort them in their adversities. He spread the mantle of charity over the whole parish. Even the most obstinate fell victim to his gracious kindness. He knew that the very helplessness of children imposed a very special obligation on him to be vigilant in protecting their welfare, both spiritual and material." Such was the priest whom to know was a privilege. May he rest in peace!

REVEREND JOSEPH ERNE

Those of our nuns who knew Reverend Joseph Erne heard with regret of his death on December 16 at the Estevan Airport Hospital.

Father Erne came to Regina Cleri Seminary from his studies at the University of Bonn in Fribourg, Switzerland. Ordained by the late Archbishop P. J. Monahan in 1941, he was

appointed assistant parish priest at Vibank. In 1943 he was named assistant at the Little Flower Church in Regina where for two years he acted as chaplain at Loretto Convent. Later, as pastor at Montmartre, he spent himself completely in serving his people, and died at only thirty-six. He asked to be buried at Vibank, where he would be assured of the prayers of both nuns and children.

His memory is revered in Little Flower parish, where almost every week since his death there has been offered for him Requiem Mass. May he rest in peace!

MRS. JOHN HARKINS (Florence Daley)

Easter week was a fitting time for the final Home-going of our dear Florence Daley Harkins. Florence was the eldest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Daley of Spencer Ave., Toronto, and one who from infancy gave nothing but joy to her parents. She was a pupil for whom all her teachers had rich encomiums, and a loved school and College friend. From Holy Family School she passed to Loretto Abbey and then to Loretto College. Her cheerful industry in study was balanced by charming social gifts. Graces of personal appearance and character, however, and all the love that was showered upon her made her but more approachable and thoughtful for others. After attaining her Arts Degree, she went on into a Law Course and set up a successful legal practice. Then came her marriage to Mr. John Harkins — a marriage that pleased all their mutual friends and held much promise for both. Even ill health was accepted in a gallant spirit until several attacks of pneumonia and then a serious heart condition did finally wear down her strength. In 1946 an enjoyable trip to Florida was followed almost immediately by the sudden death of Mr. Harkins. From this unexpected shock Florence never recovered. Her last months were spent in the home of her sister Madeline, Mrs. Wm. Patterson, in Welland, but loving care and attention could not restore the shattered health, and at length, like a tired child, she received all the rites of the Church and gave up her soul to God on Thursday evening of a triumphal Easter week.

The funeral took place from Holy Family

Church, which had been the scene of all the events of family life through the years. Requiem Mass was beautifully sung by her priest-cousin, Rev. Leonard Rush, C.S.B., and the school choir. In the sanctuary were Right Rev. Msgr. Brennan, Dr. Paul Dwyer and several other priests



FLORENCE HARKINS

who were personal and family friends, and in the congregation many friends and relatives and members of Loretto Alumnae. Florence was, like her sister and like her mother, always a faithful member of Loretto Alumnae. Her wedding furniture is to furnish a student's room at Loretto College which will bear her name and perpetuate the family memory.

Our deep sympathy is extended to Madeline (Mrs. Patterson) and to Mildred.

MOTHER M. BORGIA

Mother M. Borgia Fife was born in Hastings, Ontario, and, after boarding for a while at Loretto Convent, Bond St., entered religious life at Loretto Abbey, Toronto, in October, 1904. After the years of novitiate, she returned to Chicago, Englewood, where she had completed her education before entering. She was an excellent high school teacher, holding her pupils always to a high standard of culture and conduct, even when her own health became impaired. In recent years it was necessary for her

to live in the south and, thus, in exile from community life. In this, as in all things, she practised great fortitude, never referring, except humorously, to the hardships attendant on illness. She was allowed to return to Woodlawn for a few months in 1943-4, but had soon to go again, this time to St. Francis Hospital, Colorado Springs. The care of the Sisters there softened the disappointment, and she still had hope of recovery. It was not to be and the final call to the Eternal Home came on the eve of the feast of her patron, St. Francis Borgia, October 9, 1948. She had received all the rites and consolations of the Sacraments, and the Franciscan Sisters and Chaplain were present at her deathbed. Her body was brought back to Chicago for burial from Loretto Academy, Woodlawn. The funeral procession, the nuns with their lighted candles, made its way to St. Cyril's Church, where Requiem High Mass was sung by Rev. Father Norbert, O.Carm., while one of her former pupils presided at the organ. Present at the Mass and at the Mount Olivet Cemetery were her brothers, Mr. Freeman Fife of East Chicago, and Mr. Edward Fife of Salt Lake City; also her nieces, Mrs. (Jean Fife) Lawlor, Mrs. (Rose Fife) Gozzolo, and Mrs. (Marian Fife) Gozzolo, all graduates of Loretto Academy, Woodlawn; her nephews, Messrs. Harold and Albert Fife, and among other friends and relatives was Miss Irene Finn of Toronto, a pupil and friend of her Toronto years. — R.I.P.

MOTHER MIRIAM, I.B.V.M.

Towards midnight, on Tuesday, June 15, Mother Miriam Matthews, I.B.V.M., died after a month's illness at St. Joseph's Hospital in Guelph.

Mother Miriam was born in Toronto, educated at Loretto Convent, Bond Street, and graduated from there in 1900. In 1903 she entered this community where for twenty-two years she prayed and worked and taught, and studied for higher qualifications in the whole-souled manner so characteristic of her, and yet so beyond the strength of her physical constitution. A severe illness then intervened which prevented any further work for a number of years. But nothing ever broke her courage, nor shook her lofty ideals and her loyal devotion to the community to which she belonged.

It was her unassuming simplicity, despite her extraordinary talents, her sound common sense, her unfailing spirit of charity, her ever-

ready fund of wit and humour, which made her one of the most beloved members of her community now mourning her loss.

The funeral Mass was celebrated at the Church of Our Lady, in Guelph. Interment took place in St. Joseph's Cemetery.

TO MOTHER MIRIAM

I am selfish enough to be lonely
For your sweet sympathetic smile;
For your understanding encouragement
Which buoyed us all up in trial.

You have taught us wonderful lessons
Of charity, courage, denial
Of one's own visions and wishes,
Of loyalty true, without guile.

I beg you, now you are Home, dear,
To watch us, and guide us, the while
The Master chooses to leave us
A-travelling life's weary mile.

M. Loyola, I.B.V.M.

MOTHER IMMACULATE HEART

Mother Immaculate Heart Shields was born 84 years ago in Adjala, Ont., of pious Irish parents. She attended Loretto Academy, Bond Street, and a few years after graduation she entered the Community at Loretto Abbey, Wellington Street. She taught in Joliet, Ill., and in different Loretto schools in Ontario, and was superior for a time in Guelph and in Hamilton. Former pupils and members of the community who were associated with her in the schools will remember specially her great devotion to Our Blessed Lady and her artistic ability and her joy in arranging processions and shrines in honour of Our Blessed Mother. She gave her time and interest to parish sodalities with the same enthusiastic zeal, wherever this was possible.

For the last few years Mother Immaculate Heart has been an invalid, living at Loretto College School from the time of the Falls fire in 1938 until a month ago when she was brought to the motherhouse. She was anointed again and continued to receive Holy Communion almost daily, and at last, on Saturday, Oct. 4, the 60th anniversary of her holy profession, she went to claim Our Lady's patronage on the way to Heaven.

Funeral Mass was sung by Rev. L. Burns,

S.J., and present in the sanctuary were Msgr. J. J. McGrand, Rev. H. Callaghan, Rev. A. Horner, C.P., Rev. L. Kelly and Rev. William Fraser.

She is survived by one brother, J. J. Shields of Guelph, who with two nieces and a nephew, Mrs. Earl O'Donnell, Miss Camilla Gallagher and Frank Gallagher, and her life-long friend, Mrs. A. M. Roesler, attended the funeral at the Abbey and at Mount Hope Cemetery, R.I.P.

MOTHER ALEXIA, I.B.V.M. (Toronto)

Mother M. Alexia O'Brien was the daughter of Patrick O'Brien and Anna Durning of Cork, Ireland, and was born in Osgoode, Ont., in 1868. One of a large family, she was the third to enter religion at Loretto Abbey 55 years ago. She was a member of the community in Stratford, Guelph, Niagara Falls, in Joliet, Ill., and for many years at the mother house.

A keen intelligence, cheerful disposition and kind Irish humour were perfected by great piety and gave her special influence over the young. On Saturday evening, April 18, she had a stroke, and having received the last rites of the Church, died on Sunday evening without regaining consciousness.

The funeral Mass was sung by Very Reverend Hugh Callaghan, on April 21. Of her immediate family there are three sisters living, M. M. Prudentia at Loretto Abbey, M. M. Redempta in Loretto Convent, Stratford, and Miss Theresa O'Brien in Ottawa, R.I.P.

SISTER M. ST. ARNOLD (Toronto)

Only a few hours after renewing her vows and receiving the last rites of the Church, Sister M. St. Arnold (Loretta Stackpole) of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, passed away at Loretto Abbey, Toronto, on Sunday morning, May 30.

The deceased was the youngest child of the late Peter Stackpole and the late Elizabeth O'Brien, of Osgoode, Ont. Born January 2, 1908, at South Gloucester, she was educated at Limebank and at Mantick High School. When the family moved to Ottawa in 1932, she was employed on the office staff of A. J. Freiman Limited, which position she held until she entered the Loretto Community on February 2, 1940. Sister St. Arnold received the habit on August 4, 1940, and pronounced her first vows on August 26, 1942.

While in Ottawa she was a particularly zealous apostle of the lay retreat movement, holding the position of secretary of the Ottawa Laywomen's Retreat Association for some time. She was also actively associated with Our Lady of Africa Mission Society.

The funeral Mass was sung at Loretto Abbey on Tuesday, June 1, by Rev. Dr. L. A. Markle, P.P., of Mimico, assisted by the novices' choir. Dr. Markle also officiated at the interment in the community plot at Mount Hope Cemetery.

Surviving are three sisters, Mrs. J. Lazenby, and Misses Mayme and Lillian Stackpole, of Ottawa, and four brothers, John, Ambrose, Peter J., of Ottawa, and Thomas, of Detroit, all of whom were present for the funeral. Also present were a brother-in-law, Stanley Moore, Mrs. C. Moore, Misses Dorothy and Winnie Delaney, and Misses Lillian and Dorothy O'Heare, of Ottawa, R.I.P.



MARY KAVANAUGH

In September, 1946, Miss Mary Kavanaugh, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kavanaugh, entered Loretto College School. Laying aside the things of a child, she resolved to master new studies by constant effort. Her progress gratified her mother and her teachers.

Mary advanced to second year at fourteen years of age. For two months she worked valiantly, ignoring pain:

“Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn.”

In the May-time of life, Mary's sweet soul returned to her Father's Home. There He received her as a privileged child for whom He would remit “life's arrears of pain, darkness and cold.”

Loretto School Traditions

A Tribute to Our Alma Mater

School traditions throughout the world, particularly as applied to convents and academies, are in a restricted sense universal, but for the most part they are unique. Each



religious family that has undertaken the great work of education has built up its standards and ideals, its own customs, which eventually put the hallmark on its students. Many of our Loretto traditions are part of a great pattern which originated, one might say, in the seventeenth century, when Mother Mary Ward founded the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and through the years they have come down to us from Europe, England, and Ireland. Fundamentally, the principles on which these ideals are founded, have their roots still further back in time in the great cultural traditions of the glorious Ages of Faith. There are, no doubt, many details particular to certain places, but on the whole, and certainly in principle, Loretto customs are much the same the world over; are cherished alike by each and every student regardless of race or colour.

Our Academy in Guelph dates back almost one hundred years, for it was opened in 1856, about one month after the formation of the Diocese of Hamilton, in which it is located. Consequently we should be very proud of our school traditions that have come down to us from so venerated a past.

Of paramount importance in all Catholic Academies is the formation and training of character. Involved with this feature is the religious culture within, giving its external expression in what we commonly call good manners. Good manners — including etiquette, but involving much more than the formality that word implies — is an indication of something from within. Age-old practices such as standing when spoken to; turning at the door, when going out, to bow to the teacher or those remaining in the room; showing gratitude when corrected, even with only a “Thank you, Mother;” these are but a few of the numerous courtesies of gracious living which have always been a part of our training. Such

things are not always easy to human nature, and they involve the practice of humility, obedience, and charity, but with constant use self-control is exercised and the character developed. One learns to forget oneself in the interests of others; to sacrifice self for something greater. The inner strength and grace thus acquired give a poise which distinguishes, a charm which attracts. With the Blessed Virgin, the symbol of modesty and sweetness as our ideal we see ever before us: "God's noblest work — a woman perfected."

Every year, usually on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, a ceremony of Reception is held for the purpose of admitting new members to the special graces and privileges granted to a Child of Mary. The event takes place in the chapel where the statue of Our Lady is enshrined in flowers and candle-light. The new members of Our Lady's Sodality, carrying lighted candles, receive their medals, consecrate themselves to Mary in a special way as her Children, and promise her fidelity. These medals, on blue ribbons, are worn always thereafter with the uniform as a symbol of this grace of being a "Child of Mary."

A lovely custom in Guelph is followed out each year at the close of the parish Novena in honour of the Immaculate Conception. In the evening of the Feast, in the Church of Our Lady, the Loretto Sodalists join with the parish Sodality to form a living rosary. The church lights are dimmed and as each successive prayer is chanted another candle is lighted until the whole "Rosary" is outlined in light by the white-clad girls, each holding a lighted taper. The daily Rosary in our own chapel constitutes an integral part of the daily life of the student. In season, the Little Office of the Immaculate Conception is said in common.

The annual Retreat brings three days of reflection, lectures, and spiritual reading. It is a time when we might say we apply to ourselves Wordsworth's lines: "The world is too much with us" — and we retire, as it were to a quiet spot, just God and ourselves, away from the world.

"The happiness of man on earth comes in placing God's Will first." These words of Mother Mary Ward are as important in our lives to-day as they were three centuries ago. We begin our academic year with the student body assembled to assist at Holy Mass in honour of the Holy Ghost, so at the close of May we honour Our Lady with a procession, usually out of doors, and crown her as Our Queen. This day is very dear to Mary's child-

ren, and the fond memories of it linger when again in fancy we hear the beautiful strains of Mary's hymns float over the terraced lawns surrounding the school.

These are some of the more important religious traditions of our school. They are simple, but the more dear perhaps because of their simplicity — the atmosphere of home, where each has her own familiar place.

A school must have its academic traditions. Loretto schools are in this regard no exception. There is the custom, time-honoured, of presenting reports at the conclusion of each term. The "A" or "B" which honours most, or the "C" or "D" which embarrasses most, in the tiny but conspicuous space marked "Department" is the pride or humiliation of the student. Those who do not put off till the morrow the study due each day find the reward in June, when those who have so dallied find themselves below the required standard for exemption from final examinations, and obliged to write the papers set on the review of the whole year's work. It is the accepted tradition of Loretto schools to maintain a high level of academic standing, and a definite standard is required for Graduation. Loretto College in Toronto, affiliated with the University of Toronto, offers the best to those who seek higher education.

The sports accomplishment of our schools are among the causes of pride and joy on the part of students. At Loretto, Guelph, early in the Autumn a Field Day is held under the auspices of the Local Council of the Knights of Columbus. The event is noteworthy for the degree of excellence in the skill of the numerous contestants who train in anticipation of the day. Valuable prizes are likewise awarded. There is general interest in Basketball. To win, or to lose, — it makes little difference — the game is the thing. Besides the joy that springs from competitive sport there is also the further advantage of coming in contact with other schools, making new friends, and broadening one's interests.

Social events are always anticipated with rising spirits inspired by the memories of previous happy times. At the beginning of September to make welcome the newcomers and get acquainted with them, a picnic is held. The sumptuous supply of substantial fare helps to convince the guests that they really are welcome to Loretto. Winter skating parties, Spring hikes, Mardi Gras and Hallow-e'en parties, all add colour to the gymnasium and to the school year. Mother Mary Ward's Day, January 23rd, is always made memorable in



**LORETTO CONVENT
NIAGARA FALLS**

**TOP: Junior-Senior
Banquet**

**CENTRE: Maria Lacayo and
Luvy Navas in "fiesta"
of the Gym. Demon-
stration**

BOTTOM: The Minuet



Loretto schools. Frequently the celebration takes the form of a banquet. Our students take much pride in this fete and in keeping with the teaching of Mary Ward: "Be merry in these times," we truly make it a merry occasion.

An achievement which is fast becoming a tradition in Guelph, is an annual choral programme. All the students, to the delight of our music director, are proud to do their part in making the concert a success. Large audiences thrill to these programmes, which are rated as outstanding highlights in the musical events of our city. When there is not an extensive choral recital there has usually been a worth while effort in the field of dramatics, and many of the plays produced in the past are still spoken of with praise and commendation.

Probably one of the most inspiring traditions of our schools is the ceremony of Graduation. In Guelph we have the very great advantage of having the magnificent Church of Our Lady for the setting. On a sunny Sunday in June, when the birds seem to sing just for her, and the perfume of flowers is fragrant in the air, the Graduate dons her white gown

for the occasion. To the ever-thrilling strains of the Graduation March on the beautiful organ the processional moves slowly up the long aisle of the church. As the Graduates approach the sanctuary to receive their Diplomas, each under-graduate looking on, in dreams sees herself as one of these glorious creatures, proudly holding her Diploma... Then the dream slips into reality and the goal remains to be won by study and effort. But hopefully she resolves that some day, near or far, Graduation will not be just a dream, and that afterwards she will go on always loving her school and finding its influence reflected in all the great moments of her life. Perhaps some day her own daughter may grow to love this same Alma Mater, or perhaps she has a secret hope that she may one day become a part of the great Institute — one of Mother Mary Ward's own spiritual daughters.

So from generation to generation Loretto lives on, true to the beautiful traditions of her noble past, and bringing forth from her stores, treasures old and new. "Ave Maria Loretto."

Helen Craven, XII,
Loretto — Guelph.

LORETTO ACADEMY — GUELPH

Closing Exercises

On Sunday, June 13th, Loretto Academy, Guelph, held its ninety-first Closing Exercises in the beautiful Church of Our Lady. The students in uniform with blue hats and white gloves made a striking picture in the brilliant sunshine as they filed in procession through the grounds to the Church.

The programme consisted of the Processional, Distribution of Awards and Diplomas, Sermon, and Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The speaker of the occasion was Rev. Blake Ryan of the Cathedral, Hamilton, and in the appropriate and inspiring sermon he pointed out that students who have the advantage of Catholic Convent training should be "Angels of Purity, Samaritans of Charity, and Apostles of Jesus Christ."

Benediction was given by Rev. F. P. Kehoe, Pastor of Sacred Heart Church, assisted by Rev. V. Pautler as Deacon, and Rev. F. Hawkins as sub-deacon.

The choral singing was provided by the Students and included the Ave Maria, Montani; Panis Angelicus, Cesar Franck; and Jubilate Deo, by Monsignor Ronan.

The Awards were as follows:

Prize — presented by the Young Ladies' Sodality of the Church of Our Lady, for highest standing in Christian Doctrine — Joan Lorhan, Grade Ten.

The James Sutherland Memorial Scholarship — Elvia Damaren, Grade Ten.

Prize — presented by Mr. Charles Land, Hamilton, for highest standing in English in Grade Twelve — Joan LaFontaine.

Gold Medal — presented by Rev. F. P. Kehoe, Pastor of Sacred Heart Church, for General Proficiency in Grade Twelve — Helen Craven.

Gold Medal — presented by Rev. Dr. J. A. O'Reilly, Pastor of the Church of Our Lady, for highest standing in Christian Doctrine in Grade Twelve — Rita Cremasco.

Diplomas — presented by the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine in the Diocese of Hamilton for the students of Grade Eleven, who were successful in the Examinations held throughout the Diocese, May 18, 1948, were awarded to:

Jacqueline Ambroise, Rita Carere, Irene Clair, Shirley Doyle, Mary Glaab, Mary Golden, Joan Halliburton, Yvonne Hebert, Anne Hauser, Mary Hauser, Betty MacMillan, Mary Mitro, Louise O'Brecht, Jean Prior, Valeria Runstadtler, Hilda Saligo, Yvonne Steffler, Jean Tocher, Patricia Wright.



FOLLOWING THE UNIVERSITY CONVOCATION, JUNE, 1948, WAS GRADUATION AT LORETTO COLLEGE,
A UNIQUE EVENT ON THE CAMPUS.

TOP ROW (left to right): Dorothy Kubis, Audrey Hart-Smith, Virginia Robertson, Helen Brown, Barbara Smith, Katherine Hanlon, Mary Burnie
MIDDLE ROW: Jane Struthers, Elizabeth Reinhart, Elizabeth Oille, Grace Serrao, Harriet Morse
BOTTOM ROW: Elizabeth Madia, Ellen Smeaton, Alyce Dolan, Margaret Mary Dandeneau, Olive Coughlan, Ethel Farkas
INSET: Joyce Pred'homme

ABSENT: Patricia McDonald, Agnes Higgins, Anne Huntley



Loretto College

(In the University of Toronto)

VALEDICTORY — Class 1948

As this day draws to a close, another stage is being completed in our lives, and we welcome you who have come to share this formal farewell with us.

The first emotion which fills our hearts this night is, naturally, one of gratitude — gratitude to our parents — who have made the past years at University possible for us — and gratitude to the faculties of St. Michael's and Loretto for their guidance and direction during this time.

The joy of graduation is always tempered by sorrow, and tonight is no exception for the happiness resulting from achievement, success, and kind wishes must be mingled with the sadness of leaving our good friends among the faculty and students and with the uncertainty of a new life.

But we realize that the moral and intellectual preparation for this life was our prime purpose in attending University, and so it follows that now that we have completed our college career, we must go into the world and fulfill our duty as Christian citizens, and endeavour to spread truth, love, and justice in a sphere so devoid of these principles.

When we consider that in this crucial moment of world history the main combat is not the battle of armies but the battle of ideas, the clash of ideologies and philosophies, we realize how important it is to be able to think clearly and critically, to properly evaluate the

relation between the material and the spiritual. It is essential for us to triumph in this battle in which our enemies oppose our concept of free mind and free spirit and our regard for the worth and dignity of the individual.

Thus we see that the chief battle ground is no longer the specific territory of any one country, but within ourselves, in all the youth of today. We must be *trained* and *train ourselves* to choose what is good and reject what is evil. It is in this that we are particularly fortunate here at Toronto University, for through its component parts the University does develop the individual student. Its federated structure enables church-supported and state-supported colleges and faculties to co-operate for the advancement of this moral and intellectual development.

While in pursuit of a broader secular knowledge afforded by the University as a whole — we — as students of Loretto and St. Michael's — have obtained our education enlightened by Christian principles and ideals.

Perhaps the briefest and most complete conception of our own good fortune can be gained by a glance at our college crests. They are the symbol of all our advantages. In the St. Michael's College coat of arms the cross symbolizes our religion which permeates all our activities. The book of knowledge symbolizes our pursuit of truth, and the olive wreath indicates the federation which unites our own opportunities with those of the entire university. A fitting complement to this is the Loretto crest; with its special emblems. There is the cross of faith, the pledge of our redemption; the anchor, signifying the strength and security that strike the note of hope; and lastly, the hearts of Jesus and Mary symbolizing the charity that animates the hearts of those who follow that banner. And thus we see that the whole pattern of true Christian life is traced out in these two insignia.

It is impossible to say what the future holds for each one of us, but we hope to find true happiness in whatever path we choose. We shall do our utmost to live up to the ideals and standards so excellently set us by our predecessors, and by our teachers, those Sisters whose lives are dedicated to the cause of Catholic Education. However, we feel that having been trained under the banner of our two crests which are so well integrated in purpose and significance, that we shall find ourselves well equipped to meet whatever the future will present.

Joyce Pred'homme

Graduates of Loretto College — 1948

Loretto College is a centre of higher learning for women students enrolled in St. Michael's, one of the four federated colleges of the University of Toronto. These students of Loretto College enjoy a most unique status. They may obtain a degree from one of the largest universities of the world and one of high international repute; and yet have the advantage of a corporate existence and spirit of their own; and of pursuing their studies in an atmosphere where Catholic thought and ideals are fostered. The opportunities afforded

students of attendance at daily Mass and of the frequent reception of the Sacraments and participation in the various efforts of Catholic action, establish the basis for genuinely Catholic habits of life and thought. There is to be enjoyed also a goodly measure of social activity within the college itself and also as a part of St. Michael's and the University. Thus these graduates of 1948 leave their Alma Mater with a wealth of hopes and memories, gathered during their College days and so fittingly expressed by the Class Valedictorian, Joyce Pred'homme.



VIRGINIA FRANCES ROBERTSON, B.A., Perth.
— Household Economics; President of S.A.C. IV.
Pres. of Class I, III, IV. Household Economics
Club III, IV. Music and Drama I, IV. Debat-
ing I, II.



**MARGARET MARY DANDENEAU, B.A., Belle-
ville, Ont.** — General Course. President of So-
dality IV. Music and Drama Club I-IV. Organist
at Newman Club I-IV.



ALYCE MARY DOLAN, B.A., Lynn, Mass. —
Pass Arts. Head of House III. Music and Drama
Club I-II-III. Dramatics II. News Reporter for
"The Mike" III.



HELEN MARGARET DIACK BROWN, B.A., Toronto. — Pass Arts. Spanish Club I-III.



MARY MARGARET BURNIE, B.A., Toronto. — General Course. Tennis — Basketball I-III.



ELIZABETH M. REINHART, B.A., Guelph. — Pass Arts; Newman Club I, III. Biology Club; Spanish Club; Tennis I, II. Torontonensis Representative from Loretto III. Music and Drama Club I, II, III.



OLIVE CARMITA COUGHLAN, B.A., Toronto.



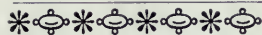
AGNES J. HIGGINS, B.A., Sudbury. — Pass



ANNE HUNTLEY, B.A., Toronto. — Pass Arts.
Newman I-III. Music and Drama II, III.



HARRIET MORSE, B.A., Chatham. — Pass Arts.
Newman Club. Music and Drama Club II, III.



ETHEL MAGDALEN FARKAS, B.A., Toronto.
—English Lang. and Lit. Course. A.T.C.M. in
Music, 1947, during III. Newman Dramatic
Club III. Organist in Hungarian Church.



JANE STRUTHERS, B.A., Port McNicoll. —
Household Economics; House Committee Repre-
sentative III. Household Science Club III. IV.



**GRACE VERONICA SERRAO, B.A., Port-of-
Spain, Trinidad.** — Pass Arts. Music and Drama



ELIZABETH MAUREEN OILLE, B.A., Port Arthur.— Pass Arts; Music and Drama Club I-II-III. Modern History Club II-III. Political Science Club III.



AUDREY HART-SMITH, B.A., Hamilton.— Pass Arts. I yr. Rep. to S.A.C. Class President I. Biology Club I-III. Varsity Ski Club; Reporter on Varsity I. Music and Drama Club.



DOROTHY MAY KUBIS, B.A., Detroit, Mich.— Pass Arts; Newman Club I-III. Music and Drama Club I-II.



PATRICIA McDONALD (Pat), B.A., Ottawa.— Pass Arts, Ex-Servic; Newman Club; Music and Drama Club. N.F.C.U.S. Loretto



ELIZABETH ROSALYN MADIA (Betty), B.A., Niagara Falls, Ont.— Pass Arts; Music and Drama Club III. Spanish Club I-III. Newman



ROSALIND JOYCE PRED'HOMME, B.A., Toronto.—Pass Arts. Music and Drama Club I-II-III. Executive of Music and Drama III. Newman I-II. Loretto S.A.C. II-III. Dramatics I-II-III. Hart House Staff Committee II & III. Class Valedictorian at Baccalaureate Exercises.



ELIZABETH ("SANDY") SMEATON, B.A., Niagara Falls, Ont.—Pass Arts; Social Representative to S.A.C. III. Woman's Editor of "Forum" III. Reporter on the Varsity I-III. French Club III. Music and Drama Club I, II. Newman Club II.



PATRICIA BARBARA SMITH, B.A., North Bay.—Pass Arts; Newman Club I-II-III, 2nd Vice Pres. of Newman Exec. and Loretto Rep. III. Newman Debating Club, French Club and Newman European Students Relief Committee III. Basketball I, II; Manager III. Hockey I, III.



KATHARINE THERESE HANLON, B.A., Guelph, Ont.—Pass Arts. Assistant Editor "Tritone" II. N.F.C.U.S. Representative for St. Michael's Women III. Debating. I.S.S. Newman I-III.

SISTER M. ST. DANIEL, I.B.V.M. (MISS NANCY CANCELLA), B.A.—Pass Arts. Gold Medallist in III.

SISTER M. ST. JOHN BOSCO, I.B.V.M. (MISS VIVIAN ADAMS), B.A.—Pass Arts.

Diary Loretto Abbey



April 21—Just a month ago to-day Spring came officially. Since then Easter and its all-too-short holidays have come and gone. Only now have we begun to notice the signs of Spring. A Mother

Bird has chosen to raise her family in an educational atmosphere. The ingenious parents have put the nest together on a Kleenex base in the branches of a tree just outside the study hall. By leaning from the window, I can make daily observations.

April 22 — Deanna Durbin came today—in her movie “Mad About Music.” Boarding school in Switzerland would seem to be quite different from that here. In any case, we don’t go around bursting into “I Love To Whistle” at the drop of a hat.



April 27 — I saw Novices to-day wearing crowns of blossoms. On enquiry I find they were “professed” this morning, and now are the Brides of Christ.

April 29 — All the basketball practice I have seen this week was explained on Saturday when two bus-loads of enthusiasts went to the Falls. It would seem that the practice benefitted the Junior team, but not the Seniors! But they did have a good time!

May 1 — It’s May Day. Catholic papers tell us of the Christophers renewed determination to give May Day back to Mary. Too long have the Communists claimed it! The Christopher movement, begun by Father James Keller, a forty-seven-year-old Maryknoller, is helping to carry Christ into everyday affairs.

“Star-eyed strawberry-breasted
Throstle above her nested
Cluster of bugle blue eggs thin
Forms and warms the life within.”

For “throstle” read “robin,” for it is a



robin’s nest outside the study-hall, and in it four eggs.

May 3 — Dear Diary, I must apologize for these monotonous entries. Just think of all the exciting things I could say if I led a glamorous life like Premier King or Loretto Lorenz. As usual, another Blue Monday has passed and I have nothing to relate.

May 4 — Another period of Latin poetry is over. Will Cadmus kill the sea-green monster? Will his father repent his unjust command? Tomorrow’s exciting lesson will tell!

May 5 — I saw “Great Expectations” today in our own auditorium, and it surpassed my greatest expectations, both in the artistry of the black threatening nights and in the story. Of all the people, I wouldn’t have suspected Pip’s unknown benefactor to be the convict.



May 6 — This is Ascension Thursday. Attention at Mass was almost perfect; prayers were more in earnest. Yes, Diary, examinations begin next Wednesday!

May 7 — It’s pouring rain, dark, gloomy and damp, but I am sitting on top of the world! It’s Friday!

The green onions are five inches high, and soon radishes from our own garden will be on the dinner-table.

May 8 — This morning, Saturday and all, St. Michael’s Cathedral was packed for the Mary’s Day Mass. Reverend L. J. Bondy’s earnest appeal for Catholic living, rather than pagan with Catholic trimmings, was thought-provoking.

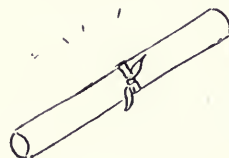
By the way, Diary, I took another look at the garden to-day. They weren’t green onions I saw yesterday; they were my sister’s prize irises shooting up.



LORETTO ABBEY GRADUATES, 1948

TOP ROW (left to right): Barbara Mead, Elaine Doyle, Angela Boyden, June LaTour, Valerie Graham, Helen Wheeler, Ann Marie Stevens, Ruth Day, Marilyn Haffey, Jeanne Brickley, Rosemary Roesler, Alanna Malone, Grace Mann, Agnes O'Sullivan
 FRONT ROW: Alice Ruscica, Marilyn Speck, Jill Devaux, Dolores Xavier, Joan Mallory, Shirley Rouleau, Marcelle Guyot, Marie Lavieille, Barbara Lyon, Sheliagh Johnson
 (ABSENT): Clare O'Gorman, Phyllis Lanthier, Joan Lanthier

May 9 — Dear Diary, the greatest woman that ever lived wasn't an actress, a great singer, a distinguished writer; she was Mary, a Mother. To-day, Mother's Day, my only wish is that God may bless all Mothers everywhere.



May 14 — The genius of Mr. César Borré made tonight's concert a complete success. Gounod's "Waltz from Faust," by the Choral Class, I particularly enjoyed. A violin quartet, a piano duet, Audrey Owen's "Arabesque" by Debussy and Nanette Kineh's lovely voice in "Remember Now, O Virgin Mary" were some features of a thoroughly enjoyable evening. Dorothy Byrne was all a director could hope for in an accompnist.



May 16 — Pentecost Sunday, and the Graduates' Day of Recollection is a fitting combination for Father Joseph Keating's guiding principles for future living.



May 18 — We can grow to take sunshine for granted, can't we, Diary? But after ten days of rain it never seemed warmer, more welcome than to-day. Everywhere on the grounds camera fans are trying to catch the beauty of the blossoms, for

"The apple orchard stage is set
For Mary's white-petaled minuet."

May 20 — The last general practice for tomorrow's long-awaited event of graduation! The graduates will tell you now that the five years that were so slow in coming suddenly overwhelmed them. The feel of their rings is the cold reality of accomplishment.

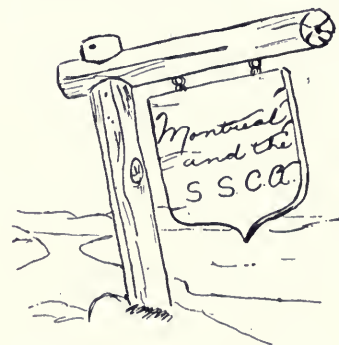
May 25 — Dear Diary, it is well a graduate is not making this entry. As they came back to school this morning, (with the finals less than three weeks away!) they were most inarticulate on "life since graduation day." I knew, however, that they had had their own Mass, said by Reverend Father McGinn, and following, their own special breakfast. Monsignor Hugh Callaghan gave them their address at the ceremony in the afternoon. Some of them had the honour of receiving medals, and all of them were felicitated at the Reception after Graduation. They only could give you a commentary on the next three days. Their gift to the school was a cheque for the Chapel Fund.

May 31 — The Procession to the Grotto, and the Crowning there of Our Lady by Shirley Rouleau was a joy to Mary-lovers. "Farewell, May," we sang, many of us for the last time at Loretto.

June 4 — Yesterday afternoon's Holy Hour, under the direction of Reverend Father Cuthbert, C.P., was a fitting preparation for this morning's Mass of the Feast of the Sacred Heart. We sang the Missa Choralis by Refice (memories of Mr. Borré and the Centenary!) and we prayed with all our hearts for the "family of the nations."

June 9 — Election of Sodality Officers for 1948-49 gave us the following "highly acceptable" Council:

Jacqueline Wight — Prefect; Antoinette Séguin — Vice-prefect and Chairman of the Eucharistic Committee; Loretto Abbott — Secretary and Chairman of the Literature and Our





GRADUATES, 1948, LORETTO ACADEMY, NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO

STANDING: Suzanne Leone, Marilyn Peckham, Margaret Sidlovsky, Ruth Hanna, Patricia Haldon, Colleen Birmingham, Loyce Luz, Patricia Foley, Madeline Fitzpatrick, Luvy Navas, Maria Lacayo, Joanne Kelly
 SEATED (left to right): Helen Alexander, Mary George, Katherine Farrell, Cecilia Senese, Carolyn Geisenhoff, Jeanne O'Donnell, Margot Azurdia, Patricia Robins, Amelia Kobik, Nancy Flynn



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Lady's Committees; Rose Valenti — Treasurer and Chairman of the Mission Committee; Barbara Dillane — Chairman of the Social Committee.

June 11 — Our end is Upper School's beginning! Joyfully we leave for happy holidays, while they begin their examinations. Some of us will meet soon in Montreal at the S.S.C.A. — Rose Valenti, Audrey Owen, Geraldine Davis, Monica O'Grady, Jackie Miron, Loretto Abbott, Frances Coffey, Diane Hawley and Antoinette Séguin — at which time your pages will be all too small, dear diary, to hold entries for those wonderful six days.

The Writers' Club,
Loretto Abbey.

MEDAL AWARDS AT LORETTO ABBEY

Medal of His Holiness, Pope Pius XII for highest standing in Religious Knowledge obtained by Miss Jean Brickley; Honourable Mention Miss Shirley Rouleau.

Medal of His Holiness, Pope Pius XII for highest standing in Religious Knowledge in 1947, and

Medal of His Excellency Viscount Alexander, Governor-General of Canada, for highest standing in English Literature in 1947, both obtained by Miss Joanne McWilliam.

Loretto Abbey Medal for highest standing in Apologetics in 1947 obtained by Miss Dolores Xavier.

The Eugene O'Keefe Medal for highest standing in Upper School Mathematics in 1947 obtained by Miss Winnifred O'Gorman.

The Gertrude Foy Medal for highest standing in English Essay in 1947 obtained by Miss Catherine Givens.

Loretto Abbey Shield for the House whose members have been most faithful to Loretto traditions obtained by the Mary Ward House, whose leader is Miss Ruth Day.

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GRADUATES, 1948, LORETTO ACADEMY, SAULT STE. MARIE, MICHIGAN

TOP ROW: Shirley Doran, Betty Ann Tardiff, Thomas Hallesy, Jeanne Le Blanc, Mar Jean Donnelly, Edward Jabour, Carole Zelmer, Mary Alice Rucker
 THIRD ROW: Joseph Thomas, Donna La Duke, Mary O'Hibway, Patricia France, Raymond Gervais, Teresa Pezet, David Le Lievre, Joslyn Middlebrook,
 Loretta Edward, Merel De Mott, Edwin Barrias
 SECOND ROW: Velma Molinaro, Rosaline Pavlot, Peggy Manse, Elaine Mastaw, Gloria Stearns, Catherine Gillespie, Barbara Truscott, Joy Des Jardins, Ruth Giacoletto
 SEATED (left to right): Donna Mae Barrias, June King, Dolores Menard, Constance Lawrence, Rosemary Tierney, Patricia Donnelly
 ABSENT: Erlyne Traynor

BEFORE A FIGHT

Sitting in the dressing-room waiting to fight, I felt rather shaky. Jim Gallo, my manager, was by me wrapping my hands with tape and hand-wrappers made of cloth.

A small man yelled through the door, "Massey, you're on." Getting off the bench, I walked as straight as my legs would permit to the ring, then to my corner. I was shaky beyond words. The boy I was to fight was tall, and weighed about 150 pounds. My coach kept talking to me, telling me what to do. I felt funny with all the people looking at me and talking over my chance as a fighter.

Jim put the gloves on me and I was called to the center of the ring. The referee explained the rules. "All right, boys, keep your punches up and yourselves protected at all times. When I say break, I want just that. When scoring a knockdown, go to the farthest neutral corner. That's all, shake hands and come out fighting at the bell." Shaking hands I wished my rival good luck and went back to my corner.

Jim kept telling me not to be afraid of my opponent and to get in close and work on the body. Then the crowd quieted down, the lights went dim, and the bell rang bringing round one.

Yes, the bell rang, study period is over, and I haven't time to finish the fight.

Albert Massey, III,
Loretto — Sault Ste. Marie

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LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL

Graduation in St. Bernard's Church, Chicago

Held on June 6, 1947

PROGRAM

Processional.

God of All Nature Tschaikovsky
Conferring of Graduation Honors.

Address by Reverend Martin A. Carrabine, S.J.,
Moderator of Cisca.

Ave Maria Loretto.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Recessional.

Scholarship and Prize Winners

Scholarship to Mundelein College awarded to Cathleen Chandler; Scholarship to Mundelein College awarded to Jacqueline Smith; Scholarship to Rosary College merited by Betty Prete; Scholarship to College of St. Francis merited by Frances Thurson; Scholarship to St. Xavier College merited by Nancy Ray; Scholarship to St. Xavier College merited by Virginia Gleason; Scholarship to Webster College merited by Helen Barton; Scholarship to Marycrest College merited by Mary Louise Fillwalk; Scholarship to De Paul Secretarial School awarded to Jacqueline Smith.

Apologetics Medal merited by Betty Prete; Honor Medal merited by Mary Louise Fillwalk; General Proficiency Medal merited by Helen Barton.

Medals for Perfect Attendance for Four Years merited by Rosemary Cassidy, Rose Marie Fox, Mary Louise Fillwalk, Lorraine Johnson, Theresa Poydock.

SPRING

Where I live, when Spring comes you can tell it by the smells in the air. The fragrance of budding maples and leafing birches and aromatic pines greet you with every breath you breathe. The roads lose their winter hardness and soften up; but we don't mind the mud!

Young calves and fawns graze and play in the pastures together. Gardeners take to the fields with plows, harrows, seeds and fertilizer, and begin the work which will produce the coming crops to supply our future foods.

If it always remained Spring, people would be gentle-minded, because of the gentleness of breaking nature.

Milton Menard, III,
Loretto — Sault Ste. Marie



GRADUATES, 1948, LORETTO ACADEMY, HAMILTON, ONTARIO

Left to right: Alice Ross, Mary Snyder, Mollie O'Brien, Katherine de la Plante, Jacqueline Marshall, Lita Valvasori, Claire O'Sullivan, Dolores Fabbro, Theresa MacMillan, Margaret Wilson, La Verie Anderson, Theresa Hagen

MY NICARAGUA

The Guatemalteco tells you of those splendid ruins, in whose walls are engraved the echoes of the past, and the memories of a whole generation of bravery and love.

The Salvadoreno tells you of the marvel of architecture, like an arch of triumph to the moonlight beams, shining on the crystalline waters of the Lempa River.

The Costa Ricense tells you of the majesty of those volcanoes, lifting their summits to heaven.

The Panameno tells you of the wonder of their Canal, where two immense oceans unite in a happy and loving embrace.

The Nicaraguense tells you of the majesty and beauty of the Lake Cosibolca, whose blue waters beat against the everlasting shores of eight hundred picturesque islands, with their mango trees, showing forth the beauties of Nature, and the power of its Creator.

Maria Lacayo, XII.
Loretto - Niagara.

WELCOME

In woodland glens
Where Spring comes soon,
The robins chirp
And violets bloom.

The woodland paths,
Winding and steep,
Look down on trilliums,
Fresh and sweet.

The woodland brook
With waters blue,
With flowers and birds
Will welcome you.

Darlene Stecko, IX,
Loretto - Niagara.

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LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL GRADUATION

The Graduation Exercises of Loretto School took place at St. Peter's Church on Pentecost Sunday. Twenty-one graduates received their diplomas from Monsignor O'Connor, who replaced Cardinal McGuigan, then absent from the city. Reverend F. R. McNab, pastor of St. Peter's Church, presented the graduates. The speaker, Reverend Albert Murray, editor in New York of *Information*, gave practical advice to the graduates on how to meet the world into which they were entering.

A large section of the Church was filled with the high school students who, under the direction of César Borre, sang "Veni Sancte Spiritus" and "Tantum Ergo." Granier's "Hosanna" gave the final note of triumph and joy before the graduates left the Church. The De La Salle cadets acted as ushers.

LORETTO ACADEMY, HAMILTON

Graduation

On Thursday evening, May 20th, at Loretto Academy, the 83rd Commencement Exercises were held. His Excellency, Most Reverend Joseph F. Ryan conferred graduating honours upon Misses Theresa Hagen, LaVerle Anderson, Margaret Wilson, Teresa MacMillan, Dolores Fabbro, Claire O'Sullivan, Lita Valvasori, Jacqueline Marshall, Kay De La Plante, Mollie O'Brien, Mary Snyder and Alice Ross.

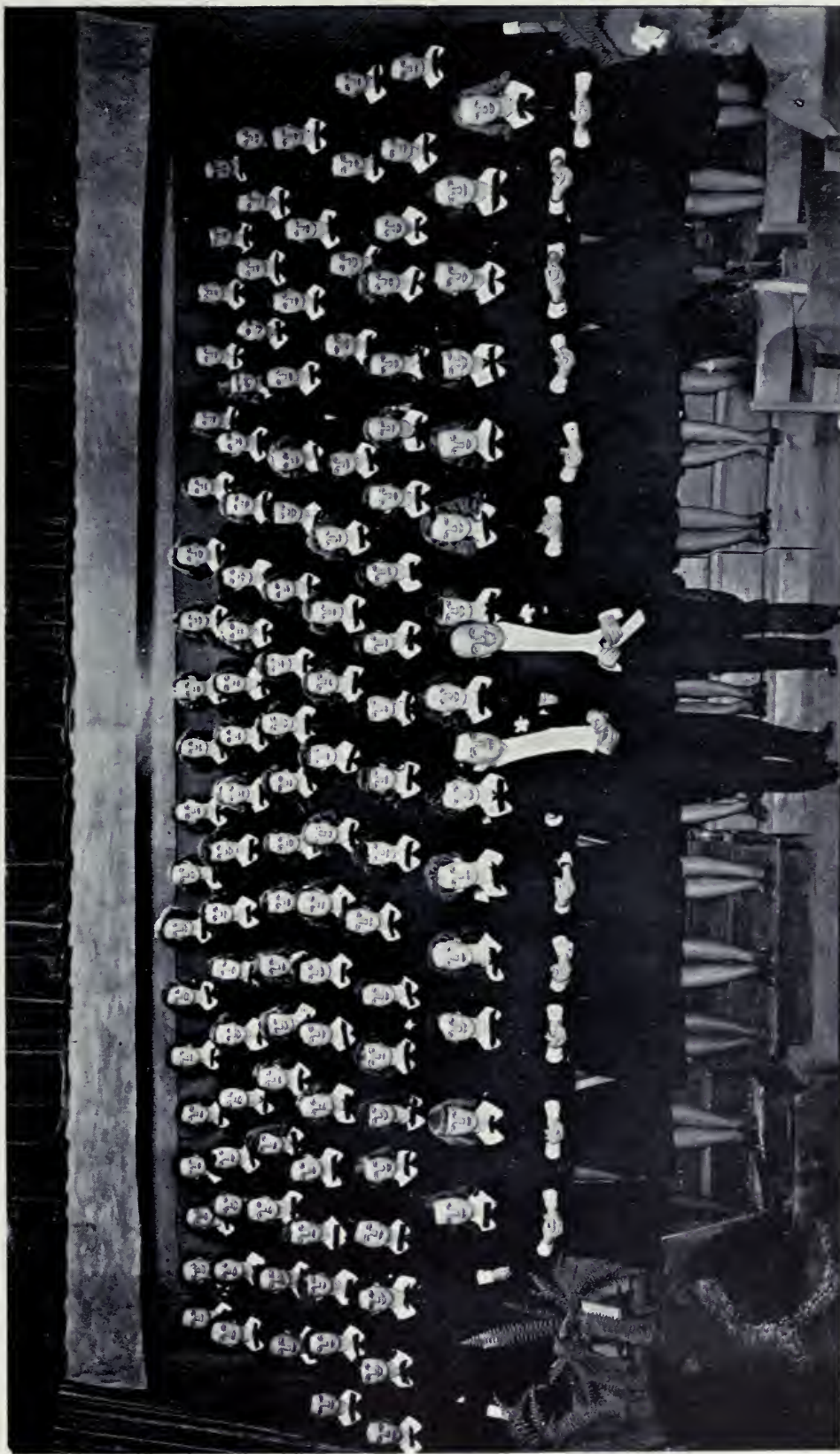
Mollie O'Brien gave the salutation; Margaret Wilson the valedictory.

Controller McIntyre representing Mayor Lawrence offered to the Graduates, their parents and teachers, the sincere congratulations of His Worship and the people of Hamilton. The speaker of the evening was Right Reverend J. A. O'Brien, D.P., His Excellency Bishop Ryan, also spoke to the graduates.

The excellently presented musical program reflected great credit upon teachers and pupils. It consisted of six choruses and two piano numbers. The former were conducted by Mr. Clifford McClelland and accompanied by Mr. William Stuart, both of Guelph. During the graduates' procession the following young ladies played Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance": Misses Eglantine Taylor and Pamela White, (Piano), Mary Fitzgerald and Madeline Townsend, (Violin), Jean Evel, (Cello).

The Awards

Gold cross, presented by His Excellency, Most Reverend Joseph F. Ryan for the high-



CHORAL CLASS, LORETTO ACADEMY, HAMILTON
With Conductor Mr. Clifford McClelland and Accompanist Mr. William Stuart

Royal Engravers

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est standing in Christian Doctrine, in Grade XIII, awarded to Miss Margaret Wilson; Bronze medal, presented by His Excellency, the Governor-General of Canada for highest standing in English literature, in Grade XIII, awarded to Mollie O'Brien; Gold locket, presented by Monsignor G. L. Cassidy for general proficiency in Grade XII, awarded to Norma Crawford; The Mary Lovering prize for highest standing in mathematics in Grade XIII for the academic years 1947-48 awarded to Mary Snyder; scholarship, presented by the Loretto Alumnae for the highest standing in Grade XII for the academic years 1946-47, awarded to Mollie O'Brien; scholarship, presented by Mr. Joseph Pigott, for highest standing Grade VIII, St. Joseph's School, June, 1947, awarded to Freida Villeneuve; scholarship, presented by the Parent-Teachers' Association for the highest standing in Grade VIII at Loretto Academy, awarded to Mary Lou Burns. Silver locket, presented by Dr. John E. Tilden for the highest standing in Latin in Grade XIII awarded to Mary Snyder; gold cross, presented by Mr. Charles Land, for the highest standing in Christian doctrine in Grade VIII, awarded to Judy Pulkingham.

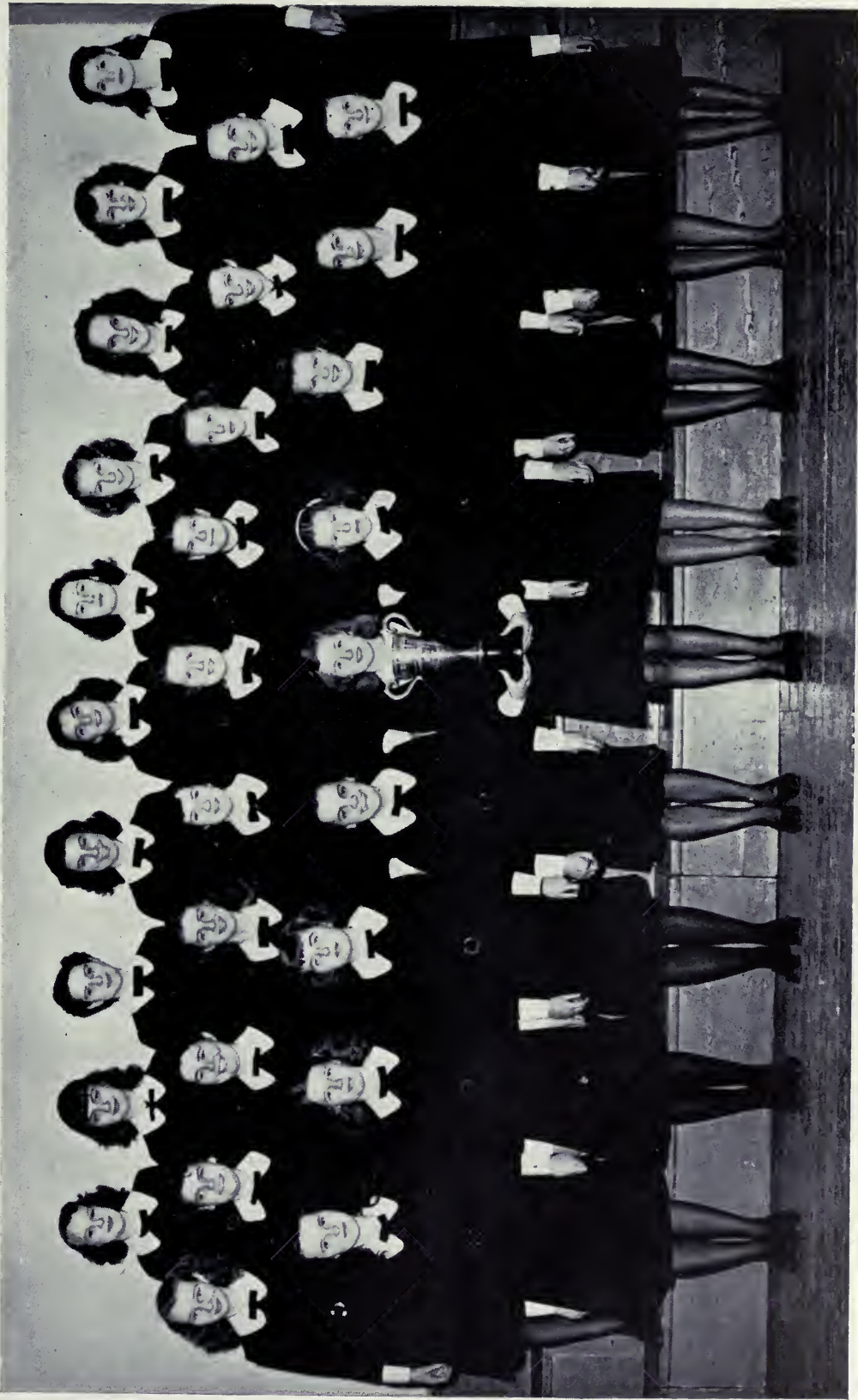
SENIOR MUSIC AWARDS

Results of the Royal Conservatory of Music examinations:—

Grade 9 — Mollie O'Brien, honours; Grade 8 — Elin Pulkingham, honours; Marie Wilson, honours; Alice Mary Ross, honours; Mary Almas; Barbara Gilmer; Doreen Rumball. Grade 7 — Patricia Tuck; Juanita Caneuill. Grade 6 — Josephine Bliss, honours; Betty Rayeroft; Diana Caneuill. Grade 5 — Josephine Bliss, honours; Barbara Broadley. Theory: Grade 5—counterpoint; Lillian Orbon, Grade 5 — history, Doris Fulgiano, honours; Mary Farrell, honours; Anne Boyle; Lillian Orbon. Grade 2 — rudiments, Alice Ross, 1st class honours; Doreen Rumball, honours; Juanita Caneuill. Grade 1 — rudiments, Josephine Bliss, Barbara Broadley, Diana Caneuill, Betty Rayeroft; all first-class honours.

Miss Lillian Orbon was awarded a gold medal for senior piano at the Peel Music Festival.

At the Brantford Music Festival Miss Orbon won the Hagey cup and a \$25 scholarship.



CHORAL GROUP, LORETTO ACADEMY, STRATFORD
Winners of the Whaley-Royce Silver Cup at the Stratford Musical Festival, May, 1948



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MUSICALE AT LORETTO, HAMILTON

A delightful musicale, given at Loretto Academy, by the senior pupils, included a varied program. Of the sacred numbers, Monsignor Ronan's "Jubilate Deo", and Montani's "Ave Maria" deserve special mention. Franck's "Panis Angelicus", Humperdinck's "Evening Prayer" and Sullivan's "Lost Chord" were also well received. These were not given as a group, but were interspersed with such choruses as, "Service" by Cadman, "Spring Greeting" by Strauss, "Sweet and Low" by Barnby, "Will o' the Wisp" by Spross, "The Lass with the Delicate Air" by Arne, "The Dance" by Elgar, and Charless Manny's arrangement of a very gay Czechoslovakian Dance Song. The good vocal technique and intelligent interpretation of the singers, who were directed by Clifford McClelland of Guelph, were notable features. William Stuart, also of Guelph, was a very satisfactory accompanist.

There were six instrumental numbers, and in both solos and duos, Miss Joan Townsend, and Miss Lillian Orbon proved themselves very gifted pianists. The former played Chopin's Polonaise Op. 26, No. 1 and Valse Op. 34, and the latter played "Rosemary" by Bridge, and "Scherzo-Waltz" by Moskowski. Their duos were, Bach's "Sheep May Safely Graze" and "Malaguena" by Lecuona. The program opened with "O Canada", followed by the school song, "Ave Maria Loretto", and closed with the National Anthem.

MARY

Mary, sweet Mother of God,
And my Mother, too,
Will you not listen
While I talk to you.

The stars for thee shine,
The birds for thee sing,
For thee, Mary, Mother
Of Christ the King.

Mary, dearest Mary,
The sweetest name of all,
The very first word
That the Christ did call.

Oh, dear Lady Mary,
Mother, high above me,
Mary, sweetest Mother,
Teach me how to love thee.

Julie Myers, IX,
Loretto - Guelph.

THE FAMILY ROSARY CRUSADE

"Ten Million Homes United in the Rosary." Is this possible? Such is the hope of Reverend Father Patrick Peyton, the Irish-born apostle of the Rosary, who, during this past April directed the Rosary Crusade through the length and breadth of the London Diocese.



Father Peyton himself — the "Priest of the Family Rosary" — with Reverend R. Glavin at Loretto Academy, Stratford

It is the first Crusade of its kind in our diocese and the encouraging result of 90,000 men, women and children pledged to the daily family recitation of Our Lady's Rosary, must be most gratifying to Most Reverend John Kidd, D.D., Bishop of the diocese of London.

The simple faith and childlike confidence in Our Lady, as shown by Father Peyton make his plea for the Family Rosary irresistible. This zealous apostle travelled from parish to parish and from school to school and in each parish spoke in touching words of the wonderful power of the Rosary as shown in his own home in Ireland.

Not of robust health, Fr. Peyton worked indefatigably during the Crusade. Here in Stratford he spoke in the two parish churches as well as at a special gathering of the children here in Loretto Academy. His language was suited to appeal to the youngest child present. At his first visit to a Loretto Convent, Father said he was most happy to meet the Loretto

Sisters and to tell them of one of his Family Theatre stars, Ann Jameson, a former Loretto pupil.

Now we have a double bond uniting us with Father Peyton. Whenever we hear the Family Theatre Programme slogan, "The Family that prays together, stays together," we know that at least one Loretto pupil is one of its stars and that Father Peyton is the friend of all from the greatest down to the very least in our diocese.

Loretto — Stratford.

WHAT THE FAMILY ROSARY MEANS TO ME

One of the winning essays for the Family Rosary Crusade Contest held in the London Diocese

No scene of nature, however beautiful, can produce the feeling of peace and joy I experience in saying the Family Rosary.

"I believe in God, the Father" . . . The gate of Heaven swings open, and, with an armful of rose-bud petitions, I pause at its threshold, while choirs of angels chant the "Our Father."

"Hail, Mary," I whisper. But no sound is too low for Mary's ear. She beckons me. Encouraged, I continue, "O, thou, who art full of grace, thou who didst become God's mother for us, accept the gift I bring you, accept our Family Rosary."

"Holy Mary, Mother of God" . . . as petition after petition arises. Our Lady plucks the petals, and slowly, one by one, they descend in the form of a blessing, on the homes saying the Rosary.

"Glory be to the Father." . . . With the final words of welcome, I bid farewell, my heart bursting with joy, for my home has just been blessed.

Mary Lou Brown, VIII,
St. Joseph's School, Stratford.

HIGH SCHOOL CLOSING IN STRATFORD

At the Closing Exercises held on June 15, the Very Reverend Dean Egan presented the various awards, congratulating at the same time both Sisters and pupils. The address to the students was given by Mr. Whitty, Grand Knight of the Kilroy Council of the Knights of Columbus. Following the musical program, the distribution of prizes took place as follows: prizes for the highest standing in Religion in each class, presented by the Very Reverend

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Dean Egan, awarded to Eileen Campbell, Elaine Shantz, Bernadette Ducharme, Dora Pirrochi, Eileen Herron, Joan Stock, Anne Campbell and Claire Lee; General Proficiency in Grades IX, X and XI, awarded to Eileen Campbell, Bernadette Ducharme, and Eileen Herron respectively; for the highest standing in Home Economics, awarded to Sheila Mascari; for the Oratorical Contest, Joan Stock.

MARIA LIBRARY

The feast of Christ the King, nineteen hundred forty-seven, saw the opening of the Maria Library at St. Adrian School. Since the opening of our library we have had many interesting contests. In one, in particular, the one who had read the greatest number of books in the most varied fields won for herself a book of adventure. There have been so many contests I could not repeat them all. The bulletin board is a constantly changing record of our library activities.

During our weekly library period of an hour we have the dual entertainment and instruction of the phonograph. During this time we may browse among the magazines, or do reference work, as well as withdraw a book to read at home. Our card catalogue helps us in finding reference material. Among the records to which we listen are many of the stories from our Faith and Freedom Readers, recorded as dramatizations, also a series on the Lives of the Saints. Besides the scheduled library period for each class, the library is open every evening after school, so that anyone who wishes may return books or take out a new book. There are seven girls who assist the Sister librarian with the various duties around the library. Some of the duties of these girls, who each wear a library pin in blue and gold as a badge of office, are to keep the shelves in order according to the Dewey Decimal System, to see that all books are returned when due, and to check out the books.

We have books of all kinds, interesting to both girls and boys from the teen-ager down to the first grader. There are many helpful encyclopaedia, biographies, a well-stocked magazine rack, monthly book club releases, and a current events map. The many Catholic books by such authors as Father Gerald Brennan, Mary Fabyan Windeatt, and Father Neil Boyton, are some of the most popular on our shelves.

Since the library is receiving new books almost every day, and because there are so



ST. ADRIAN'S SCHOOL, CHICAGO

May Crowning

"Ave Maria" — Golden Moments with Franz Schubert
Classroom Flower Garden

Maria Library

many worthwhile books, it is impossible for me to choose my favorite. We, in the eighth grade, regret that we have had only one year in which to use our own library, and we know the seventh grade will take our places in using the Maria Library to the best advantage.

Joan Brynda, Grade VIII,
St. Adrian School.

THE MASTER OF SONGWRITERS

Franz Schubert was born near Vienna in seventeen hundred ninety-seven. His was a musical family. His independent study and association with the best musicians of his time are the main reasons for his masterful skill in playing musical instruments and in writing beautiful compositions.

Schubert began to compose before he was fourteen years old. He composed his famous **Erlking** and **Wanderer** before he was nineteen. Poverty and lack of recognition long hampered Schubert's genius. He had to devote precious time to the drudgery of teaching, while his mind sped to new heights of melody. None of his compositions were published until seven years before his death.

His premature death in eighteen hundred twenty-eight, when he was but thirty-one years old, was the result of overwork and a bitter struggle with poverty. It is a remarkable tribute to his creative power, that in spite of these handicaps he left to posterity over six hundred songs. "Hark! Hark! The Lark," "Who Is Sylvia," and the everlasting "Ave Maria" are among the most popular. He wrote in various forms, symphonies, masses, oratorios, choruses, and operas. His songs alone would place him among immortal masters, but the **Unfinished Symphony**, left unfinished not because of his death but because he deliberately set it aside, is an example of his instrumental compositions of equally unperishable fame.

Many people still consider Germany an enemy, but, possibly, if we would forget our bitterness and try to appreciate the true worth of this musician of the same country as Hitler, as well as many of his country-men of equal genius, our distrust would melt to understanding. Schubert is a musician to whom his nation and all nations owe a debt, a poetic artist who lifted men's minds above hatred and strife to true beauty.

Frances Murphy, Grade VIII,
St. Adrian School

AN INDOOR GARDEN

We have a plant garden in our classroom, and when we have recess some of the boys and girls go over to look and talk about it. At first, we used egg shells in which to plant the seeds. But then, they began to grow so tall, that now we have planted them in flower pots. When we had three days' holiday last week the radish died. Some time ago the moss rose died, too. In all, we planted a beet, carrot, Bachelor's button, Nasturtium, the radish, and the moss rose.

Carol Shilbe,
Robert Spain, Grade III,
St. Adrian School

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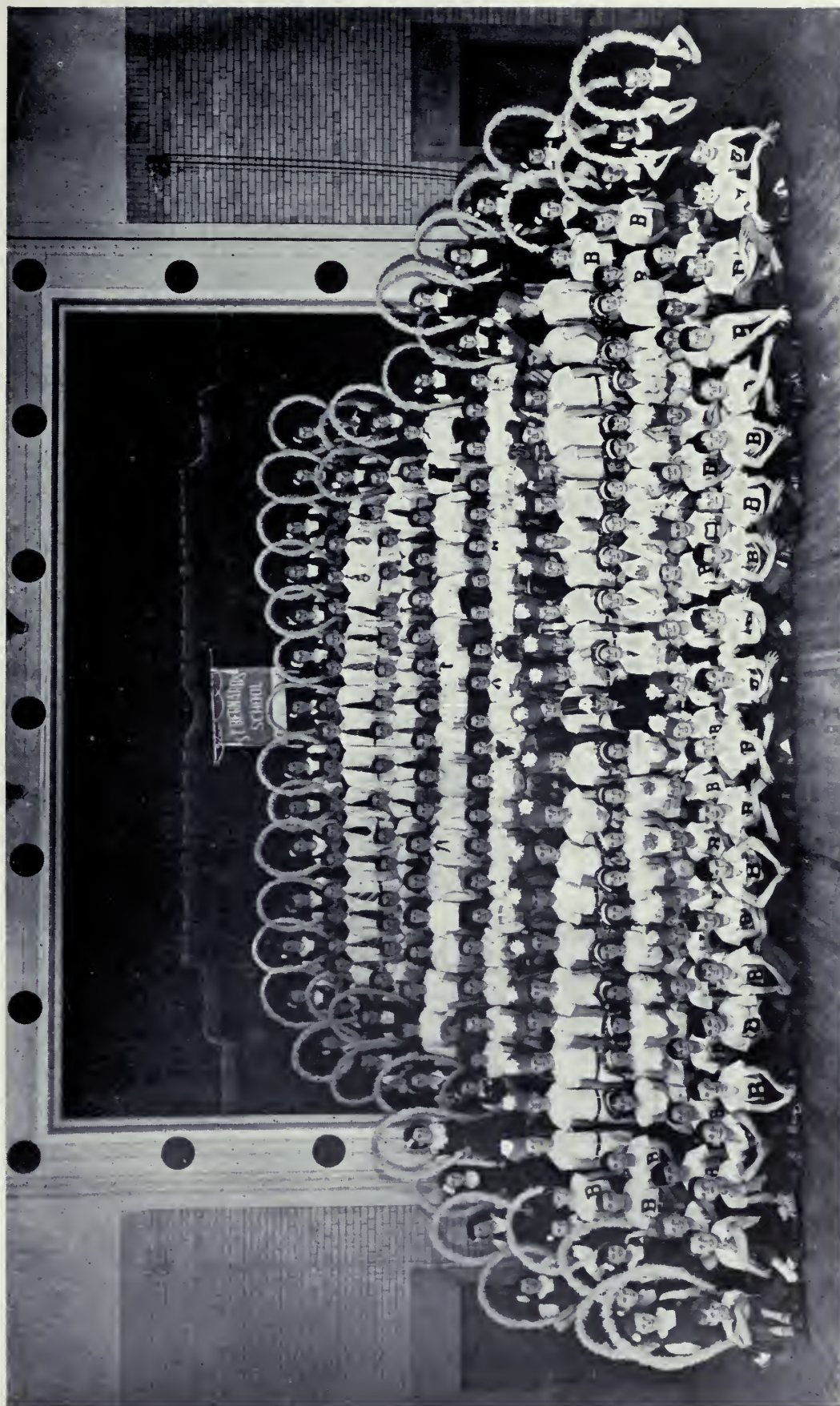
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TO HIS HOLINESS

St. Bride School,
Chicago, Illinois,
March 2, 1948

Dear Holy Father,

We are writing to wish you a Happy Birthday. We like birthdays too.

In our room we pray for you every day. Your picture smiles at us.

May God bless you and watch over you. Please come to see us sometime.

Your loving children,
The First Graders of Room 2

* * *

The following reply arrived May 3.

The Secretariat of State of His Holiness is directed by the Holy Father to convey the expression of His sincere appreciation of your devoted message of good wishes and, while assuring you of His prayers for your intention, imparts as a pledge of abiding divine grace, the paternal Apostolic Benediction of His Holiness.

THE WHEATON SURPRISE

"What will it look like?" we asked ourselves on the way to the Loretto Novitiate at Wheaton, Illinois. We imagined it to be a large building resembling an ancient castle with solemn nuns slowly walking about saying their prayers or doing their chores.

When we arrived at Wheaton we had our opinion changed. The estate is a truly beautiful sight. As we entered the grounds a statue of Our Lady caught our eyes. The convent, of English style architecture, is dignified and stately in appearance.

The inside of the building was very contrary to our expectations. It was alive with cheerful nuns going about their work. We enjoyed meeting and talking with the postulants.

From the screened porch the artistically landscaped grounds were visible. In the center of the lawn in the back of the house stands a life-like statue of St. Joseph. At the end of the lawn there is a swimming pool. To the left of the pool the scent of white and lavender lilies, violets and lilies of the valley told us that we were in the Shakespearian garden. The orchard and other gardens were in full bloom. We also visited the greenhouse, where we saw little sprouts of plants just beginning to grow.

Before leaving we visited the chapel. It is small but very suitable. The Blessed Sacrament was exposed as it was the first Friday of May.

This novitiate is a truly beautiful place. As soon as we got off the bus and smelled the clean fresh air and beautiful flowers, we fell in love with it.

Mary Virginia Hayes and
Rita Maroney, Grade VII,
St. Bride School, Chicago

THE ROSE OF KILDARE — FAIREST IN IRELAND

Winning Essay in the St. Bride's Altar and
Rosary Society's Annual Contest

If there had been a story of Snow White in the time of St. Bride, and there had been a wicked queen who stood before her magic mirror saying, "Magie Mirror on the wall, who in Erin is the fairest of all?" undoubtedly the mirror would have answered, "In all Erin there is not one fairer than Bride, the little nun and foundress of Kildare."

The mirror would have been right, for there was no one in Ireland as beautiful as this girl. She was lovely as the dawn. Her hair was like corn-silk shining in the sun and her eyes the color of our Lady's mantle.

But, if she was beautiful outwardly, she was even more so inwardly. If there had been a mirror for reckoning beauty of the soul, the mirror would surely have said, "In all Erin there is not a soul more generous, closer to God, or more loved by God and all who know her than Bride of Kildare."

The girl had been born in a town near Dublin in the year 453, the daughter of a Prince of Ulster. When she grew older her father found he could not keep her, for she was constantly giving away his money and jewels. She was giving away everything valuable he owned, and he decided Bride should be married. A young man was chosen for her although Bride cried to her father that she wanted to become a nun and give her life to God, but he would have none of it.

She prayed all night to God to take away her beauty, and make her ugly so she would not have to be married. Her prayer was answered and she became so repulsive that the man she was to marry fled. Her father found he must let her become a nun at last. Immediately after she received the veil her beauty was restored.

After this she went with some other young virgins to live beneath a mighty oak, on a grassy plain, and here Bride built her cell. It was not long before everyone came to know the young nun who lived under the oak and



ST. CYRIL'S SCHOOL, CHICAGO

TOP: Choir Boys

CENTRE and BOTTOM: Scenes from the school play THE LIFE OF PAGANINI

never denied a beggar. They called it Kildare — the cell of the oak. Her fame spread over the country and men and women both came to live a life like Bride's. A city was founded called Kildare.

When she died in 523 many churches were

named for her and all Erin mourned her. This is only part of the wonderful story of St. Bride — Rose of Kildare; founder of the Church beneath the oak.

Margaret Loftus, Grade VIII,
St. Bride School, Chicago



KINDERGARTEN, LORETTO — HAMILTON

KINDERGARTEN — LORETTO, HAMILTON

Oh, we are the young hearts,
the glad hearts, the gay;
Bright angels bend low
as we learn, as we play;
May the light of our happiness
Kindle God's world
With His Peace, loving peace,
Like a flag never furled.

"Kindergarten" is a magic world for the "little ones" of Hamilton. They arrive at nine o'clock looking like little fairies with dainty curls and sparkling eyes. Their faces are alight with eager expectancy, as one by one they come to continue the work and play of yesterday.

The day will be divided between the play-room (oh! joy of joys!) and the work-room, where doll houses are now in the making — yes,

and real furniture for them too! Each little house, surrounded by a "flourishing" lawn, is gaily painted. A contrasting roof boasts two chimneys and the doors really open and close on tiny hinges! How proud the "wee ones" are to have done all this themselves — and what a great day it will be when each little house goes home to be the admiration of the whole family!

There are other things to do too — weaving woollen mats, painting with water colours, drawing pictures, cutting out paper flowers and animals and any number of other interesting and delightful tasks. Add to these the fun in the playroom (pictured above) with its games and slide and sandpile and you have all that is needed to make a perfect day for any child.

Mother comes at twelve to take Jane, Billy or Sally home — until to-morrow — another joy-filled day!

MY TRIP TO THE SKY

One day I was very disagreeable at home. When asked to do anything I stamped my foot, put on a long face and pertly said, "No!"

That night a few minutes after my head had reached the pillow, I heard queer sounds. I turned to see what was the matter, and there I saw angels standing all around. Each angel was shaking his finger at me. After some discussion, they turned to me and said, "You have to be punished for the way you acted at home to-day. Your punishment will be to wash all the stars by morning."

Before I knew what happened I found myself seated on a huge fleecy cloud, with plenty of water and a nice white rag. As I reached for the nearest star, I bumped into the moon. The man in the moon looked so cross I began to cry. I cried so hard that the angels all came running back. They laughed at me. The more I cried the more they laughed. Finally one big angel came over to me and said, "Well, I think you have learned your lesson. You have completed your task, for your tears have washed the stars."

Suddenly I felt myself going down lower, lower and lower, until I heard a thump and to my amazement I awakened with a start to find myself on my bedroom floor, for it was only a dream.

Eileen Ahern, Grade VIII,
St. Cyril School, Chicago.

VIRGIN MARY

O Virgin Mary, with face so sweet,
And roses gathered round your feet,
Hear my prayers, O Virgin true,
And help me to be just like you.
Shed your light along my way,
Guide me onward lest I stray.
May I steadfast and faithful be
To Him Who died for such as we.

Clara Mott, Grade 7,
St. Bernard's School, Chicago.

LITTLE IVY VINE

Little ivy vine,
Why do you climb so high?
You'd think that you were trying
To reach up to the sky.

Little ivy vine,
Climbing on the wall,
Don't you think you'll ever,
Ever, ever fall?

Barbara Price, Grade 4,
St. Bernard's School, Chicago.

SPRING

Spring is the most beautiful of the seasons. Queen Nature waves her magic wand over her subjects and they don their prettiest dresses.

Many colored tulips, yellow daffodils and lilacs are opening their eyes to say, "Good morning."

Overhead one hears baby birds chirping for worms. They too, are beginning to notice the world around them.

Even in smoky Chicago, Springtime is beautiful.

Patricia Hastie, Grade VII,
St. Cyril School, Chicago.

* * *

The flowers bloom and the trees have become green again — Spring in all its beauty has at last arrived.

Along the roadside, children in their summery prints add to the beauty of the scene.

The gardener is pruning the trees. The sunny days change the clinging vine into a wall of green.

Mr. Wren is busy looking for food for his large family. Watching all this beauty, one realizes how wonderful God is.

Mary Ann Drury, Grade VIII,
St. Cyril School, Chicago

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MY IDEAL

My Ideal is a beautiful one,
 No other can compare.
 My Ideal, a heavenly one,
 With you I'll gladly share.
 She is a lady, meek and mild,
 One who claims me for her child.
 She is the chosen one
 Who gave birth to God's Son.
 Probably you have guessed
 Whom I love the best.
 Yes, it is none other
 Than My Blessed Mother.

Ann Marie Folks, Grade 8,
 St. Cyril School, Chicago.

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GYM DEMONSTRATION

(At St. Bernard's)

Our Gym Demonstration was beautiful,
 It was bright and colorful too;
 There were crowds and crowds of people
 To see our white and blue.

We had dancing, acrobats, music,
 To show what we had done
 In our gymnasium this year,
 Where we had loads of fun.

The lights were almost blinding,
 As we sang our new school song;
 We sang so well and clearly,
 The applause was loud and long.

The people enjoyed it very much,
 They clapped as loud as ever,
 Some thought it very pretty,
 While others thought it clever.

Lorae Lore, Grade 6,
 St. Bernard's School, Chicago.

MOTHER

I have a wonderful mother,
 She does everything for me.
 I would never have another
 'Cause she's so nice, you see.
 Whenever I'm in trouble
 I know I'll always find
 Someone who's understanding,
 Wonderful and kind.

Sheila O'Donnell, Grade 7,
 St. Bernard's School, Chicago.

I LIKE TO WATCH

I like to watch the airplanes
 come landing on the ground;
 I like to hear the motors
 make their whirring sound;
 I like to watch the pilots,
 so very staunch and brave,
 Go walking up the pavement
 to their planes, both big and small,
 Until they disappear into the sky
 and you can't see them at all.

Marianne Raffalle, Grade 6,
 St. Mary's School, Sault Ste. Marie.

THUNDER

I like to hear the thunder
 When it starts to rain.
 First it booms, and it bangs,
 Then it rains again.

After that the lightning comes,
 Flashing across your sight.
 That's what I like best of all
 When it thunders in the night.

Mary Lu Stevenson, Grade 7,
 St. Mary's School, Sault Ste. Marie.

ALUMNAE NOTES

LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION Loretto Abbey, Toronto

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LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION Loretto Abbey, Toronto.

LORETTO ALUMNAE, TORONTO

The first quarterly meeting of the Association was held at Loretto Abbey on Sunday, October 26, 1947, when the executive for 1947-49 was elected.

At this meeting last year's scholarship winners were presented and congratulated. It was announced that all scholarships for 1947-48 had been paid.

The annual Loretto Dance, convened by Miss Margaret Wilson, was held at the Royal York, on Saturday, November 22. Over a thousand dollars were realized.

Miss Ella Herbert convened a successful raffle in January.

The second quarterly meeting was held at Loretto College on Sunday, February 1. Donations of one hundred and fifty dollars each were acknowledged by the Chapters of the Alumnae Association. A musical programme was given by Misses Angeline Conway and Teresa Malloy.

A Communion Breakfast was held at Loretto College School, on Sunday, April 18, which was followed by the third quarterly meeting. Reverend Dr. Vernon Henry Sattler gave an interesting address on the problems of youth.

Mrs. Leo Devaney was appointed Convener of the Bridge and Fashion Show, which was held at the Arcadian Court in May. Mrs. F. A. Walpole acted as Publicity Convener, with a resultant turnout of more than four hundred. Miss Eleanor Foster, Prize Convener, secured over sixty prizes.

The Canadian Federation of Convent Alumnae will hold their biennial Convention in Vancouver, August 24-28. Mother Margarita has been nominated to attend and report on all activities.

The treasurer's annual report was read at the fourth quarterly meeting held at Loretto Abbey, on Sunday, June 13, indicating a balance on hand of \$719.31. At this meeting this year's graduates of Loretto Abbey and College School were guests of honour and were presented with a year's membership in the Alumnae Association and a Loretto pin.

Tea was served, thus bringing to a close the activities of the Loretto Alumnae Association until next Fall.

C. M.

DETROIT-WINDSOR CIRCLE OF LORETTO ALUMNAE

The annual meeting of the Circle was held in May at the Detroit Yacht Club, with the following officers elected for the coming year:

President, Miss Iris Sullivan (Sault); First Vice President, Miss Mary Galley (Sault); Second Vice President, Mrs. Jack Adams (Abbey); Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. D. J. McCormick (Abbey); Recording Secretary, Mrs. C. A. Glenn (Abbey); Financial Secretary, Mrs. Edward O'Connell (Sault); Treasurer, Mrs. Henry Jankowski (Loretto College).

The September meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Jack Santon (Mary Dolan, Stratford), R.F.D. 1, Birmingham, Mich. I. D. P.

WINNIPEG CIRCLE OF LORETTO ALUMNAE

The Winnipeg Loretto Alumnae wish to express their most sincere sympathy to the Loretto Community and to the staff of the Rainbow on the death of their beloved member and editor, Mother M. Bernard.

On April 1st Mrs. W. R. Cope, president of the Winnipeg Loretto Alumnae, entertained the members to a buffet supper at her home, Mrs. A. W. Hogg, President of C.F.C.A., being guest of honor.

A business meeting followed the supper. Mrs. A. Hogg gave an informal talk on plans for the coming C.F.C.A. convention in Vancouver, B.C., at the end of August.

Once again Winnipeg Loretto Alumnae were the guests of St. Mary's Academy Alumnae on Mary's Day, assisting at Benediction and recitation of the Rosary. These yearly visits to St. Mary's, Winnipeg, take Loretto girls in Winnipeg back in memory to their own convent chapel and halls.

E. M. S.

MONTREAL CIRCLE OF LORETTO ALUMNAE

Our autumn, mid-winter and spring meetings were all held at the Themis Club, Sherbrooke St. West, Montreal.

The Fall Meeting was a Registration Tea and was well attended. At this meeting our Past President, Mrs. J. Coffey, was presented with a Life Membership to The Loretto Alumnae of Montreal, in appreciation of her splendid work as founder and First President of our Montreal unit.

On January 19th a dinner party was held at The Themis Club, when plans were made for our annual Saguenay trip.

The main event of our Spring meeting was the drawing for our Saguenay cruise for two persons. The winning ticket was held by our recording secretary, Miss Helen Brennan (Abbey) and we all join in wishing her a delightful cruise during the coming summer. Several additional prizes were also given for other tickets drawn. Tea was later served.

It is our intention that the summer meeting will be a Tea to welcome the Loretto nuns who may attend the Summer School to be held at Loyola College late in June.

K. C. A.

CONGRATULATIONS

To Mr. and Mrs. George Gmiender (Eleanor Burns, Loretto-Sault), on the birth of a son, Thomas James, on May 16.

To Mr. and Mrs. Stanley John Trowhill (Loretto Staley, Loretto College School), on the birth of a son, May 16.

To Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Greenock (Mary Lucille Byrne, Loretto-Woodlawn), on the birth of a daughter, Mary Joan, on February 25.

To Mr. and Mrs. Richard O'Neil (Eleanor Rooney, Loretto-Woodlawn), on the birth of a daughter on May 16.

To Doctor and Mrs. John McCabe (Kitty Devlin, Loretto College), on the birth of a daughter, Mary Louise, on May 26.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Patrick Culhane (Sheila Waters, Loretto Abbey), on the birth of a son, John Patrick, on May 28.

To Mr. and Mrs. James M. Kelly (Margaret Smyth, Loretto College School), on the birth of a daughter, Mary Margaret, on May 18.

To Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse E. Gignac on the birth of a son, Paul Henri, on March 30. Paul Henri is a nephew of Mother M. Romana, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Maurice on the birth of a son, Daniel Patrick, on December 24. Daniel Patrick is a nephew of Mother M. Leocrita, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. Charles Levesque (Eleanor Drago, Loretto-Niagara), on the birth of a son, Martin Louis, in March.

To Mr. and Mrs. Douglas F. Murray (Marjorie Ann White, Loretto-Niagara), on the birth of a son, Douglas Scott, in August, 1947.

To Mr. and Mrs. George Patterson (Bessie Gilham, Loretto College School), on the birth of a son, Michael, on March 2.

To Mr. and Mrs. Donald McGowan (Helen Lloyd, Loretto College School), on the birth of a daughter, Jean, on February 26.

To Mr. and Mrs. Richard Golden (Florence Vipond, Loretto-Guelph), on the birth of a daughter, Catherine Elizabeth, in April.

To Mr. and Mrs. Neil Black (Mary Heeg, Loretto-Guelph), on the birth of a daughter, Gayle Maria, in May.

To Mr. and Mrs. John S. Gray (Ruth Boyle, Loretto Abbey), on the birth of a son, John Robert, on February 3.

To Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Deck (Theresa Mildemberger, Loretto-Sedley), on the birth of a son, James Alexander, on October 29.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Nims on the birth of a son, John Larkin, on June 23.

To Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Wheatley (Bernice Hagen, Loretto College School), on the birth of a daughter, Margo, on June 23.

To Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred McGracken (Patricia Barry, Loretto Abbey), on the birth of a daughter, Patricia Mary, in April.

To Mr. and Mrs. Edward Joseph Guillard on the birth of a son on November 6.

To Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Smart (Alfreda Guillard, St. Mary's School, Sault Ste. Marie) on the birth of a son on November 18.

To Mr. and Mrs. Carl Vigenser (Irene Hackett, Loretto-Englewood) on the birth of a daughter, Susan Irene, on February 21.

To Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Cayley (Marian Evans,

Loretto-Hamilton) on the birth of a daughter, Marian Denise, on March 29.

To Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Leonard (Lillian Warnock, Loretto-Hamilton) on the birth of a son, Patrick William, on December 31.

To Mr. and Mrs. Richard Dubois (Miriam Shea, Loretto-Hamilton) on the birth of a daughter, Barbara Ann, on December 28.

To Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Walsh (Bernadette Leydon, Loretto-Hamilton) on the birth of a son, Michael Leo, on January 27.

To Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Colohan (Veronica Ellis, Loretto-Hamilton) on the birth of a son, Peter, on February 11.

To Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Warnock (Helen Grightmire, Loretto-Hamilton) on the birth of a son, Michael Joseph, on February 1.

To Mr. and Mrs. Walter Quinn (Rita Grightmire, Loretto-Hamilton) on the birth of a daughter, Rita Mary, on April 12.

To Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Dubois (Louise Grightmire, Loretto-Hamilton) on the birth of a son, John Emil, on May 18.

To Mr. and Mrs. Riley (Madeleine Dineen, Loretto College School) on the birth of their son, Christopher Joseph, on May 21.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Corson (Patricia Clarke Leonard, Loretto College) on the birth of a son, Mark Lawrence, in April.

To Mr. and Mrs. Frank Norman on the birth of a daughter, Kathleen, in March. The baby is a niece of Mother Marion, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. Cameron Killoran (Mary McDonald, Loretto College) on the birth of a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. Peter Seiferling (Edith Raible, Loretto-Sedley) on the birth of a son, Herbert Michael, on March 11.

To Mr. and Mrs. Rochus Bast on the birth of their daughter, Beatrice Kathleen, on February 17. The baby is the niece of Mother Beatrice and Mother St. Luke, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. Wendelin Mildemberger on the birth of their son, Douglas, on December 12.

MARRIAGES

Miss Marie Catherine Clair (Loretto-Guelph), was married to Mr. Milton Harry Bruce on June 22 at the Gesu Church in Detroit. The bride is a grandniece of Mother M. Austen, I.B.V.M.

Miss Barbara Macdonald Brooks was married on April 12 to Mr. Alphonse Robert Beritzhoff, son of Mrs. Lillian Green Beritzhoff, (Loretto-Englewood); the groom is a nephew of Mother M. Agatha, I.B.V.M.

Miss Mary Valenti (Loretto Abbey) was married May 1 to Mr. Frank Demarco of the Assumption College Faculty.

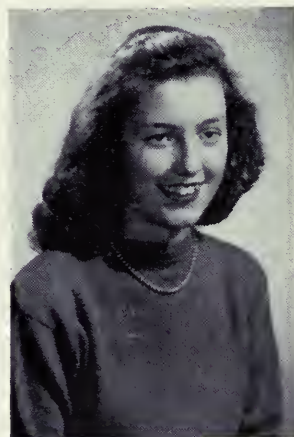
Miss Isabel O'Gorman (Loretto Abbey) was married June 12 to Mr. Raymond McCarron in Blessed Sacrament Church, Toronto.

Miss Celestine Selinger was married to Mr. Leo Mildemberger, brother of Mother Margaret Mary and Mother Colomblere, I.B.V.M. Another brother, Lawrence, was married the same day to Miss Beatrice Deck.

Miss Anita Goggio was married June 5 in Blessed Sacrament Church to Mr. Walter Redvers Brown.

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1948 - 49

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Simpson's

CANADA'S YOUTH CENTRE

Miss Patricia Marie Devereaux was married June 26 to Mr. John Frances Kelly. The bride is a niece of Mother M. Patricia, I.B.V.M.

Miss Virginia Romano (Loretto-Niagara) was married January 24 to Mr. Albert Chimenti. The bride is a sister of Mother M. Benedetta, I.B.V.M.

Miss Lucille Marie Paré was married April 7 to Mr. Leo R. Gignac, brother of Mother M. Romana, I.B.V.M.

Miss Mary Elizabeth Brennan (Loretto-Niagara), was married on June 23 to Mr. John Joseph Lahey. The bride is a niece of Mother M. Radegonde and Mother M. Hyacinthe, I.B.V.M.

Miss Mary Ann Paul (Loretto-Woodlawn), was married October 11 to Joseph J. Stabile in St. Cyril's Church, Chicago.

Miss Beth Morgan (Loretto-Woodlawn), was married on December 22 to Mr. Donald J. McCoy in Our Lady of Peace Church, Chicago.

Miss Madeline Goluth (Loretto-Woodlawn), was married on January 17 to Mr. William Polich in St. Kilian's Church.

Miss Aileen Zimmerman (Loretto-Woodlawn), was married on January 21 to Mr. John S. Carls in Holy Cross Church.

Miss Geraldine Dobbin (Loretto-Woodlawn), was married on February 7 to Mr. Adolph Leverenz in St. Paul's Church.

Miss Shirley Sazma (Loretto-Woodlawn), was married on February 7 to Mr. John Kelly in St. Lawrence's Church, Chicago. The groom is a sister of Miss Marian Kelly (Loretto-Woodlawn).

Miss Peggy Gibbons (Loretto-Woodlawn), was married on June 12 to Mr. Joseph Britz in St. Cyril's Church, Chicago.

Miss Lois Krick (Loretto-Woodlawn), was married on June 26 in St. Bride's Church, Chicago, to Mr. James R. Hansen.

Miss Ellen O'Sullivan (Loretto-Woodlawn), was married on May 15 to Mr. William Larmon in St. Lawrence's Church, Chicago.

Misses Mary and Dorothy Ryan (Loretto-Woodlawn), were married on April 3 to Mr. James Hagerty and Mr. Peter Drumm, Jr., in St. Lawrence's Church, Chicago.

Miss Rita Hogan (Loretto-Woodlawn), was married to Mr. Nicholas J. Mulligan on June 5 in St. Cyril's Church, Chicago.

Miss Barbara Bloom (Loretto-Woodlawn), was married to Mr. James Mullen on January 3 in St. Clothilde's Church, Chicago.

Miss Margaret Schilling (Loretto-Sault Ste. Marie), was married on December 29 to Mr. Joseph Keating.

Miss Margaret Shirley Paquin (Loretto-Sault Ste. Marie), was married on June 12 to Mr. Wilfred Fontaine.

Miss Mary Massey (Loretto-Sault Ste. Marie), was married on January 3 to Mr. Frank J. Formolo.

Miss Therese Peterson (Loretto-Sault Ste. Marie), was married on November 24 to Mr. Thomas Couvier.

Miss Helen Catherine Ujinski (Loretto-Sault Ste. Marie), was married on November 29 to Mr. Edward John Sedo.

Miss Rita Myotte (Loretto-Sault Ste. Marie), was married on October 4 to Mr. Dale Baier.

Miss Mary Romita (Loretto College School), was

married May 22 to Mr. Michael Luchetta.

Miss Julia Feeley (Loretto College School), was married April 10 to Mr. Edward A. Rockett.

Miss Rita Ormesher (Loretto Abbey), was married June 26 to Mr. Robert Hoskings.

Miss Margaret Outridge (Loretto-Hamilton), was married in Trinidad on June 26 to Mr. David Huggins.

Miss Helen McLaughlin (Loretto-Brunswick and College), was married on June 18th to Mr. George Hudon Newlands.

Miss Millwood O'Shaughnessy (Loretto College), was married to Mr. Cecil Birch on June 12.

Miss Joyce Isabel Flynn (Loretto College), was married on June 5 to Mr. Wilfrid Ridley.

Miss Anne Smith (Loretto College), was married June 5 to Dr. William Tillman.

Miss Margaret Geraldine Moss (Loretto Abbey and College), was married October to Mr. Francis J. Lysaght.

Miss Gloria Oiviert (Loretto-Hamilton and College), was married in October to Mr. Carlo J. Spaziani.

Miss Edna Weber was married on July 1 to Mr. Adam Deck, brother of Mother Vivina, Mother Rosa and Sister Mary Judith.

Miss Margaret McCormick was married on July 3 in Holy Family Church to Mr. James Reeves.

Miss Betty Marie Rubidge (Loretto-Englewood), was married on April 10 to Mr. John Stanley in St. Bernard's Church, Chicago.

Miss Margaret Mary Reis was married June 26 in the Church of Christ the King to Mr. John Hanlon, brother of Sister M. Perpetua, and cousin of Sister Cyril.

Miss Maryon Misner was married on June 26 in St. Peter's Cathedral, London, to Mr. Donald Woods Carmichael, nephew of Mother M. St. Bernard, I.B.V.M.

SYMPATHY

To Dr. A. Liston on the recent death of both his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. John Liston.

To Mrs. Longeway on the death of her husband, Mr. Patrick J. Longeway, on October 22, and to his mother, Mrs. John Longeway, and to his sisters, Mother St. Leonard, I.B.V.M., Mrs. W. H. Latcham, Mrs. C. R. Beauchamp, Mrs. Orbera Auer, and his brother, Mr. L. T. Longeway.

To Mr. Howard Percy on the death of his wife on April 28, to her daughter, Helen, her sister, Mrs. William Northgrave, her niece, Mrs. Peter Heenan, Jr.

To Mr. Henry Willick on the death of his wife, January 29, and to her children, Sister Carlotta, I.B.V.M., Mrs. Repa (Frances), Mrs. O'Reilly (Audrey), Margaret, Florence and Eleanor, Arnold, Gordon, Maurice, Lawrence and Dennis.

To Mrs. W. J. Kelley on the death of her husband on January 31, and to his children, Suzanne, Farley and Ellen, his sister Mother St. Denis, I.B.V.M., his brother, Mr. F. J. Kelley and his aunts, Mother M. Martha, I.B.V.M., and Miss K. Glynn.

To Mr. Edward Truxes and Mrs. Truxes (Marion Peggs, Loretto-Niagara), on the recent death of their baby daughter, Nancy.

To Dorothy Harcourt (Loretto-Guelph), on the death of her father.

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NORTHWAY'S

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To Patricia and Kathleen Healy (Loretto-Brunswick), and their brother John, on the death of their mother.

To the Reverend Ralph Egan on the death of his brother, Mr. Frank Egan, and Mr. Egan's daughter, Shirley.

To Mr. Oscar Lloyd on the death of his wife, October 1, and to her children, Mother St. Basil, I.B.V.M. (Mary), Mrs. Donald McGowan (Helen), Larry and Basil.

To Mr. E. L. Keegan and his family on the death of his wife, to Mr. P. J. O'Brien, her father, to her sisters, Mother Liguori, I.B.V.M., Mrs. F. Cowan, Catherine E. O'Brien and her brother, Mr. D. C. O'Brien.

To Mother M. Hermes, Mrs. Kirkland and Mr. William McPhelan on the death of their brother Mr. Edward McPhelan on December 4.

To Reverend Bernard Doyle, P.P., Orillia, Reverend Basil Doyle, C.S.P., Reverend Gerald Doyle, S.F.M., Mr. Maurice Doyle, Mother St. Michael, I.B.V.M., and Sheila on the death of their mother on December 13. Mrs. Doyle was the sister of our dear deceased Mother St. Michael.

To Mrs. McNevin (Agnes Moran), on the death of her husband Dr. F. P. McNevin, and to his daughters, Sister Maureen (Precious Blood Monastery), Helen and Anne.

To Mrs. Bert. Graham (Betty Holmes, Loretto College) on the death of her husband in April, and to their baby daughter Marie.

To John, Mae and Loyola Hopkins on the death of their father, Mr. John Hopkins, on May 30, and to Mr. Hopkins' sisters, Mother M. Constantia, I.B.V.M., and Georgina; and to his brothers, George and Richard.

To Mrs. James Ferguson on the death of her husband on February 21, and to his children Kathleen, Nora and Mary (Loretto-Englewood), and Anthony.

To the bereaved family of Mrs. M. A. Keegan who died on January 21, Mother Mary Gregory, Mrs. Hanks, William, James, Daniel and Leonard.

To Mr. James Closs and Miss Loretto Closs on the death of their brother, William, on February 18; and to his aunt, Mother M. Saba, I.B.V.M.

To the Misses Coughlin, Marie, Helen, Clare and Grace, on the death of their mother, Mrs. T. Coughlin, on March 9.

To the bereaved children of Mrs. Ellen O'Brien, who died on January 13, Mother St. Fergus, Mrs. P. J. Hennessy, Mrs. D. A. Brebner, Kathleen and Doctor E. J. O'Brien; and to her sister, Mrs. J. D. Dwyer, of Lindsay.

To Mrs. Stanton of Detroit, Miss Margaret Doyle of Ottawa, Mrs. W. Gleeson of Almonte, on the death of their sister, Miss Mae Doyle; to her brother, Mr. James Doyle, and to her aunt, Mother M. Saba, I.B.V.M.

To Mother M. Boniface, I.B.V.M., and to her sister Joan, on the death of their mother, Mrs. Castell Hopkins, on May 27; and to Mrs. Hopkins' sisters, Mrs. Gordon Spanner and Mrs. William Noonan.

To the bereaved family of Mrs. Edward McKeown, who died on March 28, Mrs. T. Aquin Moorman; Mrs. Edward Darga; Mrs. John Girarden, Joseph Francis, Gregory and Mother M. Angela, I.B.V.M.

To the brothers and sisters of Miss Teresa McAuley, who died on January 17, Francis, Fred,

Leo and Hugh, Mrs. Heenan and Mother M. St. Andrew, I.B.V.M.

Professor Gordon Patterson and Mrs. N. Fernandez (Marian) on the death of their mother, Mrs. W. L. Patterson; and her sister, Mrs. J. Mahon, and to her niece, Mother M. Constance, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. Harold Campbell on the death of his wife on June 30; to Mrs. Campbell's sisters, Mrs. G. McCann, Mrs. N. McMahon; to her brothers, Mr. P. J. Stapleton, Mr. Edward Stapleton; and to her aunt, Mother M. Eustelle, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. R. O'Connor, Mrs. J. J. Gleason, Mother Carmelita, I.B.V.M., on the death of their sister, Miss Anna M. O'Connor; and to Miss O'Connor's niece, Mother M. Linda, I.B.V.M.

To Sister Xaveria, I.B.V.M., on the death of her aunt, Mrs. John Doyle of Niagara Falls, New York, on May 29.

To Mrs. T. R. Kirkwood of Montreal on the death of her husband; and to Mr. Kirkwood's daughter, Rosemary, Loretto Abbey alumna.

To Mr. John J. Crusoe on the death of his wife in March; and to Mrs. Crusoe's children, the Reverend Clement Crusoe, S.J., of Regiopolis College, James of Hamilton, and Mother St. Claude, I.B.V.M., of Loretto College School.

To Mrs. Thomas F. Quinn on the death of her husband on June 21; and to Mr. Quinn's daughters, Mrs. Joseph Wurn (Kathleen), Mrs. A. Bricco (Aileen) and Mae, all Alumnae of Loretto College School.

To Mrs. D. M. Smith (Elizabeth McCarron) on the death of her husband on November 18.

To Mrs. J. V. Long (Ann Burns) and Mrs. M. A. O'Hara (Margaret Burns) on the death of their father Mr. William Burns on March 27.

To Mr. D. J. Callaghan on the death of his wife (Agnes Conlin) on March 28.

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from 1883 to September 5, 1948

A DEVOTED MEMBER OF
THE INSTITUTE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY IN AMERICA
who was Superior General from 1919 to 1931

AND TO

M. M. BLANDINA GIBSON, *in religion 1876 - 1940*
DIED AUGUST 7, 1940
M. M. LORETTO IVERS, *in religion 1880 - 1929*
DIED OCTOBER 7, 1929
M. M. FRANCIS CORCORAN, *in religion 1882 - 1941*
DIED MARCH 1, 1941
M. M. IRENE LONG, *in religion 1889 - 1938*
DIED APRIL 9, 1938
M. M. DOROTHEA BARRY, *in religion 1890 --1946*
DIED JANUARY 28, 1946
M. M. ANGELINA CUMMINGS, *in religion 1897 - 1944*
DIED JANUARY 29, 1944
M. M. CARMELITA CONNOR
PRESENT PROCURATRIX GENERAL OF I. B. V. M.

*the members of the Institute associated with her
in envisioning and erecting our present Loretto Abbey
Armour Heights, Toronto, Canada*

AS

MOTHERHOUSE OF THE INSTITUTE OF THE
BLESSED VIRGIN IN AMERICA

*this issue of the LORETTO RAINBOW is dedicated
in appreciation and gratitude for*

THEIR FAITH, FORESIGHT AND COURAGE
IN LIFE-LONG LABOURING TO PROMOTE GOD'S GLORY
IN OUR LADY'S INSTITUTE IN AMERICA

*May they guide those for whom they have achieved so much,
in completing their plans for Chapel and
Novitiate Wing for Loretto Abbey.*

Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in America — 1847-1948



Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto, Mother House and Novitiate of the I.B.V.M. in America



Loretto Convent, Guelph, Ontario, 1856



Loretto Academy, Hamilton, Ontario, 1865



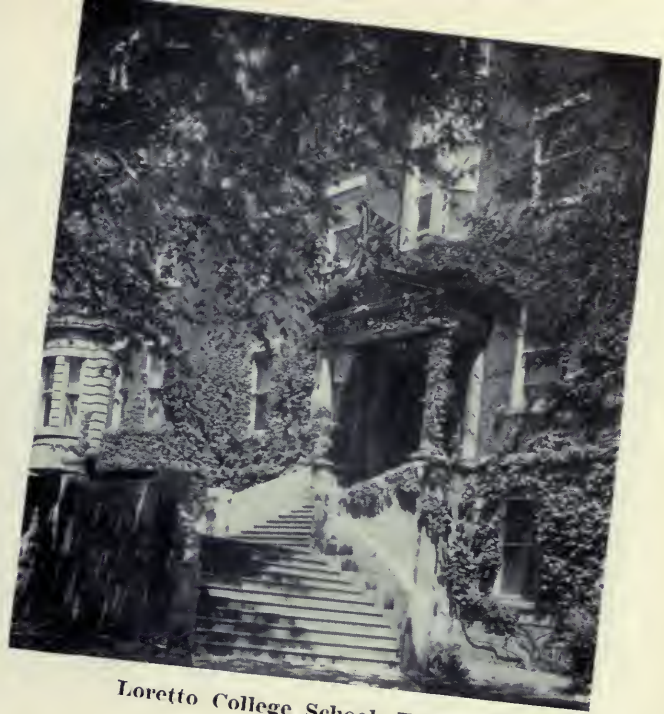
Loretto Academy, Stratford, Ontario, 1878



Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ontario, 1861



**Loretto High School, Englewood
Chicago, Illinois. 1892**



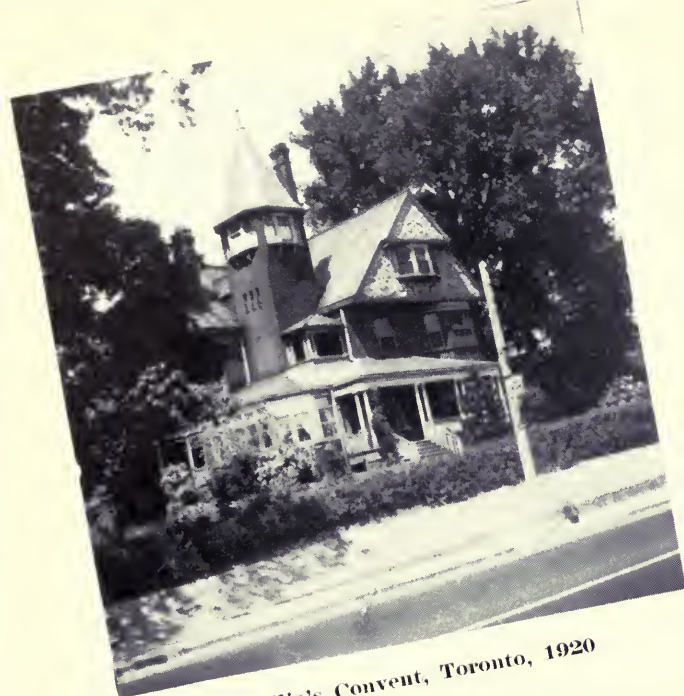
Loretto College School, Toronto, 1915



Loretto High School, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, 1896



Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago, Illinois, 1905



St. Cecilia's Convent, Toronto, 1920



Loretto Convent, Regina, Saskatchewan, 1932



St. Bride's Convent, Chicago, Illinois, 1920



Loretto Convent, Sedley, Saskatchewan, 1921

Loretto College
Toronto, Ontario
1937



St. Theresa's Convent, Port Colborne, Ontario, 1937



Loretto Convent, Fort Erie, Ontario, 1944



Loretto Convent
Flemington, New Jersey
1945



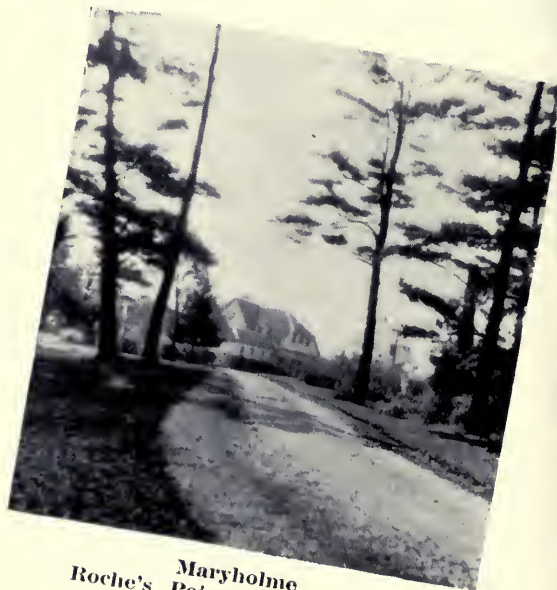
Loretto Convent
Estevan, Saskatchewan
1945



Loretto Convent, Branch Novitiate, Wheaton, Illinois



Loretto Convent, Bolton, Ontario, 1946



Maryholme
Roche's Point, Ontario, 1946

LORETTO RAINBOW

LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS, TORONTO, CANADA

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ARTICLES BY —

Jacqueline Lindenfield, Jane Timmins, Dolores Thomas, Eileen Herron, Dora Renzetti, Helena Saenz, Louis Spreng, Theresa Molyneux, Elaine De Rose, Rita Carere, Sylvia Hamstead, Margaret Coyle, Joan Stock, Jim Jabour, Eleanor Donald, Kenneth Ward, Tom Beiring, Sheila Read, Jean McGraw

POETRY BY —

Mary Mills, Joanne Moyer, Joanne Lou Curry, Sheila Read, Patricia Tatz, Iris Reynolds, Evelyn McCoy, Jara Chladny, Patsy Burnell, Louise D'Anna, Margie Henderson, Mary Hogan, Kathryn Ward, Elsie Iwasaki, Maureen Flanagan, Lucille Leo, Marlene Sweeney, Mary Catherine O'Brien

ILLUSTRATIONS by Rose Valenti, Patricia de Buck, Joan Scanlon

The "Loretto Rainbow" is the publication of the Loretto Schools in Canada and the United States. Its object is to cultivate the literary taste of the pupils, to exchange news between the Schools, and to keep former pupils and friends in touch with Loretto activities. You will enjoy it, and by subscribing to it you will not only give yourself pleasure, but will help the cause of Christian education.

Published at Toronto Three Times a Year

Subscription, \$1.00 per year





WHEN the sixth month came, God sent the angel Gabriel to a city of Galilee called Nazareth, where a virgin dwelt, betrothed to a man of David's lineage; his name was Joseph, and the virgin's name was Mary. Into her presence the angel came, and said, Hail, thou who art full of grace; the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women. She was much perplexed at hearing him speak so, and cast about in her mind, what she was to make of such a greeting. The angel said to her, Mary, do not be afraid; thou hast found favour in the sight of God. And behold thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and shalt bear a son, and shalt call him Jesus. He shall be great and men shall know him for the Son of the most High; the Lord will give him the throne of his father David, and he shall reign over the house of Jacob eternally; his kingdom shall never have an end. But Mary said to the angel, How can that be, since I have no knowledge of man? And the angel answered her, the Holy Spirit will come upon thee, and the power of the most High will overshadow thee. Thus this holy offspring of thine shall be known for the Son of God. See, moreover, how it fares with thy cousin Elizabeth; she is old, yet she too has conceived a son; she who was reproached with barrenness is now in her sixth month, to prove that nothing can be impossible with God. And Mary said, Behold the handmaid of the Lord; let it be unto me according to thy word. And with that the angel left her.

—from the Gospel according to St. Luke

Tribute to Reverend Mother Pulcheria Farrelly

Our Superior General, 1919-1931

By MOTHER ST. JOSEPH



For several years our loved Mother Pulcheria has almost imperceptibly withdrawn from the active life of the Community; as one by one she has graciously and silently relinquished the various duties and occupations that belonged to her well-filled life of loyal service in her loved Loretto. Very gradually her

health and strength have diminished until on September 7th she peacefully and happily breathed out her soul.

Mother Pulcheria, Elizabeth Farrelly, was the youngest daughter of Philip and Anne (Morrison) Farrelly of Lindsay, Ontario. Her school companions of Loretto Convent, Lindsay, always recalled her brilliance in class, her fidelity to rule, and her joyous, infectious laughter on the play-ground or in the recreation room. She was a member of the first class (at Lindsay) of any of our Loretto schools, which united the traditional cultural subjects of our graduations with Governmental Teachers' Course.

From her first little country school near her home town, Mother Pulcheria loved children and teaching. Throughout her long years in class-rooms of our various convents, successive generations of Loretto girls have absorbed the manners and religious characteristics of true Christian womanhood, as the better part of an education imparted by a genuinely gifted "born teacher." Even little children responded to a personal dignity that she aroused in their innocent hearts. Each child, too, was quick to realize that virtue and honest efforts were the only sure passport to her approval. In her early production of school concert or cantata every child, even the shy, the awkward, or not particularly talented, had a part, a little personal contribution, that brought joy to the little performer at least, and pride to its fond parents; possibly the first fluttering of latent talent.

After many eminently successful years as teacher and mistress of schools in our various academies, Mother Pulcheria was in her second term as Superior at Englewood, when she was

elected Reverend Mother General by the choice of the General Chapter convened at the Mother House, 403 Wellington St. W., in 1919. Her work for over twenty-five years had been so exclusively educational that the change from class-room to Administration was a genuine challenge to her sterling religious qualities, natural dignity and strength of character. Continuing her lifelong practices of exact observance in her personal spiritual life, she successfully grappled with the many and various demands of domestic life and educational advances in Canada and the United States. The Institute in general realized that Reverend Mother Pulcheria was its very wisely chosen leader. Scholarship enabled her to grasp intellectual problems on a broad scale, as Normal School training, Secondary School experience and a University Degree from De Paul, Chicago, fitted her well to appreciate the diversified educational demands on her community from Kindergarten to College.

In 1922, Reverend Mother Pulcheria took the initial step in the restoration of Gregorian Chant and Liturgical Music in Toronto. Through the newly-formed Society of St. Gregory in New York, she secured the most eminent exponent of Liturgical Music from the Solesmes Benedictines, Dom Eudine, O.S.B., for an eight days' intensive course. Musical students from St. Augustine's Seminary, and St. Joseph's Community gladly availed themselves of Mother General's invitation to share this great musical privilege. There followed from this happy beginning a gradual revival of traditional Church music in the diocese. Through Dom Faretti, O.S.B., President of the Pontifical School of Liturgical Music at Rome, Reverend Mother Pulcheria received a personal message of congratulation from the Holy Father to "Loretto Musical Teaching Staff," in 1925, for its splendid response to the *Motu Proprio* musical appeal of His Holiness, Pope Pius X.

Reverend Mother Pulcheria had a heartfelt reverence and childlike love for the Vicar of Christ and all ecclesiastic authorities. It was another great, though perhaps lesser, spiritual joy, when she and her secretary, by the arrangement of the Reverend Mother of Nymphenburg, met His Eminence Cardinal Faulhaber to dis-

cuss the possibilities of I.B.V.M. union, at the Bishop's residence in Buffalo. Once again Reverend Mother's very Catholic heart rejoiced when Pope Pius XI's personal letter, "Dear Daughter," . . . reached her on the occasion of our Diamond Jubilee in 1922. "In this happy circumstance we are pleased to associate ourselves in spirit with your festivities." His letter contained expressions of fatherly satisfaction, thanksgiving to God, and a pledge of Divine favours through the Apostolic Blessing.

In response to numerous calls from lonely missionaries, in the scattered settlements of the Canadian West, for sisters to teach the children, Reverend Mother made tour of the Regina diocese. The following year, 1921, she opened our first mission at Sedley, Saskatchewan. This venture proved very fertile in vocations, and under the blessing of Divine Providence, Sedley now has a large convent, boarding school and Catholic public school. Other missions were accepted, Saskatoon, Sask., Sioux Lookout, Northern Ontario. At home we undertook the charge of several more Separate Schools, and added class-rooms to schools in which our nuns already taught. St. Bride's in Chicago, St. Cecilia's in West Toronto — parish houses — were opened for the accommodation of our teachers. Large, up-to-date, new additions were added to house the rapidly increasing enrolments at Woodlawn and Englewood Academies in Chicago. A Branch Novitiate was opened in 1926 on Church property next to Englewood Convent, and Mother St. Teresa installed there as Mistress of Novices.

But the most outstanding accomplishment of Reverend Mother Pulcheria's administration was the moving of the Abbey from Wellington Street W., in the industrial and transportation centres of downtown Toronto, to Armour Heights, an outlying residential locality of North York. Acquiring the property and erecting the imposing grey stone building on Mason Blvd., was a gigantic, courageous undertaking entailing much prayer, sacrifice and expenditure. It required moral courage and fortitude for "mere Women." But all was recompensed when the corner-stone was well and truly laid on May 22, 1927, by the Most Reverend Neil McNeil, Archbishop of Toronto. The following year the first Community — the teaching staff of the Boarding and Day School took up residence. By the close of the next scholastic year, on Monday, June 30, 1930, having sold "the Old Abbey," the Administration and the Novitiate re-united with those who had come previously, and the "New Abbey" became the Mother House of the Institute.

After filling the arduous post of Chief Superior for twelve years, Mother Pulcheria was associated with the Administration of the Institute as General Procuratrix until the infirmities of old age and sickness claimed this valiant daughter of Mary Ward. Her gracious, queenly bearing did not forsake her, nor her life-long ready acceptance of God's Holy Will. Her dignified, somewhat austere, manner cloaked the essential qualities of truth, fidelity and loyalty. Often when the hour for chapel duties drew near, she would playfully say, "I must set out for Jerusalem." Her absolute fidelity to all her obligations, and her zeal for the furtherance of Catholic education in all its branches, must have ushered her into the New Jerusalem where she rests secure in the Beatific Vision of the Lord she served so faithfully for nearly sixty years in her beloved Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

It seemed very fitting and symbolic of Mother Pulcheria's marked childlike devotion to the Holy See, that His Eminence Cardinal McGuigan should kneel, in simplicity with joined hands to pray beside her casket, the morning of her funeral. After the Mass, which was sung by Reverend Dr. Markle, His Eminence bestowed the last blessing. Others present were Rt. Rev. Msgr. McGrand, Rt. Rev. Msgr. Callaghan, Rt. Rev. Msgr. Allen, Rev. V. Kennedy, C.S.B., Rev. R. Finn, C.S.B., Rev. Sydney Turner, C.P., Rev. Wm. Fraser, Abbey Chaplain, and Rev. F. Pennylegion, our parish priest and chaplain, when we first opened the new Abbey in Blessed Sacrament parish. Rev. Father Pennylegion asked that he might have permission to officiate at her grave in the cemetery, where she was laid to rest at the foot of the statue of Our Lady that stands on guard over our beloved Dead. Mother Pulcheria rests in the row next to her beloved sister, Mother M. Josephine. What a marvelous heritage these two valiant women have left their beloved nieces and nephews, who came on this funeral day to pay their tribute of love and reverence. Two of her nieces have had the privilege of consecration to God in the same community. M.M. St. Augustine, I.B.V.M., and M.M. Ermingarde, I.B.V.M. To them and to all her past pupils we offer our sympathy and ask for their prayers for her and for the Institute.

Requiescat in pace!



Rosary Time

By The Reverend William Fraser



THE ANNUNCIATION

When sombre shades of evening fall
We kneel to Mary prayerfully,
And with her fondly we recall
The Mysteries of her Rosary.

She's pleased to have us dwell upon
The visit of Saint Gabriel,
Whose radiance the sun outshone,
And flooded Mary's humble cell.

Whilst kneeling at our Mother's feet
We gaze on her endearing face,
How bland her smile as we repeat
The Angel's words, "Hail, full of grace,

Fear not, Mary, the Lord is thine,
And thou shalt bear Him as thy Son,
This miracle, this work divine
Is by the Holy Spirit done."

The humble Virgin gives consent,
The Trinity observes her nod,
And choirs of angels are intent
To serve her as the Ark of God.

We, Mother dear, our life, our way
Are by thy Holy Spouse conceived,
Protect us, therefore, lest we may
By snares of Satan be deceived.

THE VISITATION

How lovely are thy steps in shoes,
O Mother of th' Incarnate Word,
How keen to spread the joyful news
That thou containest Christ the Lord.

Tripping across Judean hills,
Stepping along the flower-flanked road,
Skirting the clear and sparkling rills
To reach, in haste, thy kin's abode.

Thy holy cousin hears thy voice
As carol by a Seraph borne;
O gracious voice that make rejoice,
And thrills the Baptist yet unborn !

All nations shall proclaim thee blest,
And praise thee till the end of time,
As by thy Sacred Spouse expressed
In thy Magnificat sublime.

Let not thy foes o'er us prevail,
Repel them by thy mighty hand,
Till Christ thy Son shall lift the veil,
That screens us from our Fatherland.

THE NATIVITY

The Word by Whom the light began,
By Whom the universe was made,
Appears before the gaze of man
An Infant in a manger laid.

His Virgin Mother kneeling by
Is rapt in holy ecstasy,
Whilst angels chant His lullaby
In sweet celestial melody.

Th' Eternal Light of all mankind
Draws shepherds to Him from their fold,
They come with pious simple mind
Their new-born Saviour to behold.

The Babe, Who captures men of lore,
Attracts the Magi from afar,
With precious gifts Him to adore,
Led on by His resplendent Star.

O Mother Mary ever blest,
We praise thee for our Saviour's Birth,
Who in our hearts takes up His rest
To pilot us through sin-torn earth.

THE PRESENTATION

Fond memories, Mary, filled thy soul
In leaving blessed Bethlehem
Thine Infant Jesus to enroll,
And offer in Jerusalem.

Thou wouldst speak to Jesus on the way
In accents reverent and mild,
Whilst holy Joseph, at thy say,
Would bear at times the gracious Child.

Within the cloister of the soul,
Where Jesus lives and dwells with thee,
Thy heavenly virtues we extol,
O Mother of the Rosary.

O most pure Virgin, House of Gold,
In thee thy children safely rest,
Till called to the celestial Fold,
To blissful mansions of the Blest.

THE FINDING OF JESUS IN THE TEMPLE

How greatly, Mother, didst thou grieve
While searching for thy missing Son,
Who went without parental leave
To have His Father's business done.

Thy grief, however, turned to joy
When in the temple thou didst find
Thy loving Son, thy twelve years Boy,
Dispute with men of master mind.

No more shall Jesus part from thee,
 With thee He dwells inseparate
 Thy subject ever He will be,
 O Mary, Queen Immaculate.

O gentle Queen, we're glad to be
 In thy delightful slavery,
 Since Christ thy Son has set us free
 From Satan's dread captivity.

THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN

Ere Christ the Lord, our Sacred Head,
 Began atonement for the Fall
 He willed His Precious Blood to shed
 At table in the Supper hall.

He shed His Precious Blood again
 In silence of Gethsemane,
 Where burdened with the sins of men
 He kneels in woeful agony.

What bitter anguish, dreadful woe
 Engulfs His beatific soul
 To cause His blood from pores to flow
 And in great globules downward roll.

To Heaven ascends His earnest plea,
 O Father, may this cup be gone,
 The sins of men o'erwhelm me,
 Yet not My will but Thine be done.

The Father hears His eager cry,
 He sees His Son in blood imbued
 And sends an angel from on high
 To praise Him for His fortitude.

More Precious Blood He wills to shed,
 For nearby lurks a cruel horde,
 The traitor Judas at their head,
 Intent to seize and bind the Lord.

O Lamb of God, most meek and mild,
 Our pride has caused Thine agony,
 Our souls by sinfulness defiled
 Have seized, enchained and fettered Thee.

O Mother Mary, keep us good,
 Keep us far from sin's foul bane,
 Let not our Saviour's Precious Blood
 Be shed for His elect in vain.

THE SCOURGING AT THE PILLAR

Chained to the Pillar, and prepared
 To undergo a bath of blood,
 His Sacred Body wholly bared,
 The Lamb of God undaunted stood.

No murmur crossed His sacred lips,
 No cry to Heaven from Him came,
 As fiends swished the leaded whips
 That bruised and tore His sacred frame.

As fierce and fiercer fell the lash
 With loud and terrifying sound,
 The Precious Blood was seen to splash
 Upon the blood-bespattered ground.

How lavish with Thy Precious Blood,
 O Lamb Eternal, hast Thou been,
 When a drop alone amply could
 Have purged the human race of sin!

O Mother dear, most chaste and pure,
 Sins of the flesh have scourged thy Child,
 Shield then our souls from thoughts impure,
 And keep our bodies undefiled.

THE CROWNING OF THORNS

A Precious Blood bejeweled Crown,
 A crown of sharp and piercing thorns.
 By blows of cudgels fastened down,
 The Head of Christ the King adorns.

A purple rag on Him they place,
 And in His hand a hollow reed
 Then spitting on His sacred Face
 They frolic at their scornful deed.

The blood drops coursing down His Face
 His holy countenance disguise;
 No more His features bear their grace,
 Dimmed is the lustre of His eyes.

What pain acute, contempt extreme,
 Thou, Lord, hast willed to undergo.
 Our souls from evil to redeem,
 To save us from eternal woe.

O Mother of th' Incarnate Word,
 Though fiends hold thy Son in chains,
 Yet He is their almighty Lord,
 In Heaven and on earth He reigns.

THE CARRYING OF THE CROSS

The Word Eternal in the past
 In Eden caused a tree to rise
 Whose beauty all the trees surpassed
 That grew in that fair Paradise.

A tree of life in Israel stood
 More precious than fair Eden's tree,
 For from it came the sacred wood
 Our Saviour bore to Calvary.

While laden with His saving sign,
 And pressing on with eager tread,
 At every step and fall divine
 He crushed the infernal dragon's head.

How great thy grief, O sorrow's Queen,
 In meeting Jesus on His way,
 No sorrow like to thine was seen,
 Thy soul was plunged in dark dismay.

Yet thou couldst bear thy trial well;
 Of thee in Holy Writ 'tis said
 Thy heel awaits the powers of hell,
 Thy seed shall crush the serpent's head.

THE CRUCIFIXION

Our Lord on Calvary meekly stands
 As fiends curse His holy name,
 His robes, the work of Mary's hands,
 They drag from off His wounded frame.

The Lamb of God is now impaled
 Upon His cross, the saving wood,
 His hands and feet securely nailed
 Spurt forth afresh His Precious Blood.

Our King is on His throne upreared,
And though His blood is well-nigh spent,
Yet from His dying lips are heard
The words of His last testament.

Our Saviour droops His thorn crowned head,
Death's pallor o'er His face extends,
His beatific soul has fled,
Christ's sacrifice of blood now ends.

O calm thy sorrow, Mother dear,
Thy loving Son will come again,
In glory He will reappear
Forever with thee to remain.

THE RESURRECTION

It is the day the Lord has made,
O glorious morn, O Easter Morn,
Our God is risen as He said,
Firm hope in mankind is reborn.

He clears the adamant rock
In brightness that dispels all gloom,
The guards, as if by lightning shock,
Lie prone as dead around the tomb.

To thee, dear Mother, He appears
To soothe thy sorrow-stricken heart,
To dry thy downward falling tears
And heavenly rapture to impart.

He hies to the disciples' hall,
No bolted doors impede His course,
He penetrates the solid wall
With His elect to hold discourse.

Pray, Mother dear, that we may rise
In glory at the Judgment Day,
To enter into Paradise,
With thee forever there to stay.

THE ASCENSION

Th' Eternal Wisdom, God the Son,
Was seen to teach for forty days,
And now that His blest work is done
He wills to part from human gaze.

To favored Olivet's incline
He leads th' elect with joyful hearts,
Then raised on high His hand divine
His final blessing He imparts.

Ascending to His heavenly home
The saints of Limbo with Him rise
To dwell in bliss, and blithely roam
In flowery vales of Paradise.

No more on earth is heard His voice,
In Heaven He in glory reigns,
And yet His followers rejoice,
For in their hearts He still remains.

O Mother of th' Eternal Light,
May Jesus ever with us stay,
Protect us from sin's mortal blight
That drives Him from men's souls away.

THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY GHOST

It is the Feast of Pentecost,
The infant Church is in retreat,
They wait in prayer the Holy Ghost
To come to them as Paraclete.

A sound as of a mighty wind
Is heard by all the faithful there,
And strange! with undistracted Mind
They carry on their fervent prayer.

Tongues of fire are seen to flare
O'er heads of that most holy band,
To indicate they are to bear
Christ's saving truths to every land.

With gift of tongues their words will sound
Throughout all nations far and wide,
They'll reach the earth's most utmost bound
To preach our Saviour crucified.

O Mother Mary, when shall come
Thy great apostles long foretold,
Who are to bring all mankind home
To our dear Saviour's one true fold?

THE ASSUMPTION

Beside the tomb where Mary lies
Is heard a plaintive melody;
An angel from fair Eden's skies
Is chanting Mary's elegy.

Hark to that sound of angel's wings,
In Heaven there is joy supreme,
Its lofty vault with rapture rings
As from its gates bright angels stream.

Their faces bear a smile benign,
Each eye hath love, each cheek hath bloom,
As gracefully they fly in line,
And bend their course towards Mary's tomb.

Then whilst they hover on the wing
The gladness of that beauteous throng
Is seen as their clear voices ring
With melody of sacred song.

They bid their gentle Queen arise,
Her slumbering is at an end,
They bear her to fair Paradise,
To realms of glory they ascend.

THE CORONATION

The skies of Paradise resound
With strains of gladsome jubilee,
Our humble Virgin Queen is crowned
By the most holy Trinity.

O'er her a starry halo gleams,
A crescent moon beneath her feet,
At which two graceful love-lit streams
From the most holy Godhead meet.

Whilst her bright Angels close the wing
Her seraphs join in blithesome song,
Her minstrels sound the golden string,
And Cherubs flank the joyous throng.

Her children who have overcome
Earth's trials, and have victory won,
In Mother Mary's queenly home
Bask in the glory of her Son.

O Mother Mary grant that we,
At death, may gain thy blest domain,
Pray that with Jesus and with thee
We may in bliss forever reign.

“Turn, then, most gracious advocate, thine eyes of mercy toward us”

How often has Mary turned her eyes of mercy towards this world! Her famous visitations at Guadeloupe, Lourdes, and Fatima tell in each succeeding century, of her love.

No less queenly was her visitation at Cap-de-la-Madeleine, when, at the simple request of her people, she built them a bridge, and then smiled approval on their dedication of her as Queen of the Holy Rosary.

One hundred years ago, Father Luc Désilets was sent to a small village on the banks of the St. Lawrence, the first resident priest to be stationed there for a century. Little did he know the great work that God had destined for him.

This village, near Trois Rivières, was called Cap-de-la-Madeleine. There he found hostile, unresponsive people, out of contact with the Church, and not desirous of renewing that contact. They did attend Mass on Sunday, it is true, but without devotion. Father Luc, on the vigil of one great feast day in particular, remained in the confessional all day without a single penitent. When, at length, he knelt to pray, he was further discouraged by the sight of a pig, ambling up the aisle, a Rosary in its mouth. It occurred to him that in the Rosary, so neglected here, might lie the salvation of his parish.

The following day, he told his parishioners of this incident, and began the preaching of the devotion of the Rosary which was to last for thirty years, and which was to transform his parishioners into devout Catholics.

In 1878 both he and they decided that, after one hundred and thirty years, their Church of St. Mary Magdalen should be re-built. Across the St. Lawrence lay the stone required for the new church, but the river, a mile wide, was without a bridge, except when a cold-enough winter made one of ice. Father Luc began a novena, asking that Our Lady see to the freezing of the river that winter. By Christmas there was no sign of the ice. The novena continued. In March the people began to lose hope. Mary had failed them! The devout old priest begged them to trust their Advocate. He promised the Mother of God that he would dedicate the present church as a shrine in honour of her Rosary, if she would provide him with stone for the new one.



That night a storm blew up. The wind and rain loosened the ice up the river, and huge blocks floated down to form a bridge across the St. Lawrence at Cap-de-la-Madeleine. The men of the parish crossed the bridge and brought back load after load of the stone on sleighs. The women and children, meanwhile, recited the Rosary until all returned in safety. When enough stone lay on the north side of the St. Lawrence, the bridge disappeared as miraculously as it had come.

And thus in the Spring of 1879, the new Church was begun at the Cape. Nine years later, at the dedication of the first church to Our Lady, Queen of the Holy Rosary, Mary opened the eyes of her statue, and through them, gazed lovingly west on Canada.

This year marks the sixtieth anniversary of this loving glance. We should like to think that Mary smiles again as devotion to her Rosary spreads throughout our land. Last year, at the Marian Congress, in Ottawa, this very statue was crowned, amidst magnificent pageantry. Last May, in London, ninety thousand

pledged themselves to the recitation of the Family Rosary; while at the present time, a like campaign is being conducted in Western Canada with equal success. Rosary Sunday in Toronto saw a vast assembly honouring Mary and through her, her Son.

From the day in the Garden of Eden, when God "put enmities" between Mary and the serpent, she was destined to crush his head. It would seem, that, as we work towards a crisis in the conflict, Mary is counting on the Rosary; for more people are coming to realize that the

Rosary is the most beautiful love-story ever enacted, the story of that "tremendous lover," her Son, Our Lord. It is the story of the love of God for man, of a king for his subjects, of a man for his friends, of a son for his mother.

The Bridge then, that the Rosary built at Cap-de-la-Madeleine, is another sign for our times that Mary loves to answer us when we "pray the Rosary."

Jacqueline Lindenfield, XIII,
Loretto Abbey.

Eire's Prime Minister Visits Loretto Abbey

On September 17, one day after the one-hundred-and-first anniversary of the arrival from Ireland of our five first nuns, another representative of that great country came to Loretto Abbey, Mr. Costello, the well-beloved Prime Minister of Eire.

While the purpose of Mr. Costello's visit to Canada was to bring an affectionate greeting from his own people to the Irish here, his wishes were more personal to those of us in Loretto schools. He recalled the valiant beginning of one hundred years ago, which to-day had matured in the beautiful Abbey with all its foundations in America. He spoke in an informal, good-natured manner, and completely endeared himself to the student-body, when in response to its singing of Irish airs, he asked Reverend Mother General to grant a holiday. Jacqueline Wight, Sodality Prefect, thanked him, and assured him of Loretto's prayers.

Mr. Costello and his charming wife, accompanied by the Right Reverend M. Cullinane, D.P., V.F., Mr. J. J. Hearn, Irish High Commissioner, and the secretary, passed through the guard of honour, formed by the members of the Junior School, speaking casually to many of them, to the reception-room where he spoke to the nuns.

He is known in Ireland as *an Taoiseach* (Prime Minister) of the Inter-Party government. As such, he is the leader of no less than five parties; a position requiring a man of great ability, one willing to sacrifice his personal interests to aid his country. Such a man is John A. Costello, who unselfishly gave up a promising law career when it was discovered that he was the only one whom all parties would

agree to accept as their leader. In his leadership abilities, he has been compared with Canada's Mr. St. Laurent. Neither has been an active party politician; neither has sought the position he holds, but rather had it thrust upon him. Each has developed a position of prestige which enable forceful persons to work under them.

Observers say, that in view of the working of the Inter-Party government, in all probability, it will accomplish much. Loretto holds little doubt as to the ultimate success of Mr. Costello's undertakings, for he has innumerable advantages in his favour. The chief among these is his own deep and true faith. The fruits of this faith will be greatly augmented, however, by the prayers of the multitude of friends he has left behind him in this country, and most particularly by the prayers of all of us at Loretto.

Jane Timmins, XIII,
Loretto Abbey.

TO MY ANGEL

Angel of God,
God gave you to me
To show us on earth
His charity.
Guardian angel,
Who shines like the dew,
Who is without blemish.
Make me like you.
Guardian angel,
Keep me from sin,
Guard me here, and
Guide me to Him.

Mary Mills, XI,
Loretto College School



DISTINGUISHED VISITORS AT THE ABBEY

The Right Reverend M. Cullinane, D.P., V.F., Prime Minister Costello, Mrs. Costello, Mr. J. J. Hearn,
and the Prime Minister's secretary

Be A Loretto Missionary

ONE of the greatest opportunities for spreading the doctrine of Christ exists now in Western Canada. How can one view this beautiful land, without feeling a response to the need for help in gathering souls for Christ in these scattered areas? Since we belong to the Mystical Body of Christ, we are all, a very definite and necessary part of the Mission forces of the Church.

We need YOU and YOU and YOU, young women who love life, and adventure in the field of Catholic Action, to carry the light of Christ to them that sit in darkness. Our Loretto Mission at Estevan reaches out to those in need of that Light.

There may be hardships, but it won't be dull, there may be disappointments, but they walk hand in hand with high hope. No amount of reading ABOUT it can ever take the place of living Mission life on the prairie.

Try to envision yourself leading the life of a Loretto Missionary, and then pray, that out of the abundance of His Heart, the Good Shepherd will call you to an incomparable romance, the dedication of your life to the glorious honor of His special service.

* * *

SUNDAY afternoon, October third, the feast of the Little Flower, marks our return to the M. & S. Mines, a small settlement about seventeen miles from Estevan, Sask., to begin our third year of catechetical work among these children.

About two-thirty p.m., the pastor, Father Schlosser called at the Convent, and, equipped with "Jesus and I" chart, Catholic magazines, papers and holy pictures, we managed somehow to fit into the car, and off we went.

Over the flat, treeless country we sped. To the right and to the left were neatly tied sheaves of wheat, combines poised, ready for early rising to-morrow, after the Sabbath rest. Presently, we approached the village. Large heaps of inky earth lie in mounds along the way, the diggings from the coal mine. They look like miniature mountains encircling the town in a broken chain. Now we are in full view of the village. I say "full view" because you can take in the whole picture in a glance. Every house is the same, small, white frame cottages, trying desperately to remain white amid the coal dust.

They look like men on a giant chessboard. You wonder if, in time, these people get used to the coal fumes that permeate the air.

Over the tracks you bounce, straight on ahead to where a group of children stand waiting — for two Loretto nuns — beside a two-roomed schoolhouse. First, acquaintance made, Mrs. A., the mother of the two boys with the dutch-haircut, comes down the steps of the schoolhouse to greet you. We meet the children one by one, two, three, five, . . . twelve in all. Mrs. A. hands us the keys, and tells us that Johnnie will take care of them after we have locked up. We talk a little longer about the catechism classes, the pupils and things in general. Mrs. A. wonders if we know that there will be no fire in the schoolhouse during the winter months, since it is turned off on Friday afternoon. The janitor is sorry, but that's the way it is. It will be cold she says. (We know, from past experience, just what to expect.) The hall up the street is steam-heated, but the Salvation Army have been coming for five years, and we can't ask them to leave. "Of course, if you find it too cold, you can use my house, and welcome to it." She smiles, and you know, even if she has only one room, you are welcome to it.

Sister takes her young pupils into the schoolroom, and the seniors, four in all, follow you into the adjoining one. There is Johnnie aged ten, Margaret nine, Anne seven, and Helen eight-and-a-half. After prayers, follows our catechism lesson, or rather a review to see just how much our seniors know about their religion.

NOTES FOR PICTURES

1. Our pupils leave class with Catholic magazines sent to us from the East. Sometimes it is the only Catholic literature that enters the home.
2. Joanne asks, "Who is that?"
3. "We have just become members of the Holy Childhood Association."
4. Two sisters visit a home: "Why isn't Mary coming to Catechism?" We understand better after we have visited them.
5. People like to share with us. They usually call on Saturday when they come into town, with vegetables, fowl and home-made cooking.
6. "Mother calls for me after Mass. I am just leaving the Convent where Sister has been teaching me about God."
7. Socialists leave with magazines to visit the sick in the Hospital.

Loretto
Estevan



The two past years have been fruitful; they surprise you with their answers. Then we have prayers, followed by a story, and the hour is over. The room is so empty your voice re-echoes.

"Children, look at these rows of desks. You know Our Lord had twelve apostles to help Him win the world — couldn't you be my little apostles and win all those boys and girls who should be coming? Couldn't we fill every empty seat next Sunday?"

They look around the room, and then back at you. That's a pretty big assignment. There are twenty seats in all. Well, we're hitching our wagon to a star.

"Before the Loretto Sisters came here there were no other Classes, so all the children, even most Catholics, went to the Hall on Sunday afternoon. They say they don't want to change now." This from Margaret. Then you tell them the story of Fatima. Why, with prayers, and little acts of penance, we can do wonders.

"I'll try, Sister," says Margaret, and even Johnnie nods an approval. (You are going to be able to count on Margaret in the lay Apostolate, that's pretty certain.)

Class is over, but the best part is still to come. You hand out the Junior Messengers that were sent from the Abbey, and a prize for each one for first attendance. They simply beam. Something to read—pictures and stories and magazines to take home. How wonderful!

Outside we can hear hilarious laughter and shouting. A ball game is in full swing; Sister is catcher. Johnnie is out the door like a flash. The little girls are more sedate. We go outside and watch the game. Presently a little Miss with brown curls, and a baby brother by the hand, comes walking toward us. Margaret whispers, "That is Joanne. She should be a Catholic, but she goes to the Hall now." You make friends immediately with the winsome pair, and answer their questions one by one. Pointing to the crucifix, Joanna asks, "Who is that?" As simply as possible, you tell her the story. Wide-eyed and silent they listen, but our story comes to an abrupt ending.

"Joan-n-ee," cries a woman's voice from up the way.

"That's my Mummie; she wants me to bring my brother home for his nap."

Into her hand you put your last booklet with a picture of Our Lady on the cover. Off she goes. In a few minutes she is back, sans brother.

"My Mummie says I may come here next Sunday, and Dolores, too, my big Sister."

It is the feast day of the Little Flower, Patroness of Missions, and this is her gift to the Estevan Missions. Heartfelt thanks, St. Theresa; with these four little apostles — and you — victory is assured.

* * *

TO-DAY we visited the Mission Reservation in Lebret, a little spot in Qu'Appelle Valley of legend. Have you ever been a guest of Great Chief Moonbeam and his family? No! Then you've a treat in store. The hospitality here is quite unlike anywhere else in the world. It is a "mudhouse"; one large room for the entire family; in the centre is a huge, black, iron pot, uncovered and steaming profusely. These people have never heard about the new pressure-cooker, and would not be interested anyway.

Most of the Indians are Catholics. The Grey Nuns conduct a most interesting school in Lebret, built by the government a few years ago. At the Regina Exhibition this year, the first and second prizes were won by the children of this school. The Sisters teach them needlework, wood carving, weaving and all kinds of arts and craft, but the Indians are naturally skilful in this line, and as Sister said, "They sometimes tell me how to finish a piece of work, before I have figured it out myself." Lessons are held during the morning only, the afternoons are devoted to housework. The children (there are over five hundred in all) are responsible for the beautiful order we found it in to-day.

As we were leaving, a little boy of about ten opened the door for us.

"And what is your name," we asked? With a charming, toothless grin, he answered, "David Rabbitskin, Sister!"

Later on in the afternoon we drove along lovely, little Lake Echo and up a hill to the Sanitorium to see a nine-year-old girl, one of our pupils from Estevan, who is a patient there.

JUNE — A very important announcement was made at Mass this morning. During the coming week the blessing of the fields will take place. This week Monsignor Hughes, the pastor, will visit those in the South Eastern section of the country. Bright and early Monday morning we leave, accompanied by a guide acquainted with the outlying districts.

We pass along the road, bare fields to the right and left of us; the seedlings nestling in the earth will be blessed, that they may yield a hundredfold. Some of the farms are beautiful, spacious and homey with well-trimmed



On November 5, 6, 7 the Archdiocesan Catechetical and Sodality Convention was held in Toronto at St. Joseph's Convent Above are the Rev. A. Heeg, S.J., of St. Louis, the Rev. L. Hickey, Director of the C.Y.O., the Rev. R. E. Southard, S.J., of St. Louis, and the Rev. D. Daly, S.J.

Seated, with Miss D. Willman of the QUEEN'S WORK, is the new executive of the Toronto Sodality Union — Miss Mildred Hazel, Secretary, Miss Mary Ingoldsby, Prefect, Miss Rosemary MacDonald, Vice-Prefect, and Miss Laura Lehman, Treasurer —Photo by Cyril Cassidy

hedges and flower gardens; others are crooked, one-room-shacks, with no semblance of beauty.

We find every type of people. For the most part they are sincerely glad to see us. The family at home, especially the younger children, crowd around us as the car drives into the yard. One of the Sisters writes the names of all the children in grade school, the other, those in high school, or out working. This is done in an effort to establish the Catholic Young People's Club throughout the country, and to arrange for catechetical correspondence lessons for the younger members of the family.

Then we all kneel on the ground (sometimes beside the chicken coop) and make the Sign of the Cross. Monsignor then reads the beautiful prayer for the blessing of the lands. The men working far away in the fields pause, the horn of the car tooting has attracted their attention. They dismount from tractor, and we can see them kneeling in the field beyond; with head bared, and bowed, they unite with us in prayer. Then they rise, make the Sign of the Cross, wave a salute to us from afar, and work begins again.

Monsignor takes this opportunity to consecrate the family to the Sacred Heart. Inside the house, we kneel down before a crucifix, or Sacred picture as the prayers of consecration are recited. Later, each family receives a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart with the name of each member written below.

During our visit to the farms, the cry everywhere was for rain. There was danger of crop failure, a heartbreaking experience in the life of the Prairie farmer. This week, a Mission is being held, in the hope that, with the united prayers of the people, God's blessing will follow, and the much needed rain will result.

Crowds filled the church, men, women, and children from all over the district, driving many miles, with the prayer on their lips, "Lord, save our crops!" During the Mission the weather was perfect; at the end their petition was answered. Rain fell in torrents, putting life into the dry earth, and *Te Deum* in gratitude ascended to the throne of our gracious Father in Heaven.

During the Mission one little family drove with a horse and buggy twenty-four miles each morning for Mass.

There was a deluge at the convent, too. An overwhelming number came over after devotions to buy rosaries, medals, scapulars, prayer book, etcetra. We printed hundreds of sheets of hymns for congregational singing, and although we did not attend, we could hear the

great burst of song that filled the evening air in honour of our Eucharistic King.

* * *

THE annual bazaar is being held now in St. John the Baptist hall in aid of our church. We have a Loretto booth for religious articles, and it is very attractively decorated with fall leaves made out of different coloured paper.

Returning from the bazaar, we called in at the Post Office, and received a message of special importance; — a letter from Archbishop Monahan (R.I.P.), which read as follows: "Please accept this little offering to help in your catechetical work in Estevan. I did not realize the extent of the work you were doing until I received an account of our Summer School activities there, and in the outlying district. May God bless the work, and the Sisters engaged in it." The letter contained a cheque for \$100.00.

* * *

WE have formed a Sodality in Estevan, and have a large membership. They are taking an active part in our bazaar this year, and are conducting a fish-pond booth.

We received quite a collection of articles which they carefully sorted out, from a little red bracelet to an Indian hand-woven fruit basket.

One tiny tot was enraptured with the "fish." Finally, unable to contain herself any longer, she decided to satisfy her curiosity. Lying flat on her stomach on the floor of the booth, she peeked underneath. We hope she was not too disillusioned.

One of the best drawing cards of the bazaar was a Loretto doll, perfect in every detail in her Mary Ward habit.

* * *

ON Saturday, September 18th, in St. John the Baptist hall, Estevan, a shower was held for the Loretto Sisters by the C.W.L.

These good people realize that at a Catechetical Centre, there is little time for preserving and canning; so they came from town and country laden with canned goods, vegetables, eggs and home-made cooking. May God bless their generosity. The winter snows may be banked against our doors, and roads may be blocked this winter, but, thanks to a Provident Father, who takes care of our every need, we shall emerge hale and hearty.

* * *

HOW bright is the smile of welcome that greets us from hospital beds as we call upon our

sick friends. There is little we can do, but they know we remember them, and that makes them happy.

We distribute Catholic literature mailed to us from our Sisters back east, and they are so grateful for reading material. Even patients of other creeds ask for them when they see us passing by, and it is you, back home, who have made it possible, in part, for us to help cheer these, His sick members, who are so dear to Him.

* * *

TUESDAY is Fair Day at the parish hall. After school, our children from Kindergarten to grade eight, come to join in the fun and frolic for an hour or more.

As they enter, they are given a ticket, and later we draw for a door prize. For a few minutes there is bedlam, until they are finally assembled, the older ones taking charge of games, and everyone bent on winning. There are beans in a jar — guess how many — hockey game, tiddledy winks, ring-throw, and others.

At the end of the entertainment, we practise the hymn to be sung at the Children's Mass on Sunday, especially our Rosary Crusade hymn, in honour of Our Lady. We also take a few minutes for Missa Recitata practice, and perhaps a religious quiz contest. Finally, our party ends, and everyone goes home happy, especially the prize winners.

About five forty-five, we arrive back at the convent; our hymn books rather crumpled, the Missa Recitata missals more dog-eared than ever, and our shopping bag empty of the treasured prizes. After a "pick-up" supper, we hurry off to Church, just a few yards away, to sing Benediction. Sister plays the organ, so we must not be late.

And another day has ended.

* * *

THURSDAY — is Bienfait day —

It is three o'clock. Have you the chart, Sister? Don't forget the catechisms, the books and prizes. Father will soon be here to drive us to Bienfait, a little place seven miles from Estevan. The Catholic children wait for religion class, following their regular school day. This is most satisfactory, as all the Catholic children are already there, so there is no difficulty in reaching them. They look forward enthusiastically to their Thursday afternoon religion period, and give us a cheery farewell as we leave for home.

HER HANDS

There must have been great beauty in her hands—

The hands of her who was so full of grace:
Their gentle movements as she gave commands,
Or lightly touched her sleeping Infant's face.
The hand that touched her Infant Child
touched God!

And at the touch perhaps her heart felt pain.
I wonder if the things in her abode,

Once fashioned by her hands, do still remain?
Or — do you ever see Our Lady's hands?

No artist yet has shown me her face,
And so I only see her sacred hands,
Held out so lovingly, dispensing Grace.

Florence M. Ronan.

FOOTNOTE TO THE FRONTISPIECE



The artist of the silhouettes found in this issue of the Loretto Rainbow is Mother Leandra, of the Mainz Generalate of the I.B.V.M., who died soon after her Final Profession in 1942. Silhouette-cutting became her hobby in the long months

she spent in the infirmary. Into those of Our Lady and the angels went all the delicacy of her lovely spirit. R. I. P.

KINDERGARTEN — Sunday morning, 10:30.

If you have reached the mature age of three, four or five, or even six, and have not started to school, what happier event could you look forward to than these classes at the Convent on Sunday morning? Mother takes me here where I learn little prayers, and colour pretty pictures while she is at Mass. And how nice for Mother, too, to be able to assist at the Holy Sacrifice knowing that I am learning about God and my religion

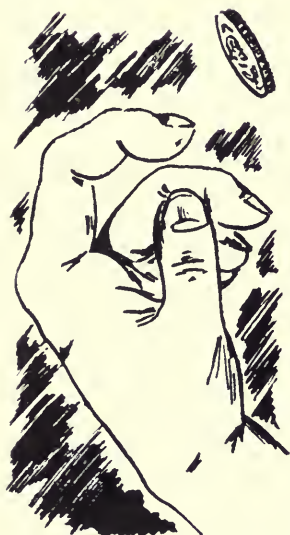
Sister teaches us about other things, about a man named "Adam," and a lady called "Eve," and the beautiful garden that was their home. She teaches us about colours, too; I can tell now that my sweater is blue, and the trees are green and the cover of my book is red. I couldn't begin to tell you ALL about the things we learn, all I know is that it seems a long, long time from one Sunday morning until the next.

Sister M. Lidwina, I.B.V.M.

The Flip of a Coin*

(From the Diary of a Nurse)

By KATHLEEN McEVENEY MARKLE,
Loretto-Sault Alumna.



Picking up David Marlow's chart was merely a matter of routine. And then I began to read:

"David Marlow — age 24 — occupation engineer — tunnel No. 3. X-ray, spine, pelvis, lower limbs. Heart stimulants if necessary."

The instructions were not unusual, but their connotations were serious. I knew that this was a case which would require nursing skill.

Reading the chart again, something about it seemed to become personal. It excited more than a professional interest although at the time I did not realize how my new patient was to capture my sympathy and that of the entire hospital staff. Events were in the making which when fully evolved would be remembered by the doctors, nurses, and Sisters attached to the hospital long after the chart had been filed away.

The pallid face and a rapid, weak, and irregular pulse were symptoms which called for no delay. Following instructions I gave the patient digalen.

As I inserted the hypodermic needle the young man opened his eyes. They were deep blue and the pupils were dilated. His thick black hair was damp on his forehead. "Are you my nurse?" he asked in a surprisingly strong voice. "That's fine! Guess I must have a busted leg—elevator dropped."

Something about his cheerful attitude captured me completely. My interest immediately became personal. This interest increased as I became acquainted with his family and friends

some of whom arrived soon after his admittance to the hospital.

His mother, sister, fiancée and a tall blond young man were his visitors that first afternoon. David said the tall man was his field engineer at the construction tunnel. "That's Pete Galloway, my boss," he said. "Salt of the earth. Pete came in the ambulance with me and gave me artificial respirations. Seems funny getting artificial respirations when you're conscious."

The surgeon came and ordered "No visitors." He said the X-ray plates showed three vertebrae shattered, the pelvis, legs and heels badly fractured. Saying he feared an embolism, he ordered absolute quiet.

Edith, David's fiancée, walked down the corridor with me after I reported to the special night nurse and was going off duty. She told me that she and David were to have been married in two weeks. The announcements were addressed and ready to be mailed. She and her mother had come from a nearby state and had taken a small apartment until after the wedding when her mother intended to return home.

The next day when I told the field engineer, Peter Galloway, that the surgeon had said that David was permanently paralyzed and that he did not expect him to live long, I saw his gray eyes mist. He seemed fond of the boy and took temporary leave from work to act as the Marlow family chauffeur. David was the only member of the family who could drive their car. Peter asked if he might stay at the hospital nights until David's condition improved. He wanted to be easily available should the Marlow family be called to the hospital during the night. The Sister in charge of the floor permitted Peter to stay in the sun-parlor at night. She gave him a blanket and pillow and remarked, "The poor boy, he seems so devoted to David."

David was one of those rare patients whom everyone in the hospital, doctors, Sisters and nurses called by his first name. He was never referred to in the impersonal hospital term as "415" or "the patient." Edith, David's fiancée, became radiant as she found herself part of all the attention lavished on David. She had

* This story won first prize in a contest sponsored by the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae

her copper-brown hair waved and began to wear her pretty trousseau dresses.

The No Visitors sign was still on the door of David's room but Edith came twice a day and though she was not permitted to see David she somehow always managed to talk to the suave young intern. It soon became apparent to all of us who had grown fond of David and interested in the case, that Edith was not at all averse to accepting attention from other men. After one of her conversations with the intern she remarked, "He is so sympathetic. He consoled me for forty-five minutes." She accentuated "forty-five" minutes in a way she had of tilting her head to one side and drawling certain words as she talked.

The operation on David's spine proved futile. The spinal cord was crushed and almost severed. Doctor Drexel, the surgeon, said, "He may live three months. He may live a year. Do not let him know that his case was hopeless. Keep his courage up." It was not hard to keep David's courage up. He was so brave and optimistic, continually planning his future. He wanted to do big things in engineering. "Bridges! That's the kind of engineering I'd like to do," he would say. "They fascinate me. I shall never forget viewing the Washington bridge over the Hudson one pearly dawn. . . . A bridge is the surmounting of a barrier; but sometimes barriers arise which we cannot bridge . . . You see I never wanted to be a desk engineer. And now with a weak back—what else?"

The first time Edith was allowed in the room David was boyishly happy. It was before he was allowed to see other visitors and Doctor Drexel cautioned me to remain in the room. David held Edith close to him and said something about his love being greater than the power of the sea, the moon, the stars. He held her face between his hands and waited eagerly for her to tell him she loved him. I waited, too. . . . She bent over, kissed him, smiled and said "Ditto."

About this time Peter met me one day in the corridor and stopped to talk. He said, "You know, Miss Mac, I feel that Providence has struck this boy down to save him from that fool of a girl. She is too selfish to care very deeply for anyone but herself. On the morning of the accident I tossed a coin to decide whom I should call, David or McLean. Both had been working hard, long hours. I hated to call either. The coin came up David. Seems like Fate or Providence or call it what you will."

Shortly after that, one night as I was being relieved by the night nurse Peter said, "It

is raining Miss Mac, let me drive you home." Edith came up to him, asked where he was going and when he told her I saw her hesitate for a moment and then narrowing her gray-green eyes, which gave an exotic look to her face, she said: "I am depressed tonight. This October rain! Won't you take me with you, the drive might do me good." "But Edith! you've just come. You haven't visited David yet. I'll be back later and drive you home," Peter stammered, looking embarrassed. His tanned face flushed a dull red and he nervously stroked his blond mustache.

Edith came with us. Her high heels made a clicking sound down the tile floor of the hospital corridor. She was young — only twenty-one, though somehow she seemed much older.

David's mother and father, sister and young brother easily won the hearts of the hospital staff, while Edith's cold brittleness evoked little or no sympathy.

Whenever I went out in the hall to write on my chart, Peter usually came to talk to me. Edith seemed to be getting on his nerves. She had asked David to tell Peter to take her to the theater. She had said that she was lonely and melancholy. David told Peter he would consider it a personal favor. Edith was young, a stranger in the city and it would be some time before he would be "able to take her places," he explained to Peter. In fact, he asked Peter rather wistfully, if he would take his place for a while.

One day as Doctor Drexel was coming down the hall from David's room, Edith's mother stopped him, saying, "Oh! Doctor, my daughter and I are so apprehensive. We must know the truth."

Following this conversation with the doctor, Edith and her mother decided that there must be a bedside marriage. Edith said, "We shall sue the construction company for plenty and after we are married I'll take him to Southern Italy."

David's father begged me to ask the doctor to forbid the wedding. Peter, too, urged me, saying, "I'd hate to see a wonderful boy like David married to such a selfish, mercenary little fool! She and her mother want the money, that's all."

The marriage was forbidden. Doctor Drexel took a personal interest in the case. He sincerely liked and admired David. After his brief talk with Edith and her mother he winked slyly at me and whispered, "They are a pair! Southern Italy, bosh! They think that if the marriage takes place and the boy dies in a few

months, she as his widow, can sue the construction company. We'll fool them!"

Doctor Drexel was called a genius. He loved his work; especially the human side of it. He was also called "the best dressed man in town." He waxed his dark mustache and wore his fine, well fitting clothes with a dash and style that made him outstanding in appearance. He carried on a gay half-mocking banter with his patients. David loved his daily visits. They brought color into the sick-room.

Edith and Peter were together frequently—theaters, dinners, football games. She no longer complained of being melancholy and poor David, in the blindness of his love, was happy.

When Christmas came, David had a little tree in his room and dressed in his new blue silk pajamas he looked handsome and debonair. His family spent the afternoon with him. Though they disliked Edith they treated her well and always spoke nicely of her to David. In their anxiety for his happiness they set their own feelings aside and did and said only the things they thought would make him happy.

By this time Edith's mother had gone home and Edith was now a guest at the Marlow home. David's sister told me that Edith habitually slept until mid-day, ate lunch, dressed and visited David in the afternoon. Whenever she found Peter at the hospital she asked him to drive her home. However, Peter was beginning to feel a sense of guilt for being with Edith so much and would sometimes now make excuses when she asked him to take her to the theater.

Edith told David that she was lonely and worried and that she felt that she needed to get out more and get things off her mind. She said that Peter had not been taking her out so much lately and David, always anxious for her pleasure, again asked Peter if he would be nice to Edith for his sake.

After that, Peter did not mention Edith when he stopped to talk to me in the corridor. He seemed different and certainly had lost that "straight from the shoulder" look. The night nurse, Miss Wilson, whose perception was keen and unerring remarked, "He is weakening! He is beginning to like her and—I think he feels disloyal—and ashamed!"

In February Peter got an infection under his arm, caused by the air pressure of the tunnel in which he was working. He came into the hospital as a patient and had the arm opened for drainage. Doctor Drexel was his physician, too. Peter's room was two doors up the corridor from David's.

The afternoon of the day Peter went to the

operating room to have his arm opened, I was sitting beside David's bed waiting for Edith to come. I heard her come clicking down the corridor. Her high heels always made a noise. "That sounds like Edith," David said. I went out into the hall. Edith went by to Peter's room whispering that she would see David later. Poor David! I went back into the room and said, "No, that was not Edith. She will be along soon, David."

Edith asked a probationer to tell me that I was wanted at the desk. At the chart desk was Edith with a bouquet of roses for Peter. She asked me to get the black and jade-green bowl from David's room and to arrange the flowers in it so that she might take them to Peter. When David saw me taking the bowl from the room he said, "Am I getting flowers, Miss Mac?" I said, "No, David." "Well, Miss Mac," he said, "I wouldn't lend that bowl to anyone. Edith gave it to me and I'm afraid if it gets out in the corridor we won't see it again." I said, "It's for Peter." He grinned and said, "Oh! that's all right then. Peter can have anything I've got."

I arranged the flowers and Edith took them to Peter. The window shades were pulled down, which is the usual thing in the room of a patient who has just had an anesthetic. Peter had his arm in a sling and Edith sat in the half-light beside his bed. At four-thirty when the probationer brought Peter his tray, Edith sent her away and fed Peter herself.

When she finally came to visit David, she stayed about twenty minutes and told him she was going home. It was raining and the February snow was dirty and slushy. David told her to be sure to take a cab since she wore no galoshes. She said that she would and after bidding David good-by went back to Peter's room. When David's father came he had Edith's galoshes and umbrella. He said that he was sorry to have missed her. The weather was bad. David told him that Edith had left in a taxicab over an hour ago.

Mr. Marlow asked how Peter was getting along and asked me to show him Peter's room. I went with him. We opened the door. . . . Edith was sitting close to the bed holding Peter's hand. . . .

David's father seemed suddenly very old and very tired. He mumbled something about hoping Peter would be well soon; handed Edith her umbrella and galoshes and hurried out of the room. . . . She dared to treat his boy like that! Well he could not tell David. He could not tell anyone. David's mother must not know. She would immediately put Edith out of their

home and then David would be hurt. Nothing must ever hurt David again.

When David's father returned to his son's room without the galoshes and umbrella, David asked, "Why, Dad, what did you do with Edith's galoshes and umbrella?"

The older man was confused. He stammered "I . . . I, Oh! I gave them to her."

"Where did you see her?" The boy was puzzled.

"Oh! . . . I . . . saw her. She was visiting Peter." David's father spoke with difficulty.

Poor David. . . . Almost two hours before she had told him, after a brief visit, that she was going home.

Peter was in the hospital about a week. Mrs. Marlow insisted that he come to her home to rest for a week instead of going to his apartment. She said that he had been kind to her boy and she wanted to do something for him. She said, "You just be my boy for a week. You will feel much better eating home cooked food. An apartment and restaurant meals are not good for a sick boy."

Peter left the hospital at noon and went to the Marlow home. That afternoon Edith did not visit David. When she came in the evening David said, "Miss Mac, what do you think of my sweetheart? She came to see me every day except the day that Peter went home. She telephoned saying that she had a headache."

Edith laughed tauntingly and teetered back and forth on her high heels saying, "Jealous! Well, he did look handsome sitting up in bed wearing his white silk pajamas. And he said I was a wonderful nurse."

When Peter was better and back to work, Edith told him that she was lonesome for her mother. She wanted to visit her over the week-end and since Peter would be free Saturday and Sunday would he not like to drive her? She made this suggestion in David's room. Peter seemed embarrassed but promised to take her the following Saturday.

One Sunday after David had visitors and I was in the sun-parlor alone, Peter came in. "Miss Mac," he said, "if you are not busy I'd like to talk to you." It was late afternoon. I was about to turn on a lamp when Peter said, "Please don't! Not lights! It's easier to talk this way."

He began to talk about his work. He had done engineering in South America just after he graduated from college. He liked his work here in the city and his salary was good. He was educating a younger brother who was study-

ing law in a western university. He had an opportunity to go to Chicago, but the salary was only about half the amount he was now earning. He wondered how he could take care of his brother if his salary was decreased. Still he thought he should leave his work here. He stood looking out the window as he talked and both his words and his manner revealed his consciousness of guilt. David had called him, "Salt of the earth," "Straight from the shoulder," "A man's man," "A square shooter," and "Nobody's fool." I thought of all these names as I watched him and somehow they did not seem to be a fitting description. "Why must you leave the city?" I asked, trying to make the question sound casual.

He was silent for a while and then he muttered "Damn it! a man should have some self-respect." Then he turned from the window and his eyes met mine. Very earnestly he said, "Miss Mac, you see, I blame myself. I never knew anything about women . . . kept from them . . . thought they didn't like me. Then I find one actually begging me to take her places . . . calling me at my work, writing me notes . . . I tried to avoid her. Now . . . well she is getting under my skin, damn her! The fellows on the job have noticed. I don't want David's girl. I guess that you think I'm just a weak, bragging fool. I wish I'd never met her! That morning last October when I flipped the coin and David was hurt was a bad day for me, too. I can't look David in the eyes any more. I'm losing my self-respect so I . . . I think I'll just clear out of the picture."

Peter did not leave the city. He stayed and was promoted and he and Edith were seen frequently together.

I learned from David's younger brother that David had met Edith while spending his vacation in an adjoining State. She was in her freshman year in college and David was in his senior year. There were fraternity and sorority dances, football games, week-end visits at her home and after graduation David gave her a diamond ring. Edith left college in her freshman year.

David's brother had an infectious grin. I liked him. He came in every morning on his way to school and again in the late afternoon.

"You see David never really had a chance to know that girl," he said. "I call it 'courtship by correspondence.'" David's brother was refreshing and witty and greatly annoyed Edith with his teasing sarcasm. She knew he did not like her. She contemptuously referred to him as "That brat."

In March, when Edith again asked Peter to drive her home for a week-end David told her to bring her mother back with her as there was something he wanted to tell her mother.

When Edith's mother came to see David, he told her that he might be an invalid for some time. Edith was young and he did not expect her to keep her engagement. She was free.

The mother gave Edith David's message. She came to see him the next morning. She stood near the door and with a toss of her head said, "Well, good-by, David. I'm going to take one of your roses to remember you by." She pinned the rose in the fur collar of her coat, threw him a kiss and was gone . . . her high heels clicking down the corridor.

David's blue eyes looked very misty. He had a hurt, bewildered expression. With a lump in my throat I left the room. When I returned David was looking out the window at the Spring sky. Without turning his head he said, in a tone of despairing indignation, "Well, it is the last chapter. The book is closed." And truly it was for he never mentioned her name again. At times he became melancholy. He seemed older. All his charming, boyish gaiety was gone. He smiled readily, a little too readily, somehow as if that was the thing expected of him and he would play the game. So he smiled . . . a mirthless smile, a quick flash of his white teeth but that was all; his eyes never smiled.

Strangely David still believed in Peter and never suspected him of caring for Edith. He asked for him frequently. One day he sent for him. Peter came. I was about to get David up in his wheel-chair with the aid of a student nurse and an orderly. When I saw Peter coming I told the nurse that I did not need her and asked Peter to help.

David's face had never become thin. He had color in his cheeks; and just seeing him sitting up in bed supported by a back-rest it was hard to realize that his legs were thin, wasted and paralyzed.

I wanted Peter to see those legs. The orderly took the head. Peter's face winced as he supported David's legs and we put him in the wheel-chair.

I saw Peter in the hall later. "God," he said, "I never realized. . . . Can't they do anything for him? I came to tell him about Edith and me but I haven't the guts now." He left.

Dr. Drexel had said "Do not let him know that he will never walk again. That the end is only a matter of time. It will be so much easier for him to lie there day after day . . . weeks . . .

months, if he has hope. If I were in his place and knew that there was no hope and had no opportunity of bringing about my own end. I should slowly go mad I am certain . . . the eternal waiting . . . waiting. For what? And doctors have not the right to hasten that ultimate end. His religion would be the first to condemn us if we did."

David asked me to wheel him into the hospital chapel late one afternoon in October. "Leave me here, Miss Mac, and come back in about twenty minutes."

I pushed the wheel-chair in through the center doorway and left him in the middle of the chapel near the door.

The chapel was empty save for old Sister Estelle, who was at afternoon meditation in a front pew in the peaceful quietude of the little chapel. The late afternoon sun shining through the stained glass windows made little rainbows of color on the white of her Sister of Charity coronet. The glow of the sanctuary lamp cast flickering, red reflections on the lace of the altar cloth and the gold of the candle sticks. David smiled at me as I tucked his blanket around him before I left. When I returned, I came in the side entrance of the chapel, and walking quietly toward David, I was standing beside him before he was aware of my presence. I stood staring at him about three feet from the wheel-chair . . . It was too late to walk quickly away and after seeing his face I could not approach! The mask was off! Suffering soul-torture was in his face and something of which I stood in awe and cannot find words to describe was in his eyes. He knew! Had possibly known for months that there was no hope! No hope! And he had bravely played the game of pretending he thought he would make a complete recovery to lessen the ache in the hearts of his parents. He must have known that we all knew, but believed that his parents would be happier if they thought he did not know the truth.

I recalled the doctor's words "That if he were in David's place he would go slowly mad." But in the soft afternoon light of the chapel there was no madness, only the tragic beauty one sees in the painting of "The Agony in the Garden," Christ in His Gethsemane. Unutterable anguish! When he turned his pain-filled eyes from the altar and saw me standing there his expression changed quickly to one of rebellious resentment . . . trapped helplessness.

Two weeks later Doctor Drexel decided to do a pelvic operation. I had told Miss Wilson, the night nurse, of the afternoon in the chapel

STANDING —
 Milton Menard, Rosemary Tierney, Joseph
 Thomas, Ruth Giacometti, Thomas Hallesy
 SEATED—Marjean Donnelly, John Harns
 Jeanne Le Blanc
 David Le Lievre
 Betty Ann Tardiff



BAND AND ORCHESTRA

and she said, "David might not survive this operation. I am going to tell him."

I knew that I could never tell him and I had a profound respect for Miss Wilson's courage. I knew that she loved David as a brother. It would not be an easy task for her to tell him.

Twenty-four hours after the operation David's temperature began to rise and we all knew that it would be only a matter of days.

Miss Wilson said, "David, would you like to see a priest?" Knowing that Miss Wilson was not a Catholic, David immediately sensed that his condition must be serious, for he was a daily communicant and saw the hospital chap-

lain frequently. "Why? Miss Wilson, am I going to die?" He read the answer in Miss Wilson's eyes before she answered, "Yes, David."

David smiled. No! not a forced smile. There was no more need for pretense. He would soon be released . . . free! No longer would his paralyzed limbs bind him prisoner to a hospital bed. He could escape through the door of . . . Death! Smile? Of course he could smile with all his heart and soul and he smiled for two days. He bade farewell to all his friends and went into the coma that sometimes comes before the eternal sleep . . . smiling.

On Resolutions

While New Year's Day is the traditional time to form resolutions there is no lack of them during the rest of the year. Often we hear of a friend who is filled with enthusiasm over a habit he's going to break, some long overdue decision he's made, or a plan which he has considered at length and is finally going to carry out.

All this resolution-forming takes a good bit of time and provides fair conversational material for about a week. But then what happens? Occasionally the resolution is kept, most of the time it is forgotten. The result depends on the individual who resolves. There are people, of course, who do not make resolutions, considering it a waste of time, and also somewhat disheartening when, at the end of a couple of months, they find that the resolution is nothing but a vexing proof of their lack of will-power. On the other hand, there are those busy people who compile lists of worthy resolutions and forget them completely, except for using both the compiling and their faulty memories as conversational gems. Then there is that small group of worthies who make resolutions only after considering the ultimate value of such an act, and keep to their decisions with the tenacity characteristic of their determination.

Is there any value then in these resolutions, omitting, of course, those which are kept. Perhaps there is: humility might be gained by meditation on broken resolutions; otherwise lifeless party moments could possibly be enlivened by a discussion of resolutions made and broken; and as a last resource an old resolution

may be taken out, shined up with a couple of bright adjectives, and used over again.

Nevertheless, it would appear that such trivial uses are far below the sombre dignity of a promise made to oneself. For such a promise does not lose in importance because it is limited to one person, but rather increases in value as the responsibility for it rests on one individual alone.

Therefore a resolution should not be considered a whimsy, decided one minute, forgotten the next, but as a step towards improvement. In short, resolutions should be kept.

Lethem S. Roden, Loretto College.

THE MAN IN THE MOON

The man in the moon
Has a laughing round face
And his smile is the widest
In the distance of space
'Cause he's always looking
Down at the earth
Where the people's actions
Inspire his mirth.

Joanne Moyer, IV-A,
Loretto — Woodlawn

I know a lovely garden.
Where all is quiet, serene,
With stately trees, that stand so tall,
And the sun peeps down between,
Where rippling silver water flows,
Like some enchanted dream.

Joan Magee, XII
Loretto College School

Dear Ann—

You might be interested in this summer's activities. I was assigned to the C.Y.O. summer-school at Trumbull Park, 104th and Bensley Avenue. The park is an hour's ride from Woodlawn on the South Deering bus. You know, that's the bus that gives you a fifteen-cent sight-seeing tour of South Chicago. The C.T.A. seems to have spent hours of careful research finding out how to go from 63rd and Dorchester to 112 and Torrent by the most devious routes. You get a lovely picture of three steels mills via Robin Hood's Barn. The surrounding slum area is teeming with people of Mexican, Polish-Croatian and Negro extraction.

You know what the C.Y.O. is, don't you? Bishop Bernard J. Sheil decided during the depression that something should be done to keep the children of underprivileged, overcrowded areas off the streets and away from the more serious temptations to be found in their environment during the summer. In co-operation with the Community Chest, the Chicago Park Commission, Mundelein Seminary and twenty-five religious Orders of women, the C.Y.O. Summer-Schools were inaugurated. Last summer over two hundred nuns of forty teaching communities participated.

The staff of each school consists of the regularly employed physical education instructors for boys and girls, the craft instructor from the park area, two to five nuns, and seminarians and as many high-school volunteers as can be coaxed into coming. The one hundred to five hundred children, ranging in age from six to fourteen, are of every color and creed. Most of them are neglected physically and spiritually and need all the love and kindness they can get.

What did we do from nine to twelve? First, we had a flag-raising ceremony with all the darlings standing still for the only time during the day. One of the custodians, or an older boy, who had displayed unusually high sportsmanship the day before, would run the flag up while we recited the pledge of allegiance. Then we had the one and only reference to religion—we sang "God Bless America." You see, the Park Commission allows us the use of the park so long as we give no formal instruction in religion. So during the day we teach by the more subtle but more potent force of good example. This is good for your humility. Then the children divide into groups. Boys nine to

fourteen play baseball, have track meets, ride in bicycle races, and have some hand craft, such as model airplane building, weaving with pyro-stripping, and wood craft. The girls of the same age-level also play baseball and volley



ball. The hand craft includes sewing—beach bags, coin purses, felt lapel pins, needle cases—bracelets, and weaving with pyro-stripping. Also they are greatly interested in sand craft, or sand sculpturing. Then, too, they play all of our old favorite low organized games such as: Three Deep, Flying Dutchmen, Run for your Supper, Run, Sheep Run, Dodgeball, New York. Both boys and girls from six to eight play together. They engage in such singing games as: Looby-Lou, I See You, See the Cobbler, and Little Sally Saucer. They love making pin-wheels from bizarre colored construction paper—purple, pink and gray, that's left on the shelf at the end of school. Miss Dorothy Kennedy from Englewood gave us a big box of empty spools from the Home-Economic Department, that were made into funny little kittens, hyacinths, and necklaces. They also made wrist watches of milk bottle tops and wires.

Twice a week the nine-to fourteen-year-olds went swimming. The boys usually went first because they are of the more hardy variety and can take the cold water better than the girls. Some of the children could swim like ducks, but many of the girls were ornamental rather than swimmers. A iron fence enclosed the pool but the children were so eager to swim they tore down a section of the fence so that swimming could be indulged in at all times. The swimming pool and the C.Y.O. were in constant competition on hot days. The C.Y.O. frequently was the loser.

Many of the older boys and girls were taking care of their baby brother or sister. The baby carriages were parked around the base-

ball diamond, at the edge of the pool, near the swings, and all made a parade to the tree under which the free milk was distributed promptly at eleven-forty a.m. Often enough the baby would drink two or three half-pint bottles full—you'd wonder where it all went. One chubby pink fellow in a dilapidated buggy would gurgle from the time the first case came out until he had been satiated.

One day we had 250 bottles of milk for eighty children. !!! Our park order was mixed up with another order. But there we were with all the milk to get rid of. One boy drank six bottles, but another red-headed, freckle-faced Murphy begged off on the second bottle by saying, "Sister, I don't think I'd better. You see, I've already had a hot dog, two bags of pop-corn, an ice cream bar, three candy bars, and a bottle of chocolate milk." !!!

Patricia De Buck came out several times and gave art lessons. She kept sixty to eighty babies enthralled for hours as they drew Bugs Bunny, Mickey Mouse, Felix the Cat and Donald Duck. Marilyn Hartsook has turned her hobby of reading to good use for she could tell the babies stories. Three days a week, if they were good, she promised them a story hour—Cinderella, The Three Bears, and The Three Pigs were interspersed with, "The Boy who had Eleven Brothers," "The Baby that came on Christmas," and "The Man who loves Children." Margaret Mary Moore, Lou Ann McCarthy, Alice Berry, and Dolores Stone pushed the chil-

drain Leknick, Kathleen Battle and Joan Byrne were our baseball stars besides keeping everyone in hysterics over their efforts to learn how to swim and dive. All these girls belong to Loretto Englewood High School.

One day we decided to go to the Lincoln Park Zoo. So we collected quarters, counted heads, packed eighty-six of them on to a street-car and off we went. The only thing we lost on the whole excursion was the desire to go on another one soon. The children were divided



into groups of four or five with a nun, park instructor, high school girl, mother (we had four along, in case) or a fourteen-year-old in charge. After eating under a big tree the groups wandered off to see the monkeys, bears, elephants, and other zoological specimens. One seven-year-old was so thrilled in the Reptile House that he pulled at my skirts to drag me to a case full of snakes. As he pointed at a diamond-backed rattler he shouted, "Gee, Sister look at the big worm!"

Sincerely,
Sister M. Sebastian, I.B.V.M.

HALLOWE'EN

As eerie lights shine through the window panes,
Ghosts and goblins creep along the darkened lanes,
The witches with their broomsticks cast a fear,
Then each one knows that Hallowe'en is here.
The moon slides in and out among the clouds;
And ghosts parade about the graves in shrouds.
A little boy comes running down the street,
Hurrying along on fleet and frightened feet,
When all at once he sees a fearsome group,
That looks like scary actors in a troupe,
A troupe of ragged urchins out for fun;
They ring a door-bell, and then start to run;
Their shouts of glee are heard on every side,
As off they scamper hoping now to hide:
But mother sees and gives a sweet to all
And makes All Hallows'E'en the best day of the Fall.

Joanne Lou Curry, XII
Loretto — Niagara



dren on the swings and splashed in the wading pool until their arms, back and feet ached. Anna Del Giorno and Pat Gardener were shining lights at volley ball with the older girls. Lor-



★
Summer Schools
of Chicago
(C.Y.O.)
in Action
★



In Memoriam

M. M. ODELIA, I.B.V.M. (Toronto)

M. M. Odelia Forster was born in Zurich, Switzerland, 75 years ago. When the family came to this country in her childhood, she was sent to school to Loretto Abbey, Wellington St., Toronto, though the family were not Catholic. After a few months there she expressed a longing to be a Catholic. Permission was granted and in the course of a few years her sister and brother and mother all followed in her footsteps. Soon after finishing school she entered the novitiate and set out on the path of complete self-devotion in industry and charity that characterized her whole life. She taught commercial subjects, languages and all the handicrafts with the same assiduous care. Fortified by the rites of the Church and joyful at her home-going she died in peace early on Wednesday, July 14.

That very day there arrived from Europe eight exiled Lithuanian Sisters, and with the two American Sisters of the same community who met them in Montreal, all came to Loretto Abbey for a brief sojourn together before going to the posts kindly offered them in the city through His Eminence. After four years in a refugee camp and the climax of a stormy plane crossing of the Atlantic, these Sisters were thrilled with the thought of the diverse ways of Divine Providence and one and all attended the funeral Mass and the interment in Mount Hope Cemetery of the little Swiss Sister, an apostle like themselves in a field far from her small native land.

The requiem Mass was sung on Thursday morning by Rev. L. Burns, S.J.—R.I.P.

MOTHER M. PRUDENTIA (Toronto)

M. M. Prudentia, Hannah O'Brien, was born of Irish parents, Patrick O'Brien and Anne Gurning, in Osgoode, Ont. In her early 20's she entered religion at Loretto Abbey, Toronto, and when she died on September 5, 1948, she had completed 56 years in religious life. Pious, gentle and dignified, she was one who fitted very acceptably into community life, and performed all her tasks admirably. A hidden life steadily followed for more than 50 years adds

up to heroism. In recent years she has been incapacitated and suffering but the same equable acceptance of what is sent by God that had marked all other periods of her life, remained as she was by almost daily Holy Communion. On Sunday at three o'clock she quietly breathed out her soul to God. Of her immediate family there remain two sisters, M. M. Redempta, I.B.V.M., and Miss Teresa O'Brien of Ottawa. Funeral Mass was sung on September 7 by Rev. Wm. Hingston, S.J.—R.I.P.

MOTHER M. IGNATIA, I.B.V.M. (Toronto)

Mother M. Ignatia, I.B.V.M., died on Wednesday, October 6, at the age of 71, in the 48th year of her religious life. Formerly Rose Gallaher, she was a member of a well-known Irish Canadian family of Guelph, Ont., being the youngest of the children of Michael Gallaher and Margaret Farrell. At the completion of her education, academic and musical, she entered religious life at Loretto Abbey, Toronto. After her novitiate she taught piano and vocal music in Loretto schools in Ontario and in the United States. A warm-hearted zeal for souls colored all her relations with others, and no lesson ever ended without a word of religious instruction or pious encouragement. It was for her a great privilege when she was called upon to instruct converts. Her physical suffering began early when she became the victim of a crippling arthritis. For long after the daily community routine became impossible, she persevered in getting to daily Mass, and in her wheel-chair was a familiar figure in the chapel many hours of the day.

The funeral Mass was sung on Friday, October 8, by Rev. Fr. Corrigan, S.J., and interment took place at Mount Hope Cemetery. Of her family there survives one brother, John, of Guelph.—R.I.P.

MAURICE F. LENNON (Joliet, Ill.)

Maurice F. Lennon, President of the Peter G. Lennon Company, died at his home in Joliet, Illinois, August 15. He had been active in community and religious affairs throughout his

life. His death came as a shock to his family and many friends.

As a boy Mr. Lennon attended St. Mary's parochial school, where he was taught by Loretto nuns. Upon graduation he went to work for the Illinois Steel Company, and later attended Georgetown University, where he received his law degree. He returned to Joliet to launch his law career, and at the time of his death, he was a member of the Will County Bar Association, the state bar association, and was general counsel for Greyhound Lines, Incorporated.

He worked with many charitable groups and institutions, and was director of the Catholic Charities of the Archdiocese of Chicago.

All privileges granted to a layman were bestowed on him. In 1930 he was made a member of the Franciscan Order by a special decree of Pope Pius XI. In 1937 he was made a member of the Carmelite Order. The diploma of affiliation with which he was presented is the highest token of honour that the Carmelite Order can bestow on a layman.

Unmarried, he resided with his two sisters in the Lennon homestead, which has been the center of activity for the Lennon family since 1863. He was preceded in death by thirteen brothers and sisters. To Marie and Teresa, and to his brothers Raymond and George, Loretto extends sincerest sympathy. — R.I.P.

New Loretto Schools

September, 1948, saw eight new beginnings for the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, in fields of work from kindergarten to high school, and with newly-assumed catechetical work at Georgetown, Ontario, and Bellwood, Illinois.

The three elementary schools are dedicated to Our Blessed Mother, that at Malton, to Our Lady of the Airways, at Crystal Beach to Our Lady of Peace, and at Richmond Hill, to Our Lady of Fatima.

The first-named is in the recently organized parish that grew up around the Malton Airport during wartime. The parish itself is a tribute to the zeal of the Reverend Ralph Egan, and the separate school of Our Lady of the Airways, the hard-won gain of the present pastor, the Reverend Vincent Egan. The pupils, some ninety of them, and their two teachers, began school in the Church, but have since moved to the quonset.

Previous to June, 1947, Crystal Beach was a mission attached to Fort Erie, where our nuns went weekly to teach catechism. When Crystal Beach became a parish, the Reverend Hugh Canning set about with characteristic zeal to provide a Catholic education for the children, and that in a beautiful modern school.

The new school at Richmond Hill, some ten miles north of Toronto city limits, is as modern in building and equipment as its name. Its one-storey red brick building is set against a background of evergreens. A statue of Our Lady of Fatima, carved over the door, is a constant reminder that it was she who built what has come to be known as the "miracle school," since in these days of shortages, it was begun and completed between Easter and the Feast of

Our Lady's Assumption. No one is more enthusiastic about Our Lady's accomplishments there than its pastor, the Reverend Frederick McGinn.

The re-opening of the Regina High School, with Grades IX and X, took place after the "translation" of two sections of an H air-force hut from the airport to previously prepared cement blocks on Elliott Street, just off College Avenue, right behind the Little Flower Church. The building with its two large classrooms, its library, and future science laboratory was put into condition by the "after-hour" time of generous parishioners. Already the new school has had a visit from the Inspector, whose praise for the work being done, perhaps repaid in some way the untiring work of the Reverend S. Leibel, its pastor.

New high school work was also undertaken at Fort Erie, with Grade IX; while Marysfield, at the Toronto Gore, added Grade XI.

The two new kindergartens are at Stratford and Humberstone.

Thus the work of the Institute continues for the greater glory of God.

A lovely maiden,
A soul so white,
A little stable,
A star most bright.
The time had come,
As Joseph prayed,
A King was born
Of that fair maid.
A little Babe,
Yet King to rule.
His Father's joy.
His Mother's jewel.

Sheila Read, XII,
Loretto — Niagara

Finding the Lovely Lady

Manuel was a small Mexican peasant boy who lived with his older brother Pedro in a clay hut. The hut was situated on the outskirts of Santa Maria, a small village in Mexico. Each day Manuel travelled two miles on foot to the fields where he was employed as a berry picker. Pedro was once employed in these same fields but, due to an accident, he was left with only one arm. Each morning Manuel would walk along with the many other young men who were also employed in the fields. Often Manuel would walk along in silence listening to the snatches of conversation which went on all around him. Many times he heard different men talking of a lady who had helped them when they needed help most. Juan, an older worker, seemed to have the most information concerning her. He was making use of this knowledge by telling everyone about her. Manuel thought perhaps this lady could help Pedro find work. He dismissed the thought for the time being for there was work to be done. Later in the day he approached Juan on the matter. "It is not my place to tell you where you can find her," replied Juan, "but if you are really interested you may go to the village and speak to Padre Martez. He will tell you all you want to know."

When he reached home that evening he found Pedro had fixed their meager supper and was preparing to sit down to eat. While they were eating Manuel decided to bring up the subject of the lady. "Pedro," he said, "Juan has been talking of a lovely lady who has helped him and many of the other workers in various ways. I thought, perhaps, if we could find her she might help you." Pedro glanced questioning at Manuel before he spoke. Finally, he said, "Who is she and where can she be found, Manuel?"

"I don't know her name, but they say Padre Martez knows where she can be found," answered Manuel.

"I don't think it would do any good to seek her," said Pedro skeptically, "We have tried so often and nothing seems to help. No one wants a helpless invalid."

"That is just it, Pedró. We have tried everything; it would not hurt to try this," replied Manuel, looking at Pedro hopefully. Pedro pondered over this before he answered Manuel with a nod of his head. This was all that Manuel needed for like a flash he was off to the village.

Later in the evening Manuel reached the village and was being ushered into the rectory by Padre Martez. "What is it you wish, my son?" asked the friendly priest, who was known to all the villagers as the kind padre. Then Manuel told the padre the story which Juan and the other workers had told. "Padre," said Manuel, "Where can we find the lady? We need her very much, although we cannot pay her a large sum of money, I will work very hard to save, if she will only help my brother Pedro find work."

The priest's kindly eyes grew misty at the sincerity of this young boy. "My child," he said, "It is true that she helps all who need her but you do not have to pay a worldly sum for her help. All you must do is pray for it."

"Who is she, Padre?" asked the boy. "She is the Blessed Mother, my boy," said the priest. The boy glanced unknowingly before he said, "How do I go about praying to her? I am just a peasant boy, and I do not know very many prayers as yet."

"You are in my catechism, aren't you, Manuel?" The boy nodded his head, and the priest continued, "Well, then kneel down with me and we will say the rosary together. When they had finished the rosary the boy knelt for a moment before he arose. The priest handed the boy a small rosary which he told him to keep.

"Above all," the man in black continued, "have faith that the lady will help you." The boy left after thanking the priest and ran all the way home clutching the rosary.

When he reached his destination he rushed into the small cabin. He found his brother sitting



in a chair gazing out of the one and only window in the house. "Pedro!" the boy said happily, "I've found the lady." Then he went into an explanation of all that had happened at the rectory.

When he finished he noticed a change in his brother's expression. "Manuel," he said, "This is truly an odd twist of fate, for soon after you left to go into the village, the man in charge of hiring the field-help visited us. He offered me a job that will help solve our difficulty."

"Indeed," said the older man, "We should be very grateful to her."

If a passerby glanced through the window of the small hut at that moment he would see two Mexican peasants, both praying the beads of a small rosary in gratitude for finding the lovely lady.

Dolores Thomas. IV-B,
Loretto — Woodlawn.

THE CLASSIC CITY

Our city, Stratford, really was started by accident. It happened in the choleric year of 1832, when John McCarthy was forced to spend the night at "Little Thames," a Canada Co. trading post, because of two broken wagon-wheels. He liked this shady spot and it was here beside the banks of the peaceful Avon where he built his first log cabin.

In November of the same year Father Dempsey came to Stratford and celebrated the first Mass. The first little Catholic Church was opened in 1842.

In 1833 the struggling hamlet was beginning to take shape by the erection of a grist mill and then in the next year a little post office was built by J. Daly.

In as early as 1849 the Classic City could boast a newspaper called the "Perth County News."

In 1853 the Grand Trunk Railway laid the first rails in Stratford.

A few years later in 1856 the first calamity struck the flourishing community, a great fire, which besides burning the post office killed the post-master and his daughter.

In 1876 the MacDonald Manufacturing Co. began operations followed by a number of new industrial plants.

In 1878 the Loretto Nuns came to Stratford and opened the Convent, and in September of that year the first Separate school was opened.

In the year 1866 the men of the town had

their first taste of war. The Fenian Raids were threatening their country's peace and the "Black coats" of Stratford went off to fight.

The greatest catastrophe in our city happened in the fateful year of '79. A car load of dynamite exploded flattening the freight sheds, working havoc with many houses and killing several of the people.

In 1882 the town's population had risen to 9,000 and in 1885 Stratford was inaugurated as a city.

In 1913 a great fire struck quickly and fiercely. This time the victim was Knox Church and at that horrible blaze three more brave men lost their lives.

Even though Stratford is small, she can justly be proud of some of her people. We know that the electrical wizard Thomas Edison wasn't born in Stratford, but he lived for a short time on Grange Street here.

In Sports we are proud of our "Stratford Streak," Howie Morenz, who thrilled many a hockey fan with his quick puck handling in the 1920's.

And now to-day the serene Shakespearian Gardens is a fitting tribute to Mr. John McCarthy, the founder of our Classic City.

Eileen Herron, XII,
Stratford.

THE GLEAMING HEART

There was a night three centuries ago,
As the cloister annals record,
When Sister Margaret Mary
Had a visit from Our Lord.

Devoutly as she knelt there
At the feet of her Master,
She felt the rays from His Heart
Make her own beat faster.

She trembled with quick fear,
And with humble amaze,
That she should behold
His Heart's love-warm rays.

He told her of His Heart's desire
For things that should be;
Not for her alone He told them,
But for her, and you and me.

Devotion to His Sacred Heart
Can calm life's troubled sea,
And fill each home with happiness,
And love of high degree.

Iris Reynolds, IV,
Loretto-Englewood.

HOME IS WHERE THE HEART BELONGS

At the familiar sound of a long and two short rings of the front doorbell, Ann and her roommates leaped up from the cushions on the floor of the attic dormitory, where they had been studying for exams, and stumbled against each other as they raced down the narrow stairway. But in the living room they found the postman already besieged and crowded from view by the lower floor students.

Ann made her way around the outer edge of the circle and waited near the door as letters were plucked from the little man's hand before he could finish reading the names. When the mail was gone and he held out none for her, she asked, "Are you sure, Harry, there is not any for me?"

He looked up at her oval face with the serious brown eyes. "I am sorry, Miss Ann. But there is none. You know how fathers are, making money for their daughters here in college —"

"Not Dad. Money does not mean that much to him." She moved slowly away from his comforting voice and started up the stairs, back to her room.

As she went up the steps and passed the single, comfortably-furnished rooms of the other girls, she felt a great humbleness for the many kindnesses they had shown her. Her classmates even begged her for information of her father and small home-town newspaper.

As Ann went into her room, she looked at herself in the mirror and saw a tall slim girl of eighteen, with light brown eyes, and shoulder-length brown hair. Ann's parents emigrated here from Italy in the late 1920's; and started a small town newspaper. Since Ann was the only child, her parents were able to send her through high school, and now through college.

Helen, her roommate, interrupted her thoughts, "A friend of yours from home is waiting for you outside, Ann."

Ann hurried down the stairs. On the veranda she saw a tall, young man, with blond hair waiting for her.

"Michael, Michael," she cried, "why are you here? What is wrong?"

"Not a thing," he said laughingly, when he saw her worried face. "I had a few days off; so I thought I would drive down. Are you sorry to see me?"

"You know I am not." She gave way to a long relieved sigh. "I have been worried about Mom and Dad. Have not had a letter

in over three weeks. Are they well, Michael?"

"Well —"

"Please tell me." Ann begged.

"Your father has been ill. He had a stroke two weeks ago, but he was a little better when I left him. Your mother is near crazy trying to decide whether to ask you to come home, or to let you stay. We know how much your father means to you."

"When are you starting back?" she asked.

"At once."

"Then I am coming back with you." And so saying she ran up to the attic to pack a small valise.

They left the College in Michael's car at seven that night and drove steadily through the night, stopping only at a gas station to refuel the car.

At eleven o'clock the next morning, Ann found herself in front of a familiar small, low-eaved white house; the white paint had peeled from many of the window sills; and many shingles were missing from the roof.

Ann started quickly from the car and ran to the house. She opened the door and went in as her mother came from the kitchen. The plump, kind face was pale with sleeplessness; the small, light brown eyes were swollen. But at the sight of Ann the grief seemed to vanish. She held the slim girl close in her arms.

"How is he, Mom?"

"Thank Heaven, a little better. The stroke was not as bad as it looked at first. I did not know what to do — to send for you or not."

"You did right," she said. "I should have been here long ago. Can I see him?"

"Yes, the nurse is with him now."

Ann went up the stairs slowly. She remembered how she used to brag about her father to the girls at school.

On the top landing she turned left and opened the door to her father's room; a woman in a white-starched uniform looked out at her.

"I am Ann."

"Hello, we have been expecting you. Do not stay too long."

Ann approached the bed and looked down upon her father's still figure.

"Hello there," she said cheerfully.

"Ann," he whispered, "you should not have come. Your exams —"

"I have brought my books with me and I shall study here."

The door opened and Doctor Dale came in. "Wait for me outside." He told her.

In the corridor she paced up and down

the hallway; until the doctor opened the door and motioned her downstairs.

In the kitchen he said to Ann and her mother. "He is going to get well, but he should go down south, to a much drier climate. I shall come to see him again this afternoon."

Later that day Michael came over to inquire how her father was. As she led him into the house, she remembered the words her father used to say to her long ago. — "Sharing what little we have is the only means of escaping selfishness. To forget what we want and think of others — that alone can bring happiness."

When they were seated she told him that Doctor Dale wanted them to take her father south. "If Dad could sell the paper to someone, our worries would be over. He could even start another paper down south."

"Ann," he said, "let us wait for a few more days, until your father is better; then we can talk about it."

In the days that followed, Ann sat with her father for long hours; reading to him. Each day he was getting better; and by the end of the week, he was able to sit up and eat his regular meals.

Then, one day, he said, worriedly, "Ann your exams? Now that I am better you will be able to go back to college and finish your course."

"No, Dad," she said, "this is where I belong — at home. I am almost glad that you have been ill, that I had to come home. I understand a great many things now that I did not know before."

While Ann was going downstairs to find her mother, she heard a voice inside her saying — "Sharing what we have is the only way of escaping selfishness. To forget what we want and think of others — that alone can bring true happiness."

Dora Renzetti, XIII,
Loretto College School, Brunswick

There is a rainbow in the sky
It's come to bid the rain good-bye;
And with the going of the rain
All the world is fresh again.
The birds begin their song once more
As up into the sky they soar.
The flowers in the flower beds
Smile and lift their drooping heads,
Then through the clouds of fleecy white
The old sun peeps to make earth bright..
And everyone is bright and gay
For it is now a lovely day.

Patricia Tatz, XII
Loretto College School

ADVANTAGES OF BEING LAST IN LINE

I will remind you of that old saying you probably have heard before, "The last will be the first." To prove the statement you just have to notice the Loretto girls going to Beads in the morning. The first girl to go in is always the last to come out.

Secondly, if you are the last in line you won't get your feet walked on, and you will avoid the pain of one hundred and fifty pounds more or less on your toes; not only that, but you will also avoid the hundred bad thoughts per second that come into your mind after hearing these two popular and well-known words, "Excuse Me." You will not be obliged to answer with a sweet smile, "It is all right."

Another advantage is that you are not being pushed around by somebody that is in a hurry. While the others that have the privilege of going before me are entering the spacious class-room with a majestic air, I walk along with book in hand, busily studying my lesson, another distinct advantage!

Helena Saenz, XII, Loretto, Niagara.

WHAT THE FAMILY ROSARY MEANS TO ME

I like to pray the rosary because The Virgin Mother said, "Who prays to me will not be forgotten." The Rosary is the only way that I can really talk to the Virgin Mother. When I am tempted, all I have to do is just touch the rosary and then I know that the Blessed Mother is with me, helping me. The rosary means strength and safety to me. I know when I pray it that the Virgin Mother listens to me. She is my mother and I am her child. She loves me, and I love her. When my family says the Rosary together she smiles down on us and our home is a happy one. Even our baby, Rose Marie, of just two, listens while we pray. As we say, "Hail Mary," she often says, "Pretty Lady." I know Our Blessed Mother smiles at Rose Marie's little speech.

May our "Pretty Lady" smile on all of us and may we keep near her always. If we keep our rosaries in our hands and ask Mary to protect us we have no fear for she is the Queen of Heaven and Queen of the World. "Pretty Lady" pray for us now and forever. Amen.

Louis Sprentz, Jr., VI,
St. Augustine's School, Regina.

RADIO GOES TO THE GLOBE THEATRE

— "This is CBS, New York, speaking. This afternoon 'CBS Is There,' takes you back three hundred years to the England of 1602. Mr. William Shakespeare has kindly given his permission to this network to broadcast the first performance of his new tragedy, *Hamlet*. We switch you now to London, and John Daly, waiting with his mike in front of the Globe Theatre."

"Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen, for the past ten minutes I have been standing here at the Globe entrance, in a jostling crowd, waiting for the street car to clear a bit, so that I can get backstage. The flag announcing today's performance has been set up for quite a while, and any minute now, the trumpeter will sound his horn for the play to begin. But first, let's see if we can't have a talk with Mr. Shakespeare, who, as you know, is the author of today's play."

"Excuse me, sir."

"Will you let me through, please?"

"Pardon me, sir, can you direct me to the tiring rooms?"

"Gladly, sir; right this way. You'll find them on the first floor, behind the stage."

"Ah, now I won't have to shout above the crowd to be heard. These people are certainly very demonstrative. There's Mr. Shakespeare now, in a corner with some actors. Mr. Shakespeare!

"Yes? Oh, you're John Daly, are you not? From the radio station I've been expecting you. Come, I'll show you through the theatre while we talk. Perhaps you would like to meet some of our staff. I say, Joseph! Will you come here a moment, please? Mr. Daly, I want you to know our page boy, and part-time actor. He's only twelve, but a very important member of this troupe. Tell him why, Joe."

"Well, sir, I announce the different acts of the play, and describe the settings to the audience. I'm also a lady on occasion. You see, women are never allowed to appear on the stage. They mustn't even attend plays, unless they keep their faces masked."

"Why, how odd. But I suppose —

"There's the trumpet now! Joe, hurry on stage and put the title up! Come with me, Mr. Daly. We'll have a good view from the Lord's Room above the stage. The actors are coming out now. The first scene in *Hamlet* takes place in front of Elsinore Castle, in Denmark. It is midnight, time for the changing of the guard, and Francisco challenges Bernardo, who is coming to relieve him of his post. As the two stand

conversing, Horatio and Marcellus, two of Prince Hamlet's friends enter. My! The spectators are especially unruly to-day. You know, most of the audience are only poor commoners, who pay a penny to enter, and make themselves as comfortable as possible in the pit. Even so, I admire them for their keen imaginations. They can turn that bare platform into a castle, a moor or an ocean, whatever the play calls for. But, as I was saying —

"Excuse me, Mr. Shakespeare, but isn't there something missing? None of the actors I have seen so far seem to be wearing any sort of costume."

"Oh, no, Mr. Daly. They dress in whatever they wish. The richer an actor is, the richer will be his attire."

"But, hush, let us listen for a moment. King Hamlet's ghost has just entered. The guards are speaking. . . .

(*Marcellus*) Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.

(*Bernardo*) Looks it not like the king? Mark it, Horatio.

(*Horatio*) Most like: it harrows me with fear and wonder.

"Ah, I think the audience likes it. At least the groundlings have lessened their catcalls a little. I hope it does not rain to-day. There are clouds gathering, and with no roof over us we are open to the weather. I know all these gallants won't want to spoil their satin finery."

Now Horatio and Marcellus are discussing the secret fortifying that has been in progress in the kingdom of Denmark. It is rumored that Prince Fortinbras, of Norway, is seeking revenge for his father's death at the hands of the murdered King Hamlet, and is preparing to march on Elsinore. Now the ghost enters again, but before they can act, it disappears, just as the cock crows:—

(*Horatio*)

But, look, the morn in russet clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high, eastern hill,
Break we our watch up; and by my advice
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto Hamlet:

"Excellent! This is the close of the first scene, Mr. Daly. While the stage is being prepared, let's walk around a bit. Now over here is:

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is New York again. We regret that we no longer maintain a clear reception from London. Therefore, we are forced to cancel the remainder of this first broadcast of *Hamlet*. The latest news follows in a moment."

Therese Molyneux, XII,
Loretto — Englewood.

GRATIA DEI

"Boy! What activity there is around this hospital's emergency ward to-night," thought Tony, the guardian angel, as he perched himself on the stool beside the stretcher on which his charge, Patrick Donovan was heaped. "This will be an exciting night and I must watch and pray."

"Oh my God! how my head hurts," thought Donovan. "It's so dark here — must be night.



Wonder where I am and what all this mumbling and rushing of feet is about. Maybe if I listen...

"Dr. O'Leary, would you step over here for a moment?" asked Sister Loretto in an urgent voice.

"Sister," the young surgeon spoke softly, "there is little hope for this man's recovery. He shows signs of profuse intracranial haemorrhage due to a fracture of the auricular fossa and his heart shows marked myocardial failure. There is only one chance and that is an exploratory surgical operation to determine the site of haemorrhage and to arrest it."

Only one phrase from this harangue penetrated Donovan's fogged mind — "little hope for this man's recovery." Now what would any man think of immediately upon hearing that he was being sent for? Quite naturally his mind was gripped with fear as he thought, "I'm not prepared to meet Him. A priest, I need a priest," and he opened his mouth to cry out. Not a sound came forth, so he tried to move his aching body. A soft hand rested lightly on his throbbing temples and a still softer voice spoke in his ear,

"Father will be here in a minute." What seemed like an eternity to Donovan elapsed. Thoughts of his sins and misdeeds, of the Angel

of Death clouded his confused mind. One thought kept weaving itself through this maze of thought.

"Out of the depths I have cried to Thee, O Lord; Lord hear my voice."

Poor Donovan felt his consciousness lessening quickly. "Even if Father comes, what good will it do? I cannot speak the many things I must tell him," he thought forlornly. But Father did come and, like the Christ he represented, comforted the dying man, helped him make a mental act of contrition, granted him absolution and anointed him with holy oils. As the crucifix was raised from Donovan's eager lips he passed into the depths of unconsciousness with peace in his heart.

Then followed a quick session in the operating room and a few busy hours in the ward with doctors and nurses working feverishly to help Donovan gain a stronger hold on life. Donovan knew very few things and though he blinked his eyes he could see nothing. Hushed voices, hurrying feet intruded upon his consciousness. At times when he thought he would be consumed with fever and his head felt like an accordion he would feel the covers and shirt leave his body and then the shock of alcohol being slapped over him and evaporated in the face of an electric fan. At last Donovan's breathing became Cheyne-Stoke's in character, his face and extremities became cyanosed. Even nasal oxygen did not help. At this point Donovan heard the last words as the nurse whispered in his ear, "Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, be with me on my way."

Tony heard a trumpet blow and the trumpeter's name he knew well. As the first light of dawn streaked the eastern parapets of heaven and as Tony, the nurses and the night sister knelt intoning the prayers for the dying, Donovan went to meet his God.

Tony mused, "that the ways of God's Grace are indeed incredible when a man is forced to be alone with his God for even a short period of time. Here was Patrick Donovan, a man of perpetual physical activity. Life for him had been one continuous round of eating, sleeping, beer parlours, wine stores, brawls, police courts and hospitals. A more degraded soul it has never been my misfortune to watch over. And yet to-day my charge is in Heaven because with the Lord there is mercy and with Him plentiful redemption."

Elaine De Rose, XIII,
Loretto College School, Brunswick



Girls of Stratford, Brunswick and Guelph who participated in the first annual Field Day

INTER-LORETTO FIELD and TRACK MEET

The chill, windy weather of October 7, Feast of Our Lady of Victories, did not deter a large crowd of girls from the Loretto Academies of Guelph, Stratford and Toronto from turning out to cheer their teams on to victory at the Loretto joint field and track meet. Held at Exhibition Park, the meet was under the direction of the Reverend Father Pautler, assisted by a very capable committee of Knights of Columbus members.

Groups of girls, their long blue and white streamers floating out behind them, found seats in the grandstand and on the bleachers, and there held forth with cheers and heartening comments during the contests. Good sportsmanship was the keynote of the afternoon, winners and losers alike being congratulated by their audience, and their achievements applauded.

Four Local Champions

Points awarded the three competing academies were as follows: Guelph in first place with 12 points, and Stratford and Toronto following up in that order. The four champions of the day were Mary Golden, with 20 points, Senior champion; Intermediate champion, Joan Keating with 13 points, tied with Helen Brohman, and Junior champion Phyllis Whetstone with 19 points.

Winners of Events

The events were six in number, each group divided into junior, intermediate and senior classes. The events and the winners of each are as follows:

100 Yard Dash

Juniors — Phyllis Whetstone, Guelph, first; Judy McGibbon, Guelph, second; Joan Leddy, Toronto, third.



Girls of Stratford, Brunswick and Guelph who participated in the first annual Field Day

Intermediate — Helen Brohman, Guelph, first; Carmen Rivard, Guelph, second; Maxine Mace, Stratford, third.

Seniors — Mary Golden, Guelph, first; Ann Hauser, Guelph, second; Eileen Herron, Stratford, third.

220 Yard Dash

Juniors — Phyllis Wheatstone, Guelph, first; Marie Ursini, Toronto, second; Iris Brown, Guelph, third.

Intermediate — Mary Lester, Guelph, first; Carmen Rivard, Guelph, second; Mary Gibson, Toronto, third.

Seniors — Jean Torcher, Guelph, first; Ann Hauser, Guelph, second; Eileen Herron, Stratford, third.

Relay Race

Juniors — Ceciline Norman, Judy McGibbon, Marion Woods, Josephine Zamin, Guelph, first team; second team, Freda Chalmers, Earlene Emes, Edna Webb, Joan Leddy, Toronto; third team, Marjorie Gaffney, Barbara Schooley, Patsy Longeway, Doreen McKinnon, Stratford.

Intermediate — Helen Brohman, Carmen Rivard, Mary Lester, Joan Keating, Guelph, first team; second team, Betty Woodbyrne, Dorothy Sauve, Mary C. O'Brien, Margaret Feely, Toronto; third team, Marie Kelly, Maxine Mace, Marie Hearne, Lillian Vollner, Stratford.

Seniors — Jean Tocher, Germaine McCann, Norena Damaren, Ann Hauser, Guelph, first team; Joan Edwards, Joanne Mahon, Lyola Matwey, Pat Dignan, Toronto, second team. There is no third team listed for this event.

High Jump

Junior — Phyllis Whetstone, Guelph, first; Marion Woods, Guelph, second; Marjorie Gaffney, Guelph, third.

Intermediate — Joan Keating, Guelph, first; Mary C. O'Brien, Toronto, second; Josephine Beliski, Guelph, third.

Senior — Mary Golden, Guelph, first; Marion Buscher, Stratford, second; Jean Tocher, Guelph, third.

Broad Jump

Junior — Josepha McPhee, Guelph, first; Maureen Nelligan, Stratford, second; Judy McGibbon, Guelph, third.

Intermediate — Helen Brohman, Guelph, first; Maxine Mace, Stratford, second; Sheila Zettel, Guelph, third.

Seniors — Mary Golden, Guelph, first; Nancy Longo, Guelph, second; Marion Buscher, Stratford, third.

Hop, Skip and Jump

Junior — Josepha McPhee, Guelph, first; Phyllis



TOP — Cheer Leaders —
 Louise O'Brecht, Stella Alviano, Patricia Kennedy, Rita Carere
Bottom Left — Senior 220 yard dash with Jean Tocher
 coming in 1st; Anne Hauser, 2nd; and Eileen Herron, 3rd
Bottom Right — Winners of the Relay in the Guelph Cross-Country Races
 Mary Lester, Joan Keating, Mary Golden, Phyllis Whetstone

Whetstone, Guelph, tied for first; Maureen Nelligan, Stratford, third.

Intermediate — Joan Keating, Guelph, first; Eleanor Valeriote, Guelph, second, Marie Kelly, Stratford, third.

Seniors — Mary Golden, Guelph, first; Nancy Longo, Guelph, second; Marion Buscher, Stratford, third.

The joint field day is a project recently begun for the Loretto academies in the various cities, and it is hoped that each year more cities will take an interest in the occasion and enter teams. This year, although Guelph came off with the honours, Stratford and Toronto girls gave them excellent competition in every event, and a very exciting afternoon was enjoyed by all the girls.

A hearty congratulation is in order for members of the committee, and for the various officials who handled the affair with such competence during the afternoon.

—from *Guelph Mercury*

RECORDS FOR INTER-LORETTO FIELD AND TRACK MEET

100 Yard Dash

Juniors — Phyllis Whetstone set a new pace — 12.4 seconds, breaking Mary Lester's record of 13 seconds in 1946.

Intermediates — Mary Golden's 12 seconds record of 1946 still holds.

Seniors — Mary Golden broke her own record of 12.5 seconds last year, by 3 seconds.

220 Yard Dash

Juniors — Phyllis Whetstone covered the track in 30.6 seconds, .54 seconds ahead of the 1946 record.

Intermediates — 1946 record of 30 seconds made by Mary Golden reduced to 29.4 seconds by Mary Lester this year.

Seniors — have been unable to break the record made by Joanne Goetz in 1946... 32 seconds.

Running High Jump

Juniors — Phyllis Whetstone far surpassed predecessors in raising the record from 3 ft. 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. to 4 ft. 3 in.

Intermediates — Joan Keating made the same achievement as in the Juniors.

Seniors — Mary Golden cleared the pole at 4 ft. — 2 inches over last year's record.

Running Broad Jump

Juniors — Mary O'Brien's record of 12 ft. 10 in. made in 1946 still stands.

Intermediates — Josephine Tanterdini's record of 1947 remains unbroken, and stands at 12' 3 in".

Seniors — Mary Golden was unable to break her own record of last year. No wonder. She jumped 13 ft. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Running Hop, Step and Jump

A New Event This Year

Juniors — Josepha McPhee and Phyllis Whetstone tied at 26 ft. 1 in.

Intermediates — Joan Keating, 28 ft. 2 in.

Seniors — Mary Golden, 28 ft. 8 in.

These records were made by Guelph girls. Next year we look forward to keen competition, and we trust our sister schools will provide record-breakers.

There is to be a trophy for the school scoring the highest number of points in 1949.

* * *

On Thanksgiving Day there have been held annually for a number of years races known as the Guelph Cross-Country and Road-Race Association Races. Entrants were present this year from Detroit, Buffalo, and Toronto, as well as the local participants. Pupils from the Academy and from St. Stanislaus and Sacred Heart schools took part and made an excellent showing in spite of a continuous downpour of rain.

In the Senior Girls Relay there were two teams entered from Loretto and seven from the Guelph Collegiate. Our team with Mary Golden, Mary Lester, Joan Keating and Phyllis Whetstone came in first. Each member of the winning team was awarded a beautiful gold wrist watch. Third place was won in this event by Loretto's other team — Leone Kelly, Lois Karn, Helen Brohman, and Carmen Rivard.

In the 100-Yard Dash — Open race.

Among 35 entrants Loretto were in the lead:

First Heat — Phyllis Whetstone, 1st; Mary Golden, 2nd; Helen Brohman, 3rd.

Second Heat — Lois Karn, 1st; Teresa Rivard, 2nd; Carmen Rivard, 3rd.

Third Heat — Joan Keating.

All these entrants are from the Academy except Teresa Rivard who is a pupil of Sacred Heart School.

FLOWERS

Flowers are to be found everywhere. To the costly home of the rich, the well-cultivated surrounding gardens lend an air of elegance. To the humble home of a lonely old man or woman, hollyhocks and lavender give a fragrance of uprightness and charity. The meadows are glorified with patches of yellow butterfly, reflecting the rays of the sun. The cool quietness of the woods is hallowed by the shy violets and dainty bloodroots, peeping from under their leaves. Church altars are beautified by the pure white lilies which bow their heads towards Christ in the Tabernacle. Hospital wards are brightened with bouquets of delicate bloom.

God made the flowers so that He could look down from Heaven and watch the sick smile at the sight of a gay nosegay. He wanted to see the aged women and men rejoice as they observed the tiny seedlings sprouting in their flower-beds. God surely wanted to watch the carefree children gather armloads of fuzzy, yellow dandelions in the fields, free from suspicion of thievery.

The three-petal trillium was made to show forth the Blessed Trinity. Shy, blue flowers are the reflection of the eyes of God's Mother. Roses red bear the hue of Christ's Precious Blood.

God made the flowers, then, for our pleasure. The dandelion is the child's flower just as the rose is the symbol of the love of youth, and the lavender, the delight of old-fashioned grandmother. Violets belong to shaded glens, lilies to the sanctuary; but the flowers that bloom most profusely and send forth the sweetest perfume are the pure white souls who belong to God alone.

Rita Carere, XII,

Loretto — Guelph.

EACH PERSON IS A GARDENER

Each person is a gard'ner —
His little patch must tend,
No one else may see it;
There are no flow'rs to send.

Some people grow pure lilies,
And others weeds do raise;
Certain tools of grace are used,
There are no words of praise.

The booty comes in Heav'n,
A lifetime's cherished goal;
Only God may see it —
The Garden of the soul.

Evelyn McCoy, XI,
Loretto Academy, Guelph.

"AND THIS IS YOUR COUSIN KATE!"

Kathy O'Connor adjusted the bow on her blouse, gave a final saucy primp to her soft black curls and flounced downstairs, her taffeta skirt swishing gayly as she went. Though only the adopted daughter of the O'Connors, Kathy, with her laughing Irish blue eyes and winning personality, was as pretty a colleen as they could ever have wished for. Kathy was full of anticipation this evening. In two or three days it would be the feast of St. Patrick; not only that, but to-night she would meet Michael Sullivan. He was Mrs. O'Connor's grand-nephew. Michael had decided to begin college at 'St. Thomas' in their city the following year, and had found temporary employment in the meantime. Quite unexpectedly he had telephoned, saying he should like to visit them. Seventeen-year-old Kathy was sure she would like any relation of Mrs. O'Connor's.

At six o'clock sharp, a brisk ring of the door-bell brought Mr. O'Connor out of his easy-chair repose as he strode quickly out into the hall. Then Kathy caught sight of a flaming torch of red hair through the open door. "Well, Michael Sullivan, 'tis good to see you!" greeted Mr. O'Connor heartily. "And you're your mother's boy all over, for sure," exclaimed his wife. They ushered the young man into the living-room. Any attempts of his to speak were utterly useless. Then Mrs. O'Connor's voice "...and this is Kathleen, Michael." Kathy found herself looking up at a tall, handsome, definitely Irish, young man of not more than nineteen.

"Well, Kathleen, how do you do. I didn't expect to meet as pretty a girl to go with my favourite name!" he exclaimed; then checked himself. His ears became the colour of his hair. After all, that wasn't exactly the thing to say to your second cousin. Somchow, Michael had never known of Kathy's adoption and she and Mrs. O'Connor took it for granted that he knew.

In a few minutes they were sitting down to steaming plates of stew. All formalities were cast aside.

"This is swell of you, Aunty," said Michael. "How did you know my favourite dish, anyway?" he added.

"Oh, now," she replied in a mocking tone, "anyone could tell you were a born Irishman with all your soft talk."

"No, really," he insisted, "everything is just like home. I had only meant to get acquainted, but I'm certainly thankful to you for being so grand to me."

Kathy and Michael found they had a good deal in common. They were both Irish, and proud as could be of it. Michael was interested in sports too, particularly football. It was a peculiar coincidence, but Kathy said she was simply crazy about it, though, confidentially, she'd never been to a game in her life. Later in the evening, Michael had completely forgotten that Kathy was his cousin. Instead he thought of the coming St. Patrick's Day Dance. It was an annual affair for every Pat, Tim, and Mike, old or young.

"Kathy," he began, "I don't know many girls here, but I do know this: there's no other girl I'd rather take to the St. Pat's dance than you. Will you go with me?"

"Oh, I'd love to, Mike," replied Kathy, trying not to sound over-eager.

"Fine! Then I'll call at your house at eight that night." It wasn't until he had left, that it dawned on Michael that Kathy was his cousin! Not that he minded taking a relative to the dance but because she was so pretty; so different. It didn't seem right. But what could he say now that everything was settled??

Meanwhile Kathy was blissfully unaware of Michael's misgivings. For the next few days, she sang the praises of St. Patrick for the blessings of the Irish. It would be the first year that Kathy could go to such an affair, but she had heard from the O'Connors that it was "an ilegant celebration." At last the great day came.

That evening Kathy was ready half an hour before time. She knew it was against feminine principles, but she was too excited to sit placidly by, till fifteen or twenty minutes ahead of time before she got ready. Besides, why should she keep Michael waiting?

But alas! Michael's conscience had got the best of him. He decided there was no sense in involving the situation by taking a cousin, whom he liked very much to the dance. Their friendship had already grown, even in one day. But Kathy might not understand if he tried to explain. So thought Michael, as he saw it, there was just one thing to do. He'd fix it so that Kathy would never wish to see him again! That wasn't going to be easy for himself or Kathy, considered Michael, but— He set his jaw determinedly as he dialed the number on the telephone.

"Hello," sang out a cheery voice.

"Kathy, this is Michael. I am terribly sorry, but I can't take you to the dance. I have a previous engagement which I'll just

have to consider first." That was all. Kathy hung up the receiver. Her blue eyes flashed lightning.

Previous engagement! Most likely another girl he was taking to the dance! And all the time pretending he liked her! Why that was probably just to get on the good side of his relations! Kathy felt like sobbing for sheer disappointment.

"Oh, and to think he's an Irishman," moaned Mrs. O'Connor, "but men can be heartless."

Mr. O'Connor felt it his duty to come to the rescue. "I hate to see you so hurt, darling. Why don't you let me take you to the dance now, since you're all ready to go. I've seen many a girl at these affairs with their fathers and you might meet some other nice young man there."

Kathy didn't like to be sulky and she knew it would make "Dad" happy if she agreed to go with him. Besides, she thought savagely, I'll show that Michael Sullivan I don't even care!

The red-haired villain in question had decided to go to the dance alone. "I may as well make my excuse valid in case anyone checks on my being home," he thought dejectedly, "No use telling any more fibs."

"Michael Sullivan!" called Mr. O'Connor.

"Ulp — Kathy!" he stammered in amazement, while his face turned red and white alternately.

"What do you mean by floating in here alone?" demanded Mr. O'Connor, "and where is this girl Kathy is to play second fiddle to?"

Quite a scene might have followed if Michael hadn't interrupted, deciding to explain.

"I didn't think it right for Kathy and I to go out together," he stammered, "we being second cousins and all."

"Second cousins!" exclaimed Mr. O'Connor. Why, son, she is no more your second cousin than I'm — an Englishman! Didn't you know she was only your cousin by adoption?"

For a moment the two young people were too dazed to say anything.

"If you'll forgive me for being an impetuous Irishman, I'd like the pleasure of this dance."

"I'd never forgive you unless you were an Irishman, and I'd love to dance," she laughed.

Sylvia Hamstead, XI,

Loretto College School.

SEA - SHORE

Hear the lapping, the gentle lapping
Of the water on the sea-shore;
Such a soft and playful slapping
Like a hundred tiny hands or more.

Jara Chladny, XII

PIES

Pies—does not the very word bring a smile to your lips? Poems have been written about "Roses," but if I were a poet, I would write a poem about a luscious warm pie just taken from the oven. Although I cannot recall a poem about a pie, remember the old song, "Can she bake a cherry pie, Billy boy?" Dad says that even if these are modern times, the old adage, the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, still holds good, and that a wife who can make a good pie is a treasure worth holding.

The very name of pumpkin pie brings visions of a warm kitchen and Thanksgiving, while that of mince pie brings thoughts of Christmas. Apple and cherry are the old year-round favourites, while lemon and fresh strawberry are the cool, delicious pies of spring and summer. A simple meal topped by a pie, with crust that will melt in your mouth becomes a feast.

We have noticed that when Dad comes home from the office very tired, and mother serves him a good meal, followed by a luscious piece of pie, he relaxes, and by the time he has had his second piece, is in a mellow mood. Then mother springs a request or problem and seldom does she fail to accomplish her purpose.

Pie-making is an art. You can give the same ingredients to ten different women but probably only one out of the ten will turn out the "perfect" pie. It will be amazing what the other nine can do to a piece of dough.

Just writing about pies has made my mouth water. I cannot wait to get home to see if Mother has made some for dinner to-night — it does not matter what kind — I love them all!

Margaret Coyle, XII, Loretto — Niagara

AUTUMN

A dying leaf has laid its weary form,
Beneath the parent tree that gave it birth;
It fell, when shaken by the Autumn wind,
To find repose again on Mother Earth.
An empty nest is tossed by chilly breeze,
A basket woven once with patient care,
Then home to tiny birds that filled our trees,
But now, a fragile object of despair.
And here we see a withered blade of grass,
That flourished green, until an Autumn frost
Stooped down to kiss it playfully — but, alas,
The love was not returned — now all is lost.
This Autumn scene, so filled with mystery,
Until a snowy blanket has been sent
To cover earth, that little can we understand
Why only ghosts remain of efforts, hardly spent.

Patsy Burnell, XI
Loretto — Niagara

VITAMINS, ATOMS and GOOD BOOKS

Our age is an age of vitamins and atoms—vitamins to build us up and atomic bombs to tear us down! One of the latest Walt Disney film productions, on "The Story of Nutrition," tells us that Mary Jones is composed of:

About fifty quarts of water—enough
to fill a small aquarium,
Enough calcium to whitewash a
chicken coop,
Enough fat to make seven bars of
soap.
Sufficient sulphur and phosphorus to
make a box of matches,
Enough iron to make a small shingle
nail,
And smaller quantities of copper, zinc
and other materials.

The movie then proceeds to show us how many oranges and grapefruits Mary must eat, in order to have sufficient vitamins.

Poor Miss Jones! — while the dietitian is formulating a balanced food chart that she may become a well-built girl, the scientist is inventing an atomic bomb which can wipe millions of Mary Joneses off the earth in a few seconds.

Before we set about finding its solution let us think about these two questions. Can vitamins, in any number, make Mary Jones a perfect lady? and can an atomic bomb of any power send even one Miss Jones into complete nothingness?

If we say "Yes" to either question we are simply saying that the powers which make of her a girl — her "intelligence" and her "will." These are spiritual powers — powers that cannot be seen, but are none-the-less real. And they too, must be fed on vitamins. But the kind of vitamins necessary for the growth and development of human intelligence is the kind in which our age is lacking. These are "Good Books." In fact, the good books themselves are not so lacking as our taste for good reading.

We know to-day, the comics, the radio, and the movies now provide the entertainment which was formerly derived from cultural reading. These are not to be condemned, but they do not supply our intelligence with enough vitamins to develop them naturally. We must read and think to make our minds grow. Through reading, we can become wise by learning of the successes and failures of other boys and girls in every country, in every age.

For many of us, the most appealing type

of literature is the comic section of the daily newspaper. Some of these are good and satisfy their purpose of furnishing real amusement. A number of them are absolutely condemned by good moralists. To many children whose home and religious training is defective, such comics as Dick Tracy, Superman and Batman, appeal strongly as an incitement to crime. The leading gangster is glorified, and the police are made to appear stupid, lazy and inefficient. Crime comics pretend to teach children that crime does not pay — a poor pretense when every series illustrates graphically the excitement, publicity and profit to be had for a life of crime. They contribute to Juvenile Delinquency by ruining the child's respect for life, property and morals in the portrayal of wholesale smashing of buildings, automobiles and bridges and win human life, if the murder contributes to the glory of the gangster hero.

Just as infectious germs creep into the body and eat it away by cancerous growths, so the powers of the soul can be poisoned by bad reading germs. For this reason we should discriminate in our choice of reading material. We should feed our minds with the truly "good" things of life, so we shall enjoy the fruit of their nourishment in the next life. Let us seek for some of this nourishment in good books! A taste for olives is acquired by eating olives, so, a taste for reading is acquired by reading. Then for us let our glory be, "Begin now to feed that God-given power which will live on to our glory forever! Build it up, nourish it with the health-giving vitamins found in good cultural reading."

Joan Stock, Grade XI,
Loretto — Stratford.

ROSES TO OUR LADY

The Rosary is composed of beads,
Each bead a red, red rose;
They do not grow in summer meads,
And at the end of summer, close.
Each rose remains as fresh as morn;
It does not fade nor die;
For in each tiny bud is born
A prayer to our Queen on high.
She takes each rose with heartfelt joy,
And turns at once to her Son;
Then into the soul of each girl or boy
Flows the grace which He has won.

Louise D'Anna, X
Loretto — Niagara



WHEN I GROW UP

I'd like to be an engineer
And build some bridges long,
I'd like to be an artist,
Or write a lovely song.
I'd like to be a model
Or an actress, or a "cop" —
It's always been my wish
To toot a horn and holler "stop!"

I'd like to be a doctor
And cure folks of their ills.
I'd like to be a pharmacist,
And make up fancy pills.
I think I'll be a poet,
And work with ink and pen,
But I'd love to walk a tightrope,
So here we go again.

I'd like to do some mission work
And teach the golden rule,
But I think what I had better do
Is graduate from school.
Margie Henderson, XII
Loretto — Niagara

THE FOUR O'CLOCK

The four o'clock, a pretty flower,
With closed petals in the morn
Rises and shines at the proper hour,
Showing its bloom, so proudly borne.
Mary Hogan, XII
Loretto College School

LADY OF GRACE

O Lady of Grace,
How holy thou art;
With thy sweet, gentle face
How holy thou art!
The Hope of our race,
Thy Immaculate Heart.
O Lady of Grace,
How holy thou art!
Kathryn Ward, X,
Loretto Abbey.

"COME FOLLOW ME"

The command rings loud today,
As ever before.
And the same fire that kindled
The martyrs blood
Is burning bright again.
The earth once more is stained with blood,
Of those who heed this call.
And many leave what they possess
To follow in His steps.
Once more He comes among you
To call you to His side,
And softly to each hesitant soul
He says, "Come Follow Me."
So do not falter timid soul
But join in the ranks of Christ.
And holding high your sword, the Cross,
Answer, "My Lord, I come."

Elsie Iwasaki, XII
Loretto College School

OUR LADY OF LORETTO

Our Lady of Loretto,
The Aviator's guide,
Each time an airplane leaves the ground
Stands by the pilot's side.

Make his senses keenest
If his trip must be by night,
So when at dawn the sun comes up
He'll safely end his flight.

His ground crew and his flying mates
Have faith in what he can do,
So they feel safe when he's in charge
And his passengers do too.

Our Lady of Loretto
Oh, listen to our cry,
And whatever mission they are on,
Protect our men who fly.

So whether 't be pilot
Or passenger or crew,
We place their lives within your hands
And leave it up to you.

Loretto - Englewood,
Maureen Flanagan, IV,



Meredith Zeman and Barbara Burns, both of Fourth Grade, St. Bernard's School, representing the I. B. V. M. at the "parade" of religious orders at Holy Name Cathedral, Mission Sunday



The youthful "nuns" are describing their visit to the Cathedral. First Graders are the attentive audience.



St. Bernard's children responded generously to the collection the little "nuns" took up. The \$70.00 realized was sent to Wheaton. Here they are paying their visit to Loretto — Englewood.





TOP — Physics Class
 LEFT—National Honour Students enroll at College —
 Carole Zelmer, Jeanne Le Blanc, Patricia Donnelly
 RIGHT — Band Members — Rev. Martin, Kathleen James, Dolores Willette

LORETTO-SAULT'S FIRST FOOTBALL SEASON

After three weeks of grueling practice, Loretto's untried six-man football squad was ready to enter into football for the first time. The first game with Detour ended in a 12-12 tie. Reverend Father Bares, former athletic director at Loretto, was present for the last time, before leaving to study at the Catholic University, Washington.

In the second game, Loretto showing added power, routed Sault High 65-13, with free substituting throughout.

However, we suffered our first setback at the hands of the heavier and more experienced St. Ignace team, for which game the final score

was 33-18. At this point in the season, Loretto's record stood at one win, one loss and one tie.

On the morning of October 23, Loretto completely outclassed its opponent, Pickford, to the tune of 44-12.

October 29 saw the team ring the curtain down on a highly successful season in the defeat of Brimley 21-13, thus gaining a tie for the second place in the "Little Eight Conference."

Loretto, with a full-scale athletic program, has become a real contender, and we are looking to a successful basketball team to carry off top honours.

Jim Jabour, XI
 Loretto-Sault

"REMINISCENCES ON SEEING MY SHOES IN A ROW"

Helping mother to houseclean in the Spring was one thing that I eagerly look forward to each new year. My intentions to help clean the whole house were of the very best, but it always seemed that the attic was my limit. When I reached it, I thought it would be better to move all the trunks to one side. Then, I noticed that one trunk had an extraordinary lock and tag, "Fragile. Handle With Care." My curiosity was at once aroused and I proceeded to try to open this strange looking trunk. I finally succeeded. There before me were neatly piled, row upon row of shoes. Surprised, but a little disappointed I began to investigate. I soon learned from reading a note on top of the trunk that these were all my shoes.

These little pink kid shoes with scuffed toes must have been my first creeping shoes. What a difference between then and now! Right next, were the white kid shoes in which, according to the note, I had taken my first step. Farther in the corner the patent leather slippers I had proudly worn to go to school that first eventful day. How the years had flown!

I certainly did not need any notes to remind me when I first wore the next pair of white shoes. What a wonderful and rare honour I experienced, that of presenting Queen Elizabeth with a bouquet of orchids. These shoes, above all the others, hold for me a memory that I will treasure forever.

I was very glad that I offered to clean the attic for mother. What a pleasure I would have missed! I might never had known the contents of that trunk!

Eleanor Donald, XII
Loretto — Niagara

PRECIOUS PAT

Precious Pat was a diamond-back turtle. My friend and I called it Precious because diamonds are precious. Pat was only one half inch big and we had a hard time watching him. This little adventurer liked to wander. Once he wandered into a gravel pit. Another time he wandered into the kitchen. We nearly put him into the vegetable soup.

Pat ate too many minnows for such a little turtle. We put him in a match box and wrapped it in cellophane. We buried him under the gooseberry bush because that's where we found him.

Kenneth Ward, VII
St. Bernard's School

THE MAGIC OF AUTUMN

Many times I have gone through the woods, on a brisk, cold autumn morning, on the trail of small game with the fellows. Who are the fellows? We are six in number. We relish sport, especially in the fall when a person gets the tang for hunting in his nostrils. Autumn itself is a beautiful breath-taking month. You cannot fail to be moved by it, if you go into the woods. To give you an example, I'll tell you a little tale which is true. About two weeks ago we were making our way through a densely wooded forest many miles from nowhere, or so it seemed. Now Joe, who is so expert a shot that he can shoot a dime through the middle on a telephone pole, five hundred yards away without telescopic aid, spotted a nest of squirrels, about fifty yards away, and decided to obtain a few fur tails for supper. What happened those next few minutes is still slightly a mystery to me. From what I could see Joe spotted a deer and after firing found it to be only some branches which had formed together to look like a deer. Meanwhile, the squirrels vacated their nest and vanished, leaving us empty-handed. All through that day, Joe was lamenting his hallucination, and when we got home what do you suppose we had for supper. That's right! Beans and bacon.

Tom Beiring, IX,
Fort Erie.

ADDRESS TO A STAR

O twinkling star above me,
Created by God's great power,
You follow me, on land and sea,
Watching all the hour.

You need not labour day and night,
To obtain your heav'nly goal.
For unlike humans, little star,
You haven't any soul.

Lucille Leo, XII
Loretto College School

HALLOWE'EN

When witches and goblins are being seen,
I know that it is Hallowe'en.
They prowl around, and I was taught
If you don't look out then you'll be caught.
Then shutters start banging,
And chains go clanging.
And just when you think you're alone
You hear someone start to moan.
So take my advice and don't be seen
Out real late on Hallowe'en.

Marlene Sweeney, VII
St. Bernard's School

AMONG MY SOUVENIRS

"Dear Diary, Today I entered Loretto Academy. This certainly ought to be a year that I won't soon forget. I hope it's full of all the things that it should be." How well I remember that day in September, 1947. I can still picture myself wandering through the halls in search of Grade XI room. How green I felt! But that soon passed. I was very lucky and soon found many true friends in the nuns and girls who made me feel "Just like one of the crowd."

Among my souvenirs of my first year at Loretto I find a poem I wrote that won a prize, the pictures of a play in which I acted during Dramatic Week. Here near the top of my treasure chest is a charming crocheted dog made by our principal. This was presented to me for being the lucky winner in a Courtesy Campaign.

In my scrap book I find a program for Field Day, 1947, along with a program from our gym and choral display.

Oh yes, I must not overlook our place-cards for the Junior-Senior Banquet; they are artistic and unusual; and I still have my wilted wrist corsage and dance program from the Graduate Dance.

And last but not least, a little piece of paper that states that I have successfully completed Grade XI and am promoted to Grade XII, Grade XII, an adventure in itself with the first Chapter just begun.

Among my souvenirs of Grade XII may there be memories of happy yet profitable times among my friends, for this year holds the month of June, so near and yet so far, graduation, the end of my high school, and the beginning of my career.

Sheila Read, XII
Loretto — Niagara

A COUNTRY STORE

Have you ever been to Juniper Corners? Driving through the picturesque countryside in the northern part of Vermont, its mountains towering high, we find nestled at the foot of Mount Owl's Head the tiny little hamlet known as Juniper Corners.

Cy Weatherby's store was buried deep in snow that morning in early January, its shutters hanging askew showed the marks of the heavy storm of the night before. Slowly making our way up the tall stairs, each step an effort, we pushed open the creaking door. The pleasant warmth emanating from the huge pot-belly stove in the centre of the large square

room gave us a feeling of welcome. Taking off our mittens to warm our hands, our nostrils were filled with the aroma so obvious in a country store.

Peeking from behind the row of quilts, that decorated the back of the store, stood Cy Weatherby, his spectacles perched on the tip of his nose and the stump of his corn-cob pipe held tight in his teeth.

Groping our way in the dim light, around the molasses barrel and over the farm implements we found ourselves in a little hallway which led to a small rectangular room. Our eyes nearly popped out of our heads at what we beheld. With little squeals of joy we saw before us the most delightful array of antiques that only an old New England countryside can produce. A music box with its tone so sweet and melodious especially intrigued us. An old spinning wheel, lovely flower prints, rare pieces of milk glass, counterpanes, a rocking chair and many pieces of needle-point were just a few of that superb collection.

Coming up behind us Cy Weatherby pointed to an old grandfather clock standing in the corner, "That thar clock is over three hundred years old and there are many tales told of it," he said.

Loath to leave, but time urging us on we left this little spot of another world, Juniper Corners, our arms laden with parcels but our minds filled with thoughts of another century when speed and time were not so important.

Jean McGraw, XII,
Loretto — Niagara

FUTURE

I wonder what the future holds for me.
I wonder where in twenty years I'll be;
I wonder when I'm old and gray,
Will I remember things I've done today?

Will I relive these happy carefree days?
In memory, will I once more raise
My eyes, to dusky starlit sky,
And dream those dreams which never die?

Dreams of youth, but memories of age.
Will I watch again while turbulent waters rage?
And thrill again to their wild, rushing surge,
Which make my heart beat faster with their urge

Of unchained freedom? Or still again
Will I listen to the drowsy pattering of rain,
And think again these thoughts which come to me
While watching lowly cattle grazing quietly
on the lea?

Oh, will I think again the thoughts I think today,
When many years have come, and passed away?
Where will I be? What will I do? Who knows?
But God alone, for 'tis that way for me He chose.

Mary Catherine O'Brien, XI B
Loretto College School

ALUMNAE NOTES

LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION Loretto Abbey, Toronto

Patroness

REVEREND MOTHER GENERAL M. VICTORINE, I.B.V.M.

| | |
|--------------------------------|------------------------|
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| Tea Hostess | MRS. WARD MARKLE |
| Convent Alumnae Repres. | MRS. NEIL McCABE SMITH |

LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION Loretto Abbey, Toronto.

The first quarterly meeting of the Loretto Alumnae Association was held at Loretto College on Sunday, October 17th, 1948.

Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament was held at three o'clock.

The President opened the meeting, after the singing of the hymn "In Thy Name, O Mary," by welcoming all present.

Minutes of the Annual Meeting held in June were read and approved.

Library Committee reported a rug had been purchased for the library room at the Abbey.

Treasurer's report indicated a bank balance of \$315.34 as of October 17th.

Toronto Study Club are sponsoring a course, consisting of six lectures on parliamentary organization and demonstration of meetings, commencing October 25th, eight o'clock, at St. Joseph's College, under the direction of Miss Margaret Cronin, M.A., fees \$2.00.

Members were requested to subscribe to "The Rainbow," which will be published three times a year. Also, to please send in any items of interest, such as, engagements, weddings, births, etc.

The Annual Loretto Dance will be held in the Banquet Hall of the Royal York Hotel, Saturday evening November 27th. Dance Convener — Miss Margaret Wilson; Ticket Convener — Mrs. Wm. Smythe; Program Convener — Mrs. M. Cosentino. Corsages will be sold at the dance. Tickets are now available.

Mother M. Bonaventure gave a most interesting resumé, as our Delegate to the Convention of the Canadian Federation of Convent Alumnae, held at Vancouver, August 24th to 28th, 1948. This report covered the various meetings, papers and entertainments attended; the renewing of acquaintances with relatives and friends of many in the Loretto Order, and Loretto graduates now living out West. Congratulations were extended to Mrs. Roesler and Mrs. Morrison as members of the executive. Mrs. R. B. Rankin moved a vote of thanks to Mother Bonaventure, which was seconded by Mrs. Roesler, who expressed delight at seeing Loretto so well represented at the Convention.

The meeting was adjourned and tea was served.

DETROIT - WINDSOR CIRCLE

Luncheon was served Saturday, August 14th, at the Detroit Yacht Club to forty-five Loretto alumnae to honor the two Loretto nuns attending summer school at the University of Detroit. We were happy also to welcome Sister M. Corona, S.S.J., an old time friend from Sault Ste. Marie, and a staunch one of Loretto.

Mrs. John Stanton (Mary Dolan, Stratford), entertained the Circle for the September meeting in her home in Bloomfield Hills. Our new president, Miss Iris Sullivan, opened the meeting with prayer and requested a special intention for religious vocations. She made a plea for each alumnae to say a rosary during the following month for this intention with hopes that this would hasten the coming of our Loretto nuns to the Detroit Foundation.

After the meeting was adjourned, our hostess invited us to have tea in her dining room, where a beautiful table was set with blue and white delphiniums flanked with blue and white spiralled candles. About forty members attended, most of them Stratford girls who knew Mary Dolan Stanton in their school days at Stratford Loretto.

MONTREAL CIRCLE

The autumn meeting for 1948 was held at the Business and Professional Women's Club, on Crescent Street, and was very well attended. Owing to the absence of our president, Mrs. C. C. Lindsay, (Mary Hearn, Abbey) who is at present enjoying a trip abroad, the Chair was taken by Mrs. G. M. Marshall (Joan Hodgson, Abbey) our second vice-president. Among the matters voted on was the annual subscription to Estevan convent for the typewriter fund. After the business was transacted, the members all enjoyed a little coffee party.

All members present extended their congratulations to Mrs. J. H. Mennie, (Betty McGrath, Loretto College) who was successful in winning the award for her cancer slogan: "Know Cancer To-day; No Cancer To-morrow." Thousands of entries were received, but Mrs. Mennie carried off the coveted prize — a handsome mink coat. Mrs. Mennie's husband is John H. Mennie, associate professor of Chemistry, at McGill University, Montreal.

Our president, Mrs. C. C. Lindsay, attended the 6th biennial convention of The Federation of Convent Alumnae held in Vancouver, B.C., in August. The delegate for The Loretto Alumnae of Montreal was Mrs. W. F. O'Dea, (Helena Tevelin, Abbey) of Montreal West, who had the honor of being appointed recording secretary for the Federation for the next two years. We all join in congratulating her on her appointment. On her return trip Mrs. O'Dea spent some time visiting her many friends in her former home town, Winnipeg.

K. C. A.

CONGRATULATIONS

To Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Wilson (Frances Dunn, Loretto Abbey) on the birth of a son on October 10, a nephew of Mother M. Pauline, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Kennedy (Geraldine Wilson, Loretto College) on the birth of a son,

Michael Joseph, on August 17, a grand-nephew of Mother M. Loretto, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. Basil Lloyd on the birth of a son, September 29, nephew of Mother M. St. Basil, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. William J. Weadick (Marilyn Lunz, Loretta-Hamilton and College) on the birth of a daughter, Christine Louise, in July.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Clark (Bettie Burns, Loretto-Hamilton) on the birth of a daughter, Cheryl Elizabeth, on August 8.

To Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Liston (Kathleen Burns, Loretto-Hamilton) on the birth of a daughter, Brenda, on June 29.

To Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lavelle (Helen Geisenhoff, Loretto-Niagara) on the birth of a daughter, Kathleen Anne, in July.

To Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Mahoney (Patricia O'Donahoe, Loretto-Niagara) on the birth of a daughter, Mary Anne, in August.

To Mr. and Mrs. Philip Drounin (Margaret Watson, Loretto-Sault) on the birth of a son, September 27.

To Mrs. and Mrs. Thomas Couvier (Theresa Peterson, Loretto-Sault) on the birth of a daughter, June 20.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Harris (Janet Boucher, Loretto-Sault) on the birth of a daughter, on September 6.

To Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Preslin (Virginia Belleau, Loretto-Sault) on the birth of a son, September 25, a grand-nephew of Mother M. Priscilla and Mother M. Leona, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. Leo Wilson (Victoria Andary, Loretto-Sault) on the birth of a daughter, August 30.

To Mr. and Mrs. Norman Haid (Inez Whaling, Loretto-Stratford) on the birth of a son, Earl, on August 10, a nephew of Mother Inez, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Supple (Loretto-Woodlawn) on the birth of a daughter, Mary Ann.

To Mr. and Mrs. Dale Cook (Kathryn Kiedaisch, Loretto-Woodlawn) on the birth of a son, Theodore, on August 14.

Dr. and Mrs. Frank Young (Edith Allen, Loretto-Woodlawn) on the birth of a daughter, Susanne, on September 21.

To Mr. and Mrs. Charles Nolan (Mary Agnes Cmarik, Loretto-Woodlawn) on the birth of a daughter, Margaret Anne, September 2.

To Mr. and Mrs. J. Pytosky (Loretta Tomasik, Loretto-Woodlawn) on the birth of a daughter, Jacqueline, October 4.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Peterson (Christine Purpura, Loretto-Woodlawn) on the birth of a daughter, Diana Jean, on October 12, a niece of Mother Beata, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. L. Muldowney (Eileen Sheehan, Loretto College School), on the birth of a daughter, Kathleen.

To Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Hatch (Irene McLaughlin) on the birth of a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. Guido D'Aloise (Frances Romano) on the birth of a daughter, Benedetta Marie.

To Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Foley (Madeleine Crowley) on the birth of a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Walsh (Joan McLaughlin) on the birth of a daughter, on October 15.

To Mr. and Mrs. Gregory McKeown on the birth of a son, Daniel Gregory, on September 21, a nephew of Mother M. Angela, I.B.V.M.

MARRIAGES

Miss Shirley Pezzack (Loretto Abbey and College) daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Pezzack, was married on September 18, in Newman Chapel, to Mr. Hubert Teolis.

Miss Eleanor Meyers, R.N., (Loretto Abbey), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Meyers, was married in September to Mr. Joseph Waggoner.

Miss Mary Annette Ray, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Ray, was married on October 2nd to Mr. James de la Plante. The bride is a niece of Mother St. Rita, I.B.V.M.

Miss Lillian LaBine (Loretto Abbey), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert LaBine, was married on September 11 to Mr. Arthur E. Maloney.

Miss Patricia Gates (Loretto-Hamilton), was married on September 29 to Mr. Thomas W. Wright.

Miss Mary Rampado (Loretto-Niagara), was married on September 20 to Mr. John H. Brown.

Miss Constance Renaud (Loretto-Niagara), a daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Renaud, was married on September 11 to Mr. Kennedy Riley.

Miss Joan Hanna (Loretto-Niagara), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Hanna, was married on September 4 to Mr. Walter Bruce.

Miss Yvonne Darte (Loretto-Niagara), daughter of Mrs. and the late George Darte, was married on August 7 to Mr. Dean Smith.

Miss Dorothy McCarthy (Loretto-Niagara), a daughter of Mrs. Violet McCarthy, was married on September 11 to Mr. John Francis Nugent.

Miss Mary McKinley (Loretto-Niagara), a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. McKinley, was married on September 11 to Mr. Patrick Wilfred McLaughlin.

Miss Anne Thompson (Loretto-Niagara), a daughter of Major and Mrs. Thompson, was married in August to Mr. John Roper.

Miss Margaret Paquin (Loretto-Sault), daughter of Mrs. Charles Paquin, was married on June 12 to Mr. Wilfred Fontaine.

Miss Margaret Simpkin (Loretto-Sault), a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Simpkin, was married on September 4 to Mr. Carl Antalfy.

Miss Pauline Turgeon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Turgeon, was married to Mr. André Rémillard, on October 20. The bride is the niece of Mother M. Gilbert, I.B.V.M.

Miss Dolores Routhier (Loretto-Stratford), a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Routhier, was married to Mr. Vincent Clark, in August.

Miss Margie Shea (Loretto-Woodlawn), was married to Mr. Rudolph Anthony on July 10.

Miss Mary Gallagher (Loretto-Woodlawn), was married on June 13 to Mr. R. S. Barnes, Jr.

Miss Rosemary Meenan (Loretto-Woodlawn), was married to Mr. Leo Dignan.

Miss Frances Hennessey (Loretto-Woodlawn), was married to Mr. James Boehm on September 4.

Miss Loretto Born (Loretto-Woodlawn), was married to Mr. William Batka on July 24.

Miss Josephine Seiferling, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Seiferling, was married on October 11 to Mr. Jacob Deck.

Miss Loretto Helfrick (Loretto-Sedley), was

married on October 18 to Mr. A. Solie, also an alumnus of Loretto-Sedley.

Miss Elizabeth Seiferling, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Seiferling, was married in October to Mr. J. MacDonald.

Miss Jean Belline was married in September to Mr. Paul Romano. The bride is the youngest sister of Mother M. Benedetta, I.B.V.M.

Miss Joan McGoey (Loretto Abbey and College), was married in September to Mr. Robert Schmalz of Kitchener.

Miss Harriet Morse (Loretto College), was married in September to Mr. Gerry Bauer.

Miss Teresa Martha Stall was married on August 13, in Buffalo to Mr. Harvey James Stapleton, nephew of Mother M. Eustelle, I.B.V.M.

SYMPATHY

To the Very Reverend Dean Egan of Stratford on the death of his sisters, Mrs. McCaughey on July 7, and Miss Margaret Egan on October 17.

To the Reverend Basil Sullivan on the death of his mother, on October 15.

To Mrs. P. J. Bolger on the death of her husband, September 20; and to Mother Norine, I.B.V.M., and to Kathleen and Rose.

To Mrs. William Flannery (Mertis), and to Marie on the death of their father, Honorable J. J. Donnelly, on October 20.

To Mrs. William J. Lynch on the death of her husband; and to his children, Mrs. Matthew McInerney (Betty Ann) and William, Jr., on September 18.

To Miss June Rose Rash on the death of her mother, Mrs. Dorothy Rash, in July.

To Mrs. George Martin on the death of her husband, September 26; and to his children Barbara, Judy and Earl.

To Mr. Andrew O'Malley, Sister St. John. C.S.J., Mother Francis Clare, I.B.V.M., on the death of their sister, Miss Kathleen O'Malley, on August 28.

To Mrs. George McCarthy on the death of her husband, and to his daughter, Kathleen.

To Teresa, Marie, Raymond and George Lennon on the death of their brother Maurice, on August 14.

To Mr. and Mrs. Kevin O'Neil (Bobby O'Neil, Loretto-Niagara), on the death of their young son, Shaun.

To Mr. and Mrs. Laderman (Barbara Lelland, Loretto-Niagara), on the death of their young son, Paul.

To Leichen Langenbahn on the death of her father, Mr. August Langenbahn, on October 10.

To Miss Emma and Mr. William Dickison on the death of their sister Laura.

To Mr. Michael Flynn on the death of his wife, Mrs. Hannah Flynn, on August 25; and to her daughter Mother Thecla, I.B.V.M.

To the family of the late Mr. Parnell McEvoy, Eleanor, Margaret, Inez, Cody and Charles.

To Mr. and Mrs. Henry Thibert on the death of their son, Henry, Jr., in a plane crash on August 1; and to his aunt, Mother Anselm, I.B.V.M.

To the Reverend Louis Hickey, and to Thomas, Loretto and Crescentia, on the death of their mother, Mrs. James Hickey, on July 8; and to Mother Crescentia, I.B.V.M.

To Mother St. Agnes, I.B.V.M., and to Miss Jean Vaillancourt, on the death of their mother, Mrs. Lillian Vaillancourt, on July 27.

To Mrs. James Hanley on the death of her husband on September 28; and to his family, Mother Genevieve and Mother Elaine, I.B.V.M. Mrs. Whelihan, Mary and John.

To Mrs. Patrick Dineen on the death of her husband on September 28; and to his family, to his brothers and sisters, especially to Mother Bassilla, I.B.V.M.

To Mrs. Emile Jeannotte (Marie-Blanche Kiely, Niagara), on the death of her husband, Dr. Emile Jeannotte of Montreal; and to Mr. Jeannotte's two sons, Sgt.-Major Eric Jeannotte and Mr. Paul Jeannotte.

School Chronicles

LORETTO ABBEY

The Autumn events at the Abbey are to us who enjoyed them the promise of a full year ahead.

When school began on September, many friendships were renewed, or newly made, and new ideas and resolutions might be picked up anywhere.

These new ideas were brought into practice at our first Sodality meeting. Jackie Wight, Antoinette Seguin, Loretto Abbott, Rose Valenti, Barbara Dillane, Frances Coffey and Claire Boyden are a capable executive.

Holy Hour at the Stadium was more inspiring than ever, and Loretto girls were proud to be Children of Mary. We realized here how this event has come to be a family affair:

"Dad is an usher in Section Q.
Janie is there in Loretto blue,
Jack's with the band from De La Salle,
In cap and gown is Sister Sal.

Mother is there with Auntie Sue,
Singing Our Lady's praises, too,
The Family Rosary is said in their home,
And Mary looks down on them as her own."

The world will be saved by Mary, and the Family Rosary !

We missed the Inter-Loretto Field Day at Guelph, but another year! We did not miss either HAMLET or MACBETH, nor the Centenary Film. This latter took our breath away with the extent, and at the same time, the "oneness" of Loretto in America. How proud we are to belong to Loretto. And on this note we close our Fall Review.

Loretta Abbott

GUELPH

Sept. 7 — School has resumed. A warm welcome is extended by all the students to M. M.

Eltina and Miss Marie Scott who are new members on the staff.

Sept. 13 — All the pupils on "the holy hill" assisted at holy mass in honour of the Holy Ghost in the Church of Our Lady.

In the afternoon the annual picnic at Riverside Park was held for the purpose of renewing acquaintances and making the newcomers feel welcome to Loretto. The event was a pronounced success.

Sept. 22 — Choral classes commenced under the direction of Mr. Clifford McLelland. This year we are entering the Guelph Kiwanis Music Festival in November. In preparation we are brushing up on two of our last year numbers.

Sept. 27 — Class Executives were elected with the following results, arranged in the order of Grades XII, XI, X, IX A, IX B —

Presidents: Mary Hauser, Mary French, Jacqueline Hebert, Olga Jackin, Phyllis Whetstone.

Secretaries: Irene Clair, Elvia Damaren, Margaret Ferrengo, Maxine Godin, Sylvia Tapson.

Treasurers: Yvonne Steffler, Joan Keating, Frances Drohan, Eileen Briestensky, Marilyn Scheffter.

The Commercial Class with an enrolment of 21 has the following officers in the same order—

Barbara LaFontaine, Elaine Steffler, Mary Golden. The Rainbow Staff and the Loretto column in the Mercury are the responsibility of Joan Halliburton and Louise O'Brecht. (In the absence of Louise, Irene Clair has assisted in editing Guelph's contribution to the Rainbow for this issue.)

Oct. 6 — The Separate School Field Day — an excellent event under the faithful management of the Knights of Columbus, even though it did rain during the afternoon.

Oct. 7 — The long-anticipated event of the Fall term. We were thrilled to have with us this year representatives from both Stratford and Loretto College School. We much enjoyed having some of the Stratford girls as guests in class during the morning session. We have hopes of a great Loretto Rally next year with all the Ontario Academies represented.

Oct. 14 — The Sodality Election results are as follows: Prefect, Betty MacMillan; Assistant Prefect, Rita Carere; Treasurer, Catherine Geddes; Secretary, Joan Lorhan. Congratulations to our new Executive!

Oct. 15 — Teachers are beginning to mention the approach of tests and reports — pupils are anticipating these with doubtful eagerness!

Joan Halliburton, Louise O'Brecht.

LORETTO — NIAGARA

Sept. 7 — Back to school to begin a year of hard labour, but everyone was unusually happy over the prospects.

Sept. 11 — Loads of fun had by all on our annual picnic at Queenston Heights. Ask anyone who tried the 236 steps to the top of Brock's Monument and they will be sure to tell you of their aching feet.

Sept. 14 — Why was it that so many girls came to study with dripping hair? It is easy to see that the swimming pool is in use again — thanks to Mother Superior.

Sept. 16 — "Get Acquainted" party held by Grade XII to mix the old timers with the new. Dancing, refreshments and fun galore.

Sept. 19 — Always glad to see old friends! We thoroughly enjoyed having Joyce Luz, Maria Lacayo and Isabel Urruela with us for a week-end. They should do it more often.

Sept. 23 — Meeting for election of sodality executive. Congratulations to the following: Prefect — Dolores Rotella; Vice-President — Anne Stafford; Secretary — Marie McGraw; Treasurer — Darlene Stecko.

Sept. 25 — Not one inch of Goat Island was left unexplored by the eager boarders in bobby-sox and pigtails. Then back to school for a weiner roast followed by a sing-song.

Sept. 30 — Our first Holy Hour was a great source of inspiration. We know that our ardent prayers for an increase of devotion to the Rosary will not go unanswered.

Oct. 1 — Whole school assembled to celebrate Mother Superior's feast day. The programme consisted of songs by juniors and seniors, presentation of gifts and it was closed by the singing of Ave Maria Loretto. Happy feast day, Mother Marie Therese.

Oct. 3 — Did the hilarious laughter mean that the audience really did enjoy the skits given for their entertainment? We hope so! The climax of a very happy day was a pyjama party in honor of Theresa Henning's birthday, which followed the skits.

Oct. 7 — Much credit goes to Miss Sim, our P. T. teacher, for a very successful field day. No one was more surprised than Grade XII when they won the school athletic cup.

Oct. 9-11 — The boarders know the reason for the restless classes on Friday afternoon. Everyone was anxiously awaiting 3:30, the beginning of the Thanksgiving weekend.

Anne Stafford

LORETTO — HAMILTON

Sept. 7 — School opened with a flourish! There were so many old girls to greet one another, and so many new faces to become accustomed to in the wonderful future. Among these latter were no less than three teachers. We can't help wondering just what is in store for us. But we're sure it will be something rather nice!

Sept. 9 — School was formally opened by a Mass in honour of the Holy Ghost, which was said by Reverend Father Flaherty. We put special meaning into our hymns and prayers, realizing the importance of divine assistance in obtaining personal sanctity and success in our studies.

Sept. 13 — This was an anxious day for Grade IX initiates who arrived at school sporting pig-tail hair-dos tied with no less than twelve varied coloured ribbons. Placards proclaimed name and age! Uniforms worn backwards and shopping bags bulging with books created much amusement. A "beauty" contest concluded the whole ceremony with good-natured enjoyment.

Sept. 17 — Cars sped a high-spirited group of Grade XII out to Benemere Park where they prepared for a dip in the "old swimming hole." The bravest gingerly ventured into the icy cold depths, and made some beautiful dives and a few very

original strokes to entertain the onlookers. They emerged, cold but refreshed. Before they knew it both the delicious lunch and time had vanished. All returned to the city unanimously agreeing that it had been a great success and already planning for more to come.

Sept. 20 — The first meeting of Our Lady's Sodality was held at which election of officers for the coming year took place, with the following results —

Prefect — Norma Crawford.

Vice-prefect — Nancy O'Shaughnessy.

Secretary — Mary Masi.

The committees chosen for the year and their leaders are —

Apostolic — Marvel Rosart.

Eucharistic - Our Lady — Ann Marshall.

Literature - Publicity — Marylou Moore.

It was agreed that the school be run according to the House System with Norma Crawford, Sodality Prefect, as general head. In elections held by Grades XII and XIII, Nancy O'Shaughnessy became head of the House of Mary Ward, and Marvel Rosart, head of the House of Teresa Dease.

Sept. 26 — All Hamilton seemed to be present at the wonderful Holy Hour held by the Holy Name Society under the patronage of Most Reverend Joseph Ryan, D.D., Bishop of Hamilton, at Scott Park. The highlights of the afternoon were the deeply moving sermon given by the Most Reverend John C. Cody, D.D., Coadjutor Bishop of London, and the words of congratulation spoken by His Eminence James Charles Cardinal McGuigan of Toronto. Bishop Ryan's voice thrilled with delight at the success of this, Hamilton's first great outdoor Holy Hour on a large scale. He asked all to join him in thanksgiving for the wonderful weather which graced this happy occasion.

De la Salle Oaklands Band outdid themselves in a display of military precision and excellent music. Girls of Cathedral High School formed the living Rosary. Their clear fervent voices repeating the Aves, one after another, increased the atmosphere of devotion in a special manner.

Solemn Benediction closed the ceremonies; a never to be forgotten day was ended.

Sept. 29 — Some of the boarders had the privilege of attending a concert given at the Palace Theatre by Joseph Victor Laderoute, the youthful and famous tenor who has thrilled audiences in many large cities of America. Loretto feels it has a fair claim to boast a bit about the fact that Mr. Laderoute has been a pupil of our nuns.

His program was varied indeed, including an aria in French by Debussy, an aria from "Lohengrin" by Wagner, a Latin Tantum Ergo, a group of Irish songs, and a negro spiritual, together with the bonny Scotch song, "Annie Laurie." The large and appreciative audience were delighted with such a cosmopolitan arrangement and succeeded in obtaining two encores, "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes," and as a glorious climax, "The Lord's Prayer."

Oct. 6 — Thanks to the kindness of the Steel Company of Canada, two large buses arrived promptly at 1:30 p.m. to pick up the students of the high school grades and teachers for a tour of their plant, largest steel works in Canada.

The tour was partly made by smaller buses. First sight which struck awe into all was the

emptying of a red-hot coke oven and dousing it automatically with over six million cubic feet of water-spray while clouds of steam arose high into the air, and the heat was felt in our bus several yards away!

Inspection continued on foot when the open-hearth furnaces were reached. Outstanding points of interest were the Blooming Mill, Company's Hydro plan, and chemical analysis experiments.

Interest aroused was sufficient to carry most of us for two days into the practical realms of industrial geography.

Oct. 8 — Forty-four girls and their chaperones joyfully set out by bus, after an early dinner, for "Hamlet," presented at Eaton's Auditorium, Toronto. Our high anticipations were not disappointed. Alfred-Ryder's performance as "Hamlet" was superb and Hamiltonians were most enthusiastic about Lee Payant's portrayal of Laertes, which brought this character to the forefront. Minor roles were as excellent as major ones, making the play as a whole a true piece of dramatic art of which Shakespeare might be justly proud.

LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL

School opened with the Mass of the Holy Ghost, offered by Reverend Father McNab, at which the Reverend John Bradley preached the sermon.

The results of the Senior and Junior Sodality election were as follows: Senior Prefect, Catherine Grady; Sec'y, Neila McNeil; Treas. Irene Terejka; Committee Chairmen, Barbara Ann Crook, Eleanor Regan, Neila McNeil, Irene Trejko, Catherine Grady; Junior. Committee Chairmen, Nicole Coupard, Elaine Shepherd, Jean Terejko and Dorothy Johnson.

Rosary Sunday at the Maple Leaf Stadium, when thousands united to honour Our Blessed Lady saw the Sodality at its best.

The MACBETH presentation at the Eaton Auditorium broke into the Fall routine just when Grade XIII needed entertainment.

Bowling activities have been resumed under Miss MacKenzie's leadership, and we hope to break last year's record of 325.

Loretto-Brunswick congratulates Guelph on the success of the first Inter-Loretto Field Day. Those who went from here had only praise for their hostesses' athletic prowess, and their hospitality.

Barbara Crook

LORETTO — SEDLEY

Aug. 25 — The opening day of school! The lower grades were there in full force, but seniors prefer "quality to quantity." Their excuse — an over-abundant harvest — an answer to prayer.

Sept. 1 — Still coming! Convent and boarders arrive to swell our number.

Sept. 17 — Ball game for September 9 was called because of high winds. To-day it was held on the forty acres. It was greatly enjoyed by all, although final score was doubtful.

Sept. 21 — The photographer comes to take picture of the classes. Prettying and primping — now we await the results!

Sept. 23 — More new pupils! Soon we'll all be here!

Sept. 24 — Season's second ball game. Everyone was there to cheer. Score 13-6.

Sept. 30 — Teachers' Local Convention gives us all a holiday — except the teachers.

Sept. 31 — We begin to practise for our Rosary Rally on October 17, and to pray for fine weather and dry roads. Poster, essay and poetry contest — "What The Family Rosary Means to Me" — produces deep thought and nibbling of pencils.

Oct. 1 — "Passion Play Week" in Regina. Those of us who were present voted it a superb performance.

Oct. 6-7 — Sedley bazaar sponsored by the C. W. L. Tickets, fancywork, candy-apples, and pop-corn balls were our share. The convent kitchen is still sticky.

Oct. 7-12 — More holidays! Because of Regina Convention and Thanksgiving — and we gave thanks!

Oct. 12 — Elections for Rainbow representatives —

Loretto Rainbow Staff

Editor — Ruth Beaulieu.

Ass't. Editor — Rudie Adams.

Ass't. Editor — Solange Normandin.

Bus. Manager — André Lefebvre.

Oct. 13 — Grades I to X colour enthusiastically at Rosary posters. Entries to be in by Friday — every pupil in Grade I waits confidently for a prize.

Ruth Beaulieu

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James Charles Cardinal McGuigan
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of the title of
Santa Maria del Popolo
As Cardinal Protector
of the
Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in America
we reverently and gratefully dedicate
this Spring issue of
"The Loretto Rainbow"
in recognition of the singular honour and benefit
conferred on the members of the Institute
by this appointment
of
His Holiness Pope Pius xii



Mary Ward, 1585-1645, Foundress of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

LORETTO



RAINBOW

Vol. LV.

TORONTO, MARCH, 1949

No. 3

"Unless the grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, itself remaineth alone, but if it die, it beareth much fruit."

This little seed they laughed at in the dark is grown a tree of spanless girth that stretches wide its arms and rushes to the sun. Its top shall strike from star to star—its fangs shall move the stony bases of the world.

Raising its timid head above the mold, 'twill stand alone for centuries twain, sole one to represent religious life in England, buffeted by slow, receding storms, yet tempering with shade of holiness and learning, persecution's heat for England's daughters, until a second spring shall bring renewal of monastic life to Albion's shores.

Neath Maxmilian's governance benign, right happy e'en now its burgeoning. It soon shall spread beyond Bavaria's bounds, by Rhine and Danube lift its head, bending its austere branches down to all with fruit and flower of virtue and grace.

And from the fruitful soil of holy Ireland shall spring a fertile shoot, Loretto called, and this shall spread its branches wide o'er every sea and continent from Niagara's sounding cataract to Himalaya's snow-clad peak. The spirit of the Institute shall flourish far and wide, mid palm and pine, mid cassia low and eucalyptus tall.

Not in vain your suffering. The years to come shall vindicate your wisdom and your trust, with orders unenclosed, of which the time hath need. . . .

O gallant, faithful, happy spirit, come! Enter thou now into the joys of heaven.

The Angel in the Epilogue of Mother Estelle Nolan's
Pageant of Mary Ward.

A TRIBUTE

The recent birthday of our Holy Father, his election-anniversary, and his Golden Jubilee in the priesthood should be for him, and for all of us, occasions of joy; but in these perilous times, the joy is mingled with sorrow. As Vicar of Christ, Pope Pius XII shares the sufferings of His Mystical Body. May we, in briefly re-



Pius pp. XII

viewing here his life, petition Our Divine Lord for the graces and strength he needs.

The year 1939 was an eventful one for the Catholic world. At Vatican City, on February 10th, Pope Pius XI, raised his right hand in blessing, and pronounced the words, "Jesus" and "Mary", as he passed to his eternal reward.

A few weeks later in a splendour never to be forgotten in Rome, there was crowned Pope Pius XII, two-hundred-and-sixty-second heir to St. Peter, spiritual ruler of four hundred million of the world's peoples, Vicar of Christ on earth. Eugenio, Cardinal Pacelli, whose very name spells peace, has come to be known as the Pope of Peace.

Eugenio, the second son of Filippi. Dean of the Vatican Bar, was born in Ponte, suburb of Rome. Later at school he proved an excellent

scholar, with a special aptitude for languages. He speaks eight. After his ordination at Easter, 1899, this quiet, young man was appointed to assist in the Congregation of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs, though he himself keenly desired to be a curate, and despite his later diplomatic duties as Under-Secretary to Cardinal Gaspari, he heard confessions, taught Sunday School, and occasionally preached sermons.

Came World War I, the death of a broken heart of Pius X, the succession of Benedict XV, the appointment of Cardinal Gaspari as his Secretary of State, and the appointment of the thirty-eight-year-old Pacelli to the latter's office. In this capacity the future Pope began his efforts for peace. He was sent by Pope Benedict XV to Bavaria in the summer of 1917 as papal nuncio. Here he remained for eight years, passing through some of the most troubled, and even some of the most dangerous, periods of his life. In April, 1919, sentiment aroused against the Holy See by the Communists reached such a pitch that the Nuncio's palace was invaded by an angry mob of young Bolsheviks. When a young Communist rushed at him and levelled a loaded revolver at his chest, Eugenio Pacelli did not flinch. Ultimately he was able to persuade the whole mob to leave.

In 1930 he became Pope Pius XI's Secretary of State, a combination, as Charles Rankin says, of Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary. As the years of the '30's rolled out their story, Cardinal Pacelli's keen mind, coupled with a deep sense of prayer, dealt with the problems of life, with affairs of the Church and with momentous international crises as eagerly as he had met the problems of the classrooms. During these years he visited America. Then on his sixty-third birthday, the Sacred College of Cardinals elected him the Supreme Pontiff.

In the first ten years of his pontificate, he has been the leader whose every word and action has convinced his followers that the Church is invincible, that the gates of Hell will not prevail against it, for He whose Vicar Pius is, has said "Behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."

Catherine Badour, XII,
Loretto College School, Toronto.



Most Holy Father

In the Centenary Anniversary of the
of Loretto, Toronto, the Mother General and her
Council, prostrate at the feet of Your Holiness,
humbly beg the Apostolic Blessing for all the
Sisters, Novices and Postulants of their beloved
Community and upon all their Friends and Benefactors.

*Most Holy Father's blessing a most precious
Treasure as Charles Dickens's 4. 10. 1944*

*Joseph Aggar
Archbp. Victoria*

SAINTS FOR OUR FATHERS

Daniel A. Lord, S. J.



THE MARTYRS' SHRINE, MIDLAND

Perhaps to the surprise and distaste of many a modern, countries have a way of owing much of their origins to holy men. Holy men are not too numerous in the government of the living world; but they are surprisingly important in the origins of nations still alive.

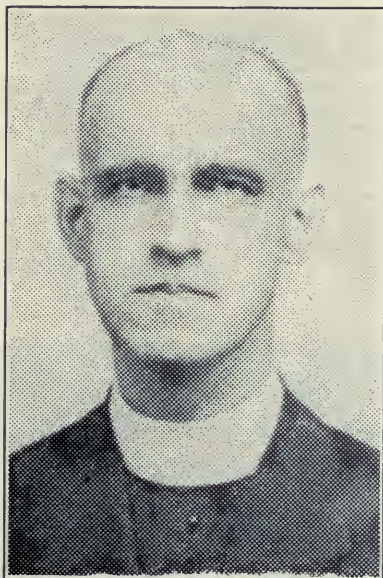
Canada is still a very Christian and in many ways still a very Catholic land; so I was not too

surprised to realize how much of its origins were due to holy men, noble men, even Saints. What surprised and delighted me was the unusual fact that modern Canada has not forgotten those holy men, and as a nation, turns toward them gratefully in the year that marks the three hundredth anniversary of their heroic death.

Of all the facts, glamorous, tragic, cruel, thrilling, noble and hideous, that surround the anniversary of the martyrdom of Brebeuf and Lalement, that fact struck me most forcibly. Canada had its origins in the blood of martyrdom. After three hundred years, Canada was still grateful and still remembers.

So for the title of our dramatic spectacle which will commemorate the event, we chose, "Salute to Canada!" We might well have inverted the title and make it "Canada

who spend their life for the memory of the Canadian Martyrs and those who come to pay them devoted honour, will recall how splendidly they lived and how in torture borne with amazing courage they died that Canada and Christianity might come to life in the new land. Religious Pilgrimages and religious services will flow from the Shrine to the dioceses of Canada. Bishops and distinguished Canadians will speak in their honour and turn to them prayerfully for the future of Canada.



T. J. LALLY, S.J.



DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

Salutes" . . . for it does, in its gestures this year of gratitude and affection to the eight splendid men who, coming from France, fertilized the young earth of the new land with their courageous blood.

The whole revival of the Shrine and Fort at Midland is something in the nature of a modern miracle, a resurrection in the springtime of new history. With much of the world cloud-shrouded, it is pleasant to look to the hill that stands on Georgian Bay, and see the Shrine which commemorates the burial place of saintly greatness, to watch the flow of pilgrims which each year, in increasing numbers, stream up that hill to honour pioneers of faith and civilization, and to see the gradual emergence and reconstruction of Fort St. Marie where France and Christianity established a foothold in the midst of savagery and planned heroically to hold a new sector of earth for Christ and His Kingdom.

There this summer, priests and pilgrims, those

And on the side of the high hill, Canadians will present a great Dramatic Spectacle that tells less the unrelatable story of their heroism and martyrdom than the spirit that sends men to a missionary life, and the debt that a land can owe to men who willingly live in pain and die in horror that light may break and civilization may be born.

"Salute to Canada" will be presetuted during the heart of the major celebration, the final Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday midnight, of July, on the largest stage built in Canada. From modern Canada it moves swiftly backwards to the days before the coming of the missionary to Huronia, to the ancient battle between Iroquois and Hurons, to the men and materials that Europe sent to Huronia, to the Martyrs themselves, and what they brought to the people of their hearts' adoption. The central story is that of a Huron boy and girl and what the martyrs meant to them and did

to them. Then with the collapse of Huronia and the martyrdom of the heroic Eight, we see the end which is the beginning, and watch while from the ashes of Fort Ste. Marie emerges modern Canada, and from the blood of martyrs comes the bright bloom and growing harvest of a Christian Democracy.

The spectacle—which may be called a Masque or a Pageant—is a presentation in music, dancing, drama, heart interest, spectacle and lights, tells the story of what their death meant and the life that came out of that death. It is a story of tragedy that is the highest joy, and of happiness that came from the courage and sufferings of a nation's noble pioneers.

Some four hundred people will present "Salute to Canada", and it is anticipated that close to 30,000 people will come to see it. The city of Midland is making elaborate preparations to play host to the people coming from Canada and the United States, for the appeal of the Canadian Martyrs reaches farther than

the borders of Canada. Indeed, they are more accurately called the North American Martyrs, since what they did at Midland and in Northern New York was offered for both great countries.

Those responsible for the production of "Salute to Canada" hope that a tidal wave of pilgrims will come to be part of the audiences honouring men who gave their lives for Christ and the future of a continent.

The wild moon plunges through billowy clouds,
As they sweep and race through the sky;
The wind is shrieking to the moon
With a screaming, mournful cry.
The mad waves are dashing against the rocks,
Their salt spray leaps through the cold, night air.
Wierd moonbeams pierce the midnight gloom,
Chasing the flickering shadows there.
The sky grows lighter; the moon is paling;
The dying wind lulls the ocean's road.
A rosy grey appears in the east;
Comes the dawn; and it is calm once more.

Jacqueline de Lesseps, IX,
Loretto Abbey.



"AIDES" OF THE SACRED HEART

Each Tuesday evening, volunteer workers from Loretto Secretarial Sodality assist with the fan mail of the Sacred Heart Program. A group of "Aides" is seen here with the Director General of the Sacred Heart Program, Reverend Eugene Murphy, S.J., and Reverend Thomas J. Walsh, S. J., National Director.

FAITH BUILT A SCHOOL

By **RUSSELL FOX**

(As Written for *Our Lady of the Cape Annals*)

Faith built a school at Richmond Hill, Ontario, and built it within four months! Not a spadeful of earth had been removed from the site of the school last March. A school board was formed and tentative plans made. But building operations were delayed for weeks by bad weather. In spite of this and a multitude of obstacles—labour difficulties and material shortages—not only was the school built and fully equipped by August 15th, but the ground all around was graded, and a lawn laid. On that very day, the Most Rev. Benjamin Webster, D.D., Auxiliary Bishop of Toronto, blessed the school, and the Right Rev. H. J. Callaghan, D.P., gave an eloquent sermon on Catholic education.

Nor was it any makeshift school which was erected in so short a time, but a school which the Provincial Department of Education considers a model for all primary schools from the standpoint of architectural beauty, freedom from fire hazard, lighting and general acceptability. J. F. Brennan, Toronto architect, who has designed a number of beautiful buildings, was engaged and gave the task priority.

Faith in Our Lady of Fatima

And faith is paying for the school, faith in Our Lady of Fatima in whose honour the school is named. The story is well worth the telling to illustrate how faith can move a mountain of difficulties.

The Rev. Frederick McGinn, parish priest of St. Mary's, Richmond Hill, is a zealous apostle of Catholic education. When he came to the parish six years ago, he bemoaned the sight of his little ones going to the public Protestant school. But he recognized that the parish revenues were too small to provide for a school. That was not the end of the matter, however, for Father McGinn has abounded confidence in Our Lady. He never ceased for a day to ask her for a solution of his pastoral problem, and when he received a bequest from a deceased parish member, he purchased a beautiful statue of Our Lady of Fatima and enshrined it in his church, beside a statue of the Infant Jesus of Prague, given also by a generous benefactor.

The Children Pray

Then he got the children to come to Mass on week-days before going to school, and to say the Rosary aloud before the Shrine during the Mass. He urged them repeatedly to have as their intention, during the sacrifice of the Mass, the building of a Catholic school. The children talked about their miniature crusade for a school at home, and presently mothers and fathers, grown-up brothers and sisters too, were praying for a new school.

Less than a year ago, Father McGinn said to the writer: "It is not right to let things go on the way they are doing. Don't you think that the time has come for our separate school?"

The writer and a friend undertook to make a canvass of the parish, even to members in far outlying areas, with a view to sounding parochial opinion. No one, of course, objected to a Catholic school, but few could see how it could be financed.

"We will go ahead," decided the pastor. "Our Lady of Fatima will get us our school."

And go ahead we did despite staggering difficulties in connection with the draining of the only available site, a shortage of building materials unparalleled in this part of the country, and an almost complete tie-up of construction labour as the result of strikes.

No Bricks, No Lumber . . . No Money

Brick manufacturers, for example, said they would take no more orders for brick. They could not hope to deliver for an indefinite number of months the bricks for which they already had orders. Nothing daunted, the pastor called on one of the largest of the brick kilns. The manager, a non-Catholic, was adamant—the school would have to wait. But he was no match for a priest who was convinced that Our Lady was with him. Further arguments and pleadings resulted in something like 40,000 bricks being unloaded at the site of the school within the next two days. The Protestant brick manufacturer had several medals of Our Lady of Fatima in his pocket, having promised the priest to give them to his children. As for the priest, he had not as much as forty cents in his pocket to pay for the bricks.



Our Lady, however, appears simply to have taken charge of the account, for it was paid, and on time. There was a somewhat similar experience with a "hard-boiled" lumber firm. A Catholic builder from a neighbouring city interceded with the non-Catholic management and obtained delivery of lumber considered almost impossible to get under any circumstances. Our Lady again found the means of paying for it.

No Builders

Bricklaying and carpentry difficulties were the next to be encountered. Nevertheless, as a reward no doubt for the faith of the people and the pastor of St. Mary's, Our Lady found a contractor who gathered enough men to go on with the work, and a job was completed which has evoked the admiration of everyone who has seen it. The finished school is of such exquisite line and proportion as to win the approval and praise not only of members of the architectural profession but of educationists from all parts of the province.

The building on which a start was not made until last April was completed in less than four months. Bishop Webster was one of the most surprised prelates possible to see when he came for the benediction of the school on August 15th. St. Mary's Parish were overjoyed to present such a fine gift of their faith to Our Lady on the Feast of her Assumption. Her title of "Our Lay of Fatima" was inscribed over the main entrance.

OUR CARDINAL PROTECTOR

Teachers and Pupils Were Found

Although seriously short of teachers in view of all the calls made on them, the nuns of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary at Loretto Abbey graciously consented to care for the needs of this new school. When classes were begun, some fifty or sixty pupils were expected. At the opening, seventy-nine were registered, and the number rose subsequently to a hundred.

"Just a stroke of good fortune", one might say, but the pastor and people of St. Mary's know better. "It isn't one of those things that just happen," they say. "It was Our Lady of Fatima who did it. We have dedicated our school to her. Our children say the Rosary in her honour at her shrine every morning at Mass, and the fact that we have been successful in establishing a school and of thus realizing a dream we have had for almost a quarter of a century is simply because of her good favour."

Faith Begets Faith

Faith not only built a school at Richmond Hill, but the school built up the Faith. As the school began to materialize in response to the initial prayers, the people of the parish found their faith in prayer growing with every brick that was laid, and every nail that was put into joist or siding.

The result? There are few necessities, temporal or spiritual, for which the people of St. Mary's do not now pray with confidence. This is all the more significant when it is realized that the present adult population of the parish was for a large part denied the blessing of Catholic education themselves. Education apart from that given in public schools is unavailable in many Ontario villages although, thanks to a zealous clergy, the faith has been kept.

Our Lady of Fatima's new school at Richmond Hill is a triumph of the faith of priest and people. Our Lady, it is true, did not manifest herself in person as she did to the three little Portuguese children, but her influence was none the less tangible, and it was exercised on behalf of a group of Canadian children. The faith of all the parish was quickened in consequence and now the people have recourse to her in all their parochial, as in their personal necessities and trials, recognizing that Our Lady never fails her children.

At a reception tendered to His Eminence Cardinal McGuigan at Loretto Abbey in honour of his recent appointment as Cardinal Protector of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in America, some scenes were enacted by the pupils from the life of Mary Ward, heroine of the seventeenth century counter reformation and foundress of the first un-cloistered teaching community.

The Cardinal was greeted by the school's singing of the *Ecce Sacerdos*, music composed and taught by Cesar Borre, and by an address delivered by Miss Jacqueline Wight asking for the Cardinal's interest and guidance in the beatification of Mary Ward, which has been already begun in Rome.

The dramatic events portrayed were a prison scene, a scene in the palace of the Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury and one in the Castle of Westmoreland, as well as street and convent scenes, depicting the agitated times of persecution and danger of three centuries ago.

At the conclusion the Cardinal spoke to the school, showing them how timely are the lessons pointed out by the story of Mary Ward and seventeenth century England. In Canada, His Eminence said, we live in the enjoyment of human freedoms, but in Europe, behind the Iron Curtain, there are happening at this very time all the horrors that a hatred of christianity can suggest to a godless power.

Thanking the school for their welcome and reception, His Eminence asked that they might have a holiday before Lent to commemorate the event.

After dinner the Cardinal, with Msgr. Allen and Rev. William Fraser and Rev. J. A. Sweeney, were shown the centenary technicolour moving-picture of the Abbey and other Loretto Schools.

A spiritual bouquet, exquisitely illuminated by a member of the community, together with a large alms for the golden jubilee of the Holy Father offered by all Loretto schools and pupils, past and present, was given into the care of the Cardinal Protector for presentation to His Holiness.

IN MEMORIAM

M. M. Immaculata Leacock, I.B.V.M.

"For Wisdom is more active than all active things; to be allied to Wisdom is immortality."

Book of Wisdom.

In December, 1948, before Reverend Mother General set out for Sacramento and the other places in the South West, M. M. Immaculata wrote her a letter recalling an incident of many years ago. When Reverend Mother



Ignatia and M. M. Gonzaga went out to the coast to see about a foundation, they met on the train a young mother and her three children. The young mother, a sincere Anglican, was impressed with the nuns and when she came to Toronto, and as almost her last act before she died, she sent her two little daughters to Loretto Abbey to school. The two little girls were Ela and Mary Leacock. The ways of God, M. M. Immaculata wrote, are hidden and the answers surprising often. What other results there were from the journey she did not know, but for herself, a Catholic and a religious, she said she was very, very grateful to God for that venture to the Pacific.

The two little girls, fair-haired, interesting,

and intelligent, began their school life and completed it at the Abbey, up to graduation. After their mother's early death, their grandmother, Mrs. John J. Vickers, decided not to change what had been begun, and when later Mrs. Vickers died both girls became boarders at the Abbey. Ela's love of learning carried her on to the University of Toronto, making her the first Loretto Abbey graduate to take a University degree. Mary's smiling, loving nature led her to a lively interest in all things and people. Before she came to graduation she had decided that she wished to be a Catholic. A delay seemed advisable and she spent most of the following year at the French Convent of the C. N. D. Sisters at Bellevue, adding conversational facility to her French. But the thirst for Divine things was already paramount in her young heart, and on her return to Toronto she became a Catholic, receiving First Holy Communion in the familiar Abbey Chapel on July 7, 1906.

The following year found her in Italy with her devout Catholic aunt, Miss Leacock, who resided in Genoa. Here she came to know the Little Sisters of the Poor and would have wished to be one of them, but circumstances pointed rather to the convent home of her girlhood. A few months after her return she was admitted to the Novitiate at the Abbey on January 6, 1908. After taking First Holy Vows on August 13, 1910, she remained at the Abbey another two years, assisting in the school or in charge of the Little School. Then came a year in Hamilton and three years in Guelph, before coming back to the Abbey and the Novitiate for the year of preparation for Final Vows.

In 1917-1918 she attended Normal School and received high praise for her winning way with little children, and was several times called upon for special assignments in different classes. The years that followed included one year in Stratford, and three times she was one of the group to open a new house, at St. Cecilia's, in Sedley, and in Sioux Lookout, and also on the first staff of Our Lady of Perpetual

Help School in Toronto. She had all the qualities of a pioneer: cheerful acceptance of conditions or the resourcefulness to alter them, a ready sense of humour, persistence and prayerfulness. But God was gradually withdrawing her from the teaching routine. When she returned to Loretto College School in 1930, St. Helen's School was her last regular appointment, for before the end of 1931 she was for a second time at death's door, and now with a heart condition that precluded not only regular class work but even the activities of capable fingers. Death was a daily thought.

It would look like a call from the active to the contemplative life but it was rather to the more intense union of the two. Early in her religious life a retreat based on the text, "Love is the fulfilling of the Law," had opened her heart to God's action, and by the time she read "God Within Us" by Rev. Raoul Plus, S.J., it was for her but the reassuring confirmation of what had already come to her directly from the Divine Lover. So it was all through her life—a book, or a priest friend, or confessor, approved the thoughts and experiences of her inner life with God, or adding to them encouraged her on her way of Love. Understanding and wisdom grew as she lived 'in the room of His immensity'.

Everywhere her heart went out to those whom she taught or associated with. "Each soul is a special object of Divine Love. We love the Divine Lover when we look with love on each soul." She yearned over little children far and near, but the larger children and grown-ups, too, felt her ready desire to help and her undiminished interest over the years. One who had been Superior said that none but her Superiors could ever know of the endless daily thoughtful deeds and helps she gave to them.

The last temporal achievement of her earthly life was to secure a position for a capable D.P. Polish young man whose fiancée, also a Polish refugee, came to her for English lessons. By telephone and letter to influential business men, including her own relatives, she pursued her goal with the persistence and persuasive powers of one who has God on her side. It was accomplished just as the short last illness overtook her.

The apostolate of books was hers also. She read widely with a responsive mind and discriminating taste, and could always suggest sources or references for any educational pro-

ject as well as for the deep things of the spiritual life. She loved to be asked. Merely to name the books out of which, oftentimes when confined to bed, she culled spiritual maxims and inspirations would be a catalogue in itself. The literary taste might well be a legacy from such earlier family connection as Susanna Moodie, Agnes Strickland, or the Leacock family, but its cultivation began when as a little girl she read aloud good books to the dear, wise grandmother.

After each attack of illness, she would return quickly to the daily routine and take up with eager interest private pupils or even phone and portress duties, and many a little deed of kindness for the sick. "To love means to let oneself be loved by God", she copied and then explained that it meant to accept all that comes into one's life, to let God utter Himself in one. So, smiling, and busy, and brave, she was intensely alive to the very end, her lamp trimmed and full of oil.

In the early New Year she was attacked by a species of flu that did not yield to treatment. From Friday, January 7, she was confined to bed. The suffering was severe at times and she said: "If I weren't glad to be sick, I would be at a very low ebb, but," she added, "I am glad to be sick if God wants it, for Cardinals and others". Neither doctor nor nurse was alarmed at her condition, but the Superior decided to have her anointed on Thursday evening, January 13. When Rev. Fr. Cormier, S.J., came to see her that evening, she greeted him with, "My heart is ready, Father. I am glad to suffer". Later the same evening, Rev. C. Wilson, C.S.P., came to give her Extreme Unction and Holy Viaticum, and after that she spoke little. Once she said, "O My God, I believe in Thee; O my God, I hope in Thee, O my God, I love Thee", and again she murmured "Loved One, I adore Thee". The nurse administered medicine and expected that her patient would have a quiet night, but about four o'clock found her pulse almost imperceptible. Mother Caroline and several of the nuns were called and they prayed quietly at her bedside until the last gentle breath came through the half-open lips, and she was gone, and her earthly life complete on the note of Holy Scripture which she loved: "My heart is ready, O God of my heart, my heart is ready: that I may do always those things which please Thee, with a great heart and a willing mind." Ps. 56; II Mach. 1.

M. Margarita.

PATRICK LUKE McCALL

The sickness and death of a benefactor is Loretto's opportunity, though a sad one, of paying her debt in spiritual coin. The Community at Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, and in fact the entire Loretto Community, regarded the death of Postmaster Patrick Luke McCall as such a sad opportunity. At the time of the fire

19th was attended by representatives of the Dominion and Provincial Governments and of the city of Niagara Falls, in addition to the numerous friends his noble character had won for him, and his sorrowing relatives.

Through the pages of *The Rainbow* the Loretto Community at Niagara Falls, present and past, extends deepest sympathy to the Postmaster's wife, Blanche McCall, and to each of the McCall family—his three sisters, Mary, Helen and Lima, and his two brothers, Joseph and Albert.

May his soul rest in peace!

CHAIRS

Every room has its own chairs and every chair has its own personality, and it is the part of wisdom to know and understand every type of chair. The prim, "parlor" chairs, which exude a very noticeable, "holier than thou" air from each staid splinter, defy one and all to even approach within the sacred shadow cast by their sedate uprightness. The dentist's chair lures young and old alike, its plump arms beckoning to come, but not to return. The shy and timid antique tries to please its visitor, but in vain, for no sooner does he settle himself, than, in spite of herself, she begins to waver uncertainly. Although never quite apt to break down completely, a very unstable and precarious perch is the most she has to offer. The king's throne, resplendent and ornate in its distant brilliance, much-envied and much sought after is the remote cause of crimes. The invalid's chair is a merciless, demanding master, to whom his occupant is slave. The round, complacent, slightly shabby ragamuffin, is welcome everywhere; his expression of good humour is proof to his popularity, his well-worn appearance is proof of his comfort.

Anne Mahoney, XII,
Loretto-Niagara.

Hearts crimson, and flowers, with ribbons that twine,

These are the symbols of Saint Valentine;
Valentines lacy, and sprinkled with gold,
All seem to remind us of Mary of old.
Remember her eyes as blue as the flowers
Placed in the centre of Valentine bowers;
Remember her purity, white as the lace
Making a frame for that bright cupid's face;
Remember her smile as sweet as fine wine,
The colour of which is in each Valentine:
Remember to send on Saint Valentine's Day
Your love to Our Lady, the fair Queen of May.

Joan Scanlon, Grade II,
Loretto Abbey, Toronto.



which almost destroyed Loretto-Niagara in 1938, Mr. and Mrs. McCall gave their home to the group of homeless nuns who remained at Niagara. For a month the McCall home was Niagara's Loretto Convent, and the whole-hearted generosity and ever-present thoughtfulness of Patrick McCall during these trying weeks are a glowing, never-to-be forgotten memory in the heart of each Sister whom he befriended.

Postmaster Patrick McCall died on January 16th after a series of operations which occasioned great suffering. His death came as a shock to his many friends. The impressive funeral from St. Patrick's Church on January

FELICITATIONS



The Most Rev. William Cousins

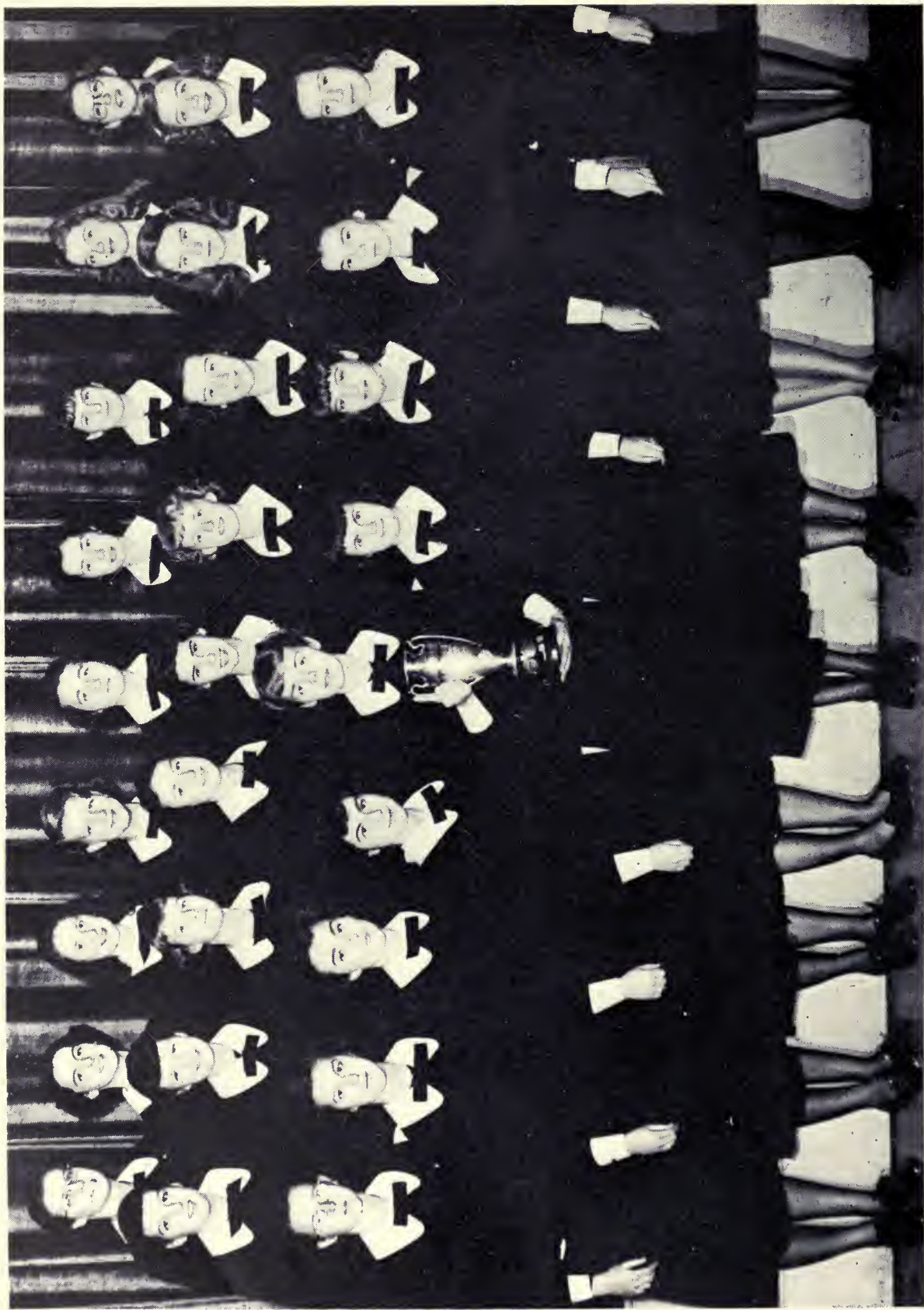


The Most Rev. Martin McNamara

On Monday, March 7, in Holy Name Cathedral, Chicago, His Eminence Samuel Cardinal Stritch, officiated at the consecration of three new bishops: the Most Reverend Martin McNamara, the first Bishop of the new Diocese of Joliet in Illinois; the Most Reverend William Edward Cousins, Titular Bishop of Forma and Auxiliary to Cardinal Stritch; and the Most Reverend William O'Connor, the new Bishop of Springfield in Illinois.

Bishop Cousins and Bishop O'Connor are well-known to our nuns, since the former served as assistant curate at St. Bernard's Church for five years; the latter was Supervisor of Catholic Charities of the Archdiocese. With the consecration of Bishop McNamara, his former teachers at St. Bride's Convent know particular joy, and since the Branch Novitiate at Wheaton is in his new diocese, Loretto reserves for him a warm welcome.

For all three we earnestly beg God's blessing in their episcopal ministry.



Loretto Academy, Hamilton, winner of the Senior Cup in the Inter-Loretto Choral Festival.

MOTHER MARY WARD, I.B.V.M.

By M.M.R.

"In the end is my beginning."— Mary Stuart.

Our time likes the heroic and stresses strong leader-personalities, that we may shape our lives according to their pattern. It likes personalities who incorporate the precepts of the Gospel and the sublime teachings of Christ's sermon on the mountain.

In the course of the liturgical year the Church displays a rich gallery of such personalities. Among their number is a woman, Mary Ward, whose wonderful and strangely tragic life deserves a better and wider knowledge, for it is about to pass the final test of sanctity before the Church tribunal in Rome, that another page of glory may be added to the Church Universal, to the Church of her native England in particular, and to Catholic womanhood.

Times were hard for the Catholics of the English realm in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the proud daughter of Henry VIII and of Anne Boleyn.

The great *economic* revolution which began in the reign of Henry VIII was carried on into her reign. Monasteries, shrines, schools and hospitals were confiscated by the Crown, and revenues went into the pockets of unscrupulous individuals.

Hand in hand with the economic revolutions went the *religious* revolution which had so deep an influence as to change the course of modern history. The Catholic Church with the spiritual authority of the Pope was to be replaced by the supreme authority of the King in matters spiritual. This religious revolution was carried to completion during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It signified the reduction of the Church to a State-department. Who failed to conform to the new state religion risked fines, imprisonment, torture, banishment, death. Hundreds died in prison or on the scaffold for their Faith, among whom were St. John Fisher and St. Thomas More, defendant of the Church against Caesarism.

But the economic and religious revolution were only made possible by a *political* revolution. The King legalized the spoliation of the Church and the State religion by Acts of Parliament, which were but the outward form to motivate his actions.

When Mary Ward was born on January 23rd, 1585, Elizabeth was in the twenty-seventh year of her reign and, though England was politically

at her best after the crushing defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588, the persecution of the Faith in England had reached one of its bitterest stages.

Her parents, Sir Marmaduke Ward and his wife, Ursula Wright, were related to most of the ancient Catholic families of northern England such as the Percys, the Babthorpes, the



Show
thyself
at all times
glad and
jovful, for
Almighty
God
loves a
cheerful
giver.

Mary Ward

Wigmores, etc. The Wards themselves traced their family tree back to pre-Conquest times. They were renowned for valor and loyalty towards the Church and the King. But when the King apostatized, Marmaduke Ward's only concern was to protect the Church and to be a stronghold to the persecuted people. His position and wealth enabled him to do so and his charity was heroic indeed. For this purpose he withdrew from the noisy and dangerous court-

life to his ancestral manor of Old-Mulwith, Yorkshire where Mary was born. She was Yorkshire incarnate, with the best of its humor, solid sense, kindness and tenacity of purpose. The most precious family heritage was her indomitable faith.

Persecution was the red thread woven into the normal life of Catholic people. And precocious Mary heard and saw much more of it than agreed with five years of age. Therefore the parents decided to bring her to Ploughland, her grandmother Wright's quiet country-seat. To separate from her dear mother and her beloved father was the first of the many great sacrifices for Faith's sake. Mary's grandmother had already passed fourteen years of her life in captivity at York prison for her Catholicity, when Mary went there for the best part of the next five years. From this heroine the receptive child imbibed many a lesson of piety and courage to inflame her noble heart with the ardent desire of martyrdom, and the old lady added to her stories practical deeds. So we find her at a tender age accompanying her grandmother on errands of charity. The death of Grandfather Wright brought her stay at Ploughland to an unexpected and sudden end. She returned to her family, whose circle had been increased by four children. Mary, too, had grown in body and soul during these years, and admiringly her younger sisters and brothers looked up to her as their leader and guiding-star. Great was the surprise among the grown-ups, when she defended the Faith with quick and ready answers warming up to her task with flashing eyes and burning cheeks, so as to silence even the scoffers.

Soon a new wave of persecution swept over the country. This meant another exodus from her family-home to her kinsfolk, the Babthorpes, who lived some eight miles beyond York. From the very first moment she entered the manor-hall, she felt that there was something about the atmosphere of the place that was congenial to her and filled her with peace. Mary lived in a state of wonder, for it was too good to be true. Every morning there was Holy Mass. And in the afternoon the members of the household assembled for Vespers. After supper the Rosary and the Litanies were said in common. Between times, someone was always found kneeling before the tabernacle. Spiritual life there was taken as a matter of course. For seven happy years Mary shared this life and received an excellent education. She was well trained in household work, and had a fine disposition and

liking for languages, wherein she made rapid progress. Above all she manifested a deep understanding for matters spiritual, and with God as her only guide and her own sense of thoroughness she formed her personality by self-control and self-denial.

After her First Communion, in Autumn 1597, divine love had already completely taken possession of her heart, and her favorite thoughts were fixed on a martyr's crown.

During the long winter evenings the old servant of the house, Margaret Garrett, would tell her stories of once-upon-a-time, when there were still convents in England and royal blood was nothing uncommon in the houses of St. Bernard and St. Benedict. Two souls glowing with a deep love of God had met: serene Margaret Garrett and youthful Mary Ward, thirsting for action.

For the first time Mary heard of the state of perfection, where there is no such thing as "little things", because religious are the jewels of Holy Church, and gems must be flawless.

At this time—between 15 and 16 years—Mary first realised that she had vocation and affection for the religious life, however, without a definite inclination to any particular order. If then she could not be a martyr, she would go abroad to find the order best suited to her "call".

Since Mary had grown up a beautiful woman—her portrait shows her as the possessor of great charm—it is no wonder that the best and noblest youths of the country tried to win her favour. But she could not speak to anybody about her heart's desires. The Babthorpes, who led good Christian lives, found that she should not indulge in what they called "pious caprices" in such earnest and trying times. The Catholics were being persecuted more ruthlessly under James Stuart than under the late Queen Elizabeth. The Gunpowder Plot was under way, but Sir Marmaduke Ward, opposed to violence, had plans how Mary could help him in the legitimate pacific ways by marrying Edmund Neville, Earl of Westmoreland, in whom the Catholics centered their hopes for the future. Even her confessor urged her to do so until a mysterious incident at his Mass made him change his mind on the whole subject and give up his opposition. Her father also resisted no longer, when he was discharged from prison as innocent in the Gunpowder Plot. Maybe he understood that God wants less the service of our hands than the gift of our self.

Mary's way lay open now. Without flinching or looking back she started on it. In May, 1606,

the ship carried her for the first of thirteen times across the English Channel to Flanders. There she saw with her own eyes the various religious orders of which she had only heard in Margaret's tales.

Introductory letters directed her to the old College of the Jesuits in the town of St. Omer. They conducted a boarding-school for Catholic English refugee boys. There she was told that the Poor Clares needed an out-sister and would be glad to receive her in that capacity. They had already received a goodly number of English gentle-women.

Mary felt an extreme repugnance to becoming a lay-sister, but she thought her aversion sprang from pride. She wanted to be obedient to her priest-adviser and fulfill God's will, even if she could not reconcile a contemplative life with the type of life she was leading. Indeed she had far less leisure for prayer than in her father's house, during the year she trudged through the streets of St. Omer begging from door to door and carrying a heavy basket. More painful than her ulcerated knee were the sufferings of her soul, for she was exposed to the dangers and scandals of the world, from which she was protected in the English country-manors.

Religious life, a sublime and holy state . . . Was this the place where God wanted her to be? More effective than her own statement about the matter were the protests of the townspeople which were pouring in. But God in whom she had put her trust spoke to her through the Father General of the Order, who came on Visitation. He advised her to choose some other way of serving God. Mary was amazed at the sudden change that had taken place on that famous 12th of March, 1607.

With her characteristic determination she decided to found a convent of Poor Clares for English women, as the customs and the language of the country made it very difficult for English girls to join the existing convents, even as choir-nuns. Mary threw into the new task all her energies and the greater part of her dowry. She never would have dared to do so, had she not been convinced that she carried out the work God asked of her. She established a convent at Gravelines near St. Omer with the approval of the Church authority and the Spanish Regent.

The austere rule of St. Clare was observed, and teaching in elementary school was done to make the community self-supporting. Mother M. Stephana Gough, the novice-mistress at St. Omer, became the abbess, and the English Jesuits acted as confessors. After having spent

two years in building and organizing the convent at Gravelines Mary entered there as a humble novice. She was happy to have found the religious life she had been longing for, although the Rule was so severe, the fasting in particular, that she could not sleep more than two hours from hunger. For four or five months she remained in tranquillity; then came a fresh blow in an intellectual vision of overwhelming clearness that she was not to be of the order of St. Clare, but that God willed some other thing for her to do, the nature of which she did not yet see nor could she guess. She only knew that it was to be a good thing. When she opened her heart to the abbess, she ordered her to reject this thought or imagination as often as it came to her mind and to take each time a discipline. Her confessor, Father Roger Lee, S.J., too, expressed his disapproval. But in spite of all her penitential exercises, the inner voice pursued her day and night. Little did her Superiors know how desperately she clung to the convent. To leave the peaceful harbor, to meet the contempt of the world and face the utter uncertainty of what she was to do weighed on her. After seven long months of struggle she followed the voice of God for "we must obey God more than men". Bound to God by the perpetual vow of virginity she pursued her heroic way which brought her back to London, England. Her family had moved to their town-house where life seemed now less precarious than in the country. Though her conduct met much criticism on all sides, little comment was made at home, and she was grateful for that attitude. On the other hand, Mary's parents were convinced that their daughter was in God's service.

Mary began to see other things she should do: the lay-apostolate and the work of parish and social service. As a woman she pioneered more than three hundred years ago in visiting the homes of the poor and sick. She went into the prisons. She instructed the ignorant and won souls from sin and error, helped the dying, secured religious vocations, wearing sometimes the rich dress of a lady of rank, sometimes a serving maid's garments according to the place of her activity. The world had become a vast hunting ground for her to chase souls for God. It was worthwhile to embark on such adventure for the sake of immortal souls. During the few months of work on this line she made the first steps of a long road which has led through times and nations. For *her* work is actually part of *our* work. Did Mary Ward *then* fully realize its importance for future generations?

What grieved her most was the complete lack of any education for the children of the poor and common man. Schools for these social groups were unknown in England. She also saw the need for schools among the Catholic refugees on the Continent. Greater was the need in England, but at present help was unavailable for it was considered treason against the Crown to instruct in the Catholic faith.

Mary was successful not only in a new type



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Mary Ward

of work, but soon found some like-minded young ladies of ancient Catholic stock who gathered around her. There was sixteen-year-old Mary Poyntz, who had just sent back her engagement ring, for the greater love of Christ; blond and quiet Winifred Wigmore, Mary's

cousin, friend and first biographer; Susan Rookward, the court-lady; Jane Browne, well-versed formerly in the ways of the world; Catherine Smith; Barbara, the youngest of the Babthorpes; and a little later Mary's own sister, Barbara. They were all aflame for the same ideals and ready to follow Mary. The main concern was to give a Christian education to girls. As it could not be performed in England, Mary and her companions crossed over St. Omer in the same year 1609. They bought a house in the Rue Grosse and opened a boarding school for the little girls of their kinsfolk. But the children of the towns-folk also enjoyed the blessing of the "English Ladies"—as they were, and are still, called; at the day-school, free of tuition, they were taught reading, writing, sewing, and polyglot Winefrid Wigmore instructed them in languages. But above all else, they were brought up in the Faith.

It was Mary Ward's objective to organize the first members into a religious teaching-community. From the very beginning they embraced a strict way of religious life to rival in severity the rules of the Poor Clares and the Carmelites. It hardly seemed credible that persons, who were living in the world could lead such austere lives. They did not wear a religious habit, but much the same attire as that of widowed ladies of gentle birth, a garb which vividly contrasted with their youthful age and unmarried state. They went about the streets, quite unconcernedly, sometimes even alone, accompanied their pupils to church, carried on the distracting business of running a school which brought them in contact with parents, lay-folk, municipal authorities. How was it compatible with their austere way of living? Nobody knew what to make of it. Were there not plenty of excellent orders approved by the Church? Would they not be welcomed in them with open arms if they felt a religious vocation?

After two years they numbered fifty; during the first five years, work prospered at St. Omer. In the following years it spread amazingly over Western Europe.

Mary Ward and her companions had incessantly offered their prayers and penitential life to seek light on the shaping of their society. In 1611 while recovering from an epidemic which she had caught while nursing others, the light came to Mary suddenly and distinctly—"not by sound of voice but intellectually"—to take the rules of the Society of Jesus, both in matter and manner as far as possible for women.

According to the regulations of the Council of Trent (1545-1563) the Ursulines and the recently-founded Visitandines had been cloistered. But Mary felt that the cope with the conditions and needs in England the rules of St. Ignatius answered best to the purpose. In the explicit design of enabling women to do for the Church what men were doing in the Society of Jesus, Mary Ward was attempting something of stupendous novelty. The rules for enclosure of nuns had just been reinforced. And she wanted a Society, the first, ranking as a religious order of nuns yet without so much of enclosure as "two stakes put in form of a cross", and without a distinctive religious garb.

Externals and conventions of religious and social life in Western Europe had become highly elaborate by the end of the Middle Ages, and it was almost impossible to break through century-old traditions without strong opposition. Besides, her age, still under the stress of religious upheavals, was utterly unprepared for such revolutionary ideas, and suspected heresy and error in what nowadays even the average mind takes for granted, when we see religious and lay-women engaged in any kind of apostolic activities.

"Impossible for women," said some; "unheard of", voiced others. Mary Ward serenely went ahead confiding in her divine mission. So it seemed to her, and so it seems to the Church now, when what she pioneered for, has at last passed in to the normal life of Catholicism, and unenclosed active orders of women are part of our life.

St. Teresa of Avila, a revolutionary herself, gave women's answer to the menace of Reformation by a more intensified life of penance, solitude and contemplation. Mary Ward did not work on wrong lines but simply was three centuries ahead of her time in her claims for her sex, or rather she was going back to the traditions of the early Church when women were the appreciated co-workers of Christ Himself and His first disciples.

Thus in 1616 she presented a Memorial to Pope Paul V, wherein she humbly asked him to take the new community under his protection. A gracious reply was received through Cardinal Lancelotti. The Pope requested Bishop Blaise of St. Omer to give all the assistance in his power to the new Institute until the Holy See would have confirmed it later on.

A house in London had already been opened in 1614. It instantly became a center of missionary activity. In 1616 a house and novitiate

were established at Liege. At the outbreak of the Thirty Years' War in 1618, the first foundations were made in Germany, at Treves and Cologne.

By 1621 Mary Ward applied to Rome for the approval of the Rule. But the "Rule" became the storm center for the rest of her life. The



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Mary Ward

Jesuits themselves had met and fought opposition to secure exemption from choir, freedom from enclosure, and government by a superior-general elected for life-time. They did not want a tiresome addition to their own difficulties which their new conception of the apostolate demanded. A few of them stood by Mary Ward; but the majority was eager to disclaim the new Society.

To give more emphasis to her petition Mary decided to go to Rome herself, accompanied by four sisters, a priest and a man-servant. It was in Fall of 1621. Wartime and the advanced season made the journey an adventure indeed. On Christmas Eve the weary pilgrims entered the Eternal City. The day following her arrival, Mary was received in a private audience by the new Pope Gregory XV, who had succeeded Paul V. With humble frankness she exposed the plan of her work. The Pope listened with interest; he even encouraged her without giving her any definite answer. At a cardinals' meeting, the petition would be presented to hear their opinion. Many heroic facts had been recorded and reported; but Mary's adversaries were not idle during the time and their poisonous calumnies, too, had reached Rome. Mary had to wait and to continue her thorny way trusting in God that "His honour was advanced and souls gained to Him".

Meanwhile she set up school for the poor—unique in the Rome of its day—that the highest authorities might see the Institute in actual operation. It was an industrial school for girls without fees. A second house was opened at Naples and a third at Perugia.

In 1623 she returned to Rome beseeching Urban VIII, the successor of Gregory XV, to approve her petition. Also this time the issue remained uncertain. However two years later Mary received a letter from the Congregation of the Cardinals that the Pope at present would not confirm the Institute and that the Italian schools had to be closed. The Pope had ordered it under pressure of Mary's numerous adversaries in England.

Under these circumstances the little group decided to leave Italian soil. The war-conditions forced them to return north on a detour across the Brenner. On their way they stopped at Munich. There the Elector Maximilian asked her to open a house for the German girls whose faith was threatened by the forces of the so-called Reformation. This house became the new seed for a spring and a harvest to come. The following year, 1627, the Emperor Ferdinand II extended a gracious call to found houses at Vienna and soon afterwards at Pressburg and Prague. No wonder that after all the trials Mary was full of hopes. All the more as the houses had the ecclesiastical approval and most of them were even founded at the request of the local Church authorities. But soon a change came when these authorities noticed that the Institute required papal jurisdiction and

that its manner of life was opposed to the last regulations of the Council of Trent.

Novelty would not strengthen their own power, and would eventually bring confusion among the people whose faith was still shattered by the Reformation. So the Cardinals of Vienna and Prague sent complaints to Rome where the opposition for the Institute was still glowing like fire under ashes. All the previous accusations revived, and in 1628, Urban ordered that measures should be taken to close *all* the houses of the Institute. When this news reached Mary Ward, she was seriously ill at the Munich house. But in spite of her precarious health she, thereupon, again went to Rome for a final effort. Completely exhausted she reached the Eternal City and immediately dictated a "Memorandum" about the form and activities of the Institute. She also obtained an audience with the Pope, who was deeply impressed with her personality. He appointed men he believed friendly to deliberate on the Institute, but in reality they were most unfriendly, and therefore contributed to complicate matters instead of solving the problems. Upon receiving an adverse report from them, Urban VIII appointed a further committee of four cardinals, who were to hear Mary in person and decide on her cause.

With the same undaunted courage she now pleaded her cause before the cardinals as she had formerly faced the court in England to defend the Catholic faith at the risk of her life.

Even today it would be somewhat unusual—and certainly it was still more unusual at that time—for a woman to speak some forty-five minutes before learned cardinals without the aid of a theologian as advocate. But could she even have had one? The opinion of the greatest among them, such as Suarez and Lessius, was divided and no one was apparently willing to come forward in her defence; not a single voice from her English people was raised in her support.

She wanted the Jesuit Rule and the Jesuit authorities would have none of her. She asked for, and would have absolutely nothing less, than an utterly novel sort of order without cloister and religious garb, but being at the same time religious women governed by a Superior-General, directly subject to the Holy See.

New times demanded new methods for new activities! She could not give up this "course" without committing sin by compromising. It was God's will to which she felt bound to obey. And the accusations to which she said not one

word in her personal defense were to her the means for the more perfect working-out of God's will on earth for a just cause.

It is a characteristic and a tragic feature in Mary Ward's life that she repeatedly neglected and rejected the means within her reach, which human prudence would have chosen, to attain her goal. She had the perfect submission to Church authorities, always found in the lives of the saints. But she could not, and never would have compromised for the sake of winning thereby an advantage for the Institute, if the divine mission God entrusted to her was endangered. With genial foresight and confidence in God she went her way of new essentials. Thus she evidently, but not consciously, provoked persons and institutions charged with the up-keeping of traditions and regulations. These omissions naturally brought her in conflict with them and made opposition stronger. Can we believe that Mary Ward lacked judgment in not yielding on minor points? Years later, and in more peaceful times, St. Francis de Sales and St. Vincent de Paul both failed to do what Mary was attempting. St. Francis accepted enclosure for his Visitandines; St. Vincent denied that his Sisters were religious in the sense of current opinion, calling them not an Order but a Congregation with yearly renewal of vows. In her endeavor Mary had neither the episcopal prestige of St. Francis nor the powerful influence of the French court which backed St. Vincent.

However she was not in the least degree shaken in her conviction that God was upholding her in the "course" which seemed to stand condemned. "Happy success would follow." This sentence was the climax of earlier notes on the subject. Her wonderful faith and grandeur of mind is above all petty judgments and criticisms.

So when Mary had done all that lay in her power to withhold the impending danger and to press for confirmation of the Institute, she returned to Munich. Was this seemingly unwise proceeding indicative of her unlimited confidence in God and her trust in the Holy See to take care of her just cause?

During all this time the undermining work of her enemies continued and in September, 1629, the threatened blow fell in a form so severe as to be overwhelming. By Papal Decree all her convents were to be closed, the nuns scattered among other Orders or sent back to live in the world. Mary herself was to be im-

prisoned in the Poor Clares' Convent in Munich as a heretic. It seems that Mary's enemies and an overzealous Papal Protonotary had acted without the official knowledge of the Pope.

There is no sadder page in the history of the Counter-Reformation than the suppression of Mary Ward's first Institute. For twenty years, by prayer and penance, by sacrifice and unspeakable hardships, she and her companions had built and opened free public day schools on the Continent; they had done parish and social service work in England and saved many souls which would have been lost for ever to the Church.

At the Poor Clares' Convent, Munich, Mary was imprisoned with one companion in a tiny room from which a dying consumptive had been hastily removed. The room had not even been cleaned and lacked ventilation. The door was chained and doubly locked. Except for the Superior, the Poor Clares had been forbidden to have any intercourse with the prisoner, for they expected something in the nature of a dangerous lunatic or a notorious heretic. A Poor Clare, most reputed for sanctity, begged to watch Mary and returned to the community with deep reverence for the prisoner feeling that they had been misinformed. It did not, however, give her the slightest thought of cleaning the room or improving the ventilation.

Mary had hoped to have a time of respite, for "suffering without sin" seemed no burden to her. But she realized that it was not enough to content herself with passive suffering and give up labor and action. Thus she resolved to effect her deliverance and prove her innocence. An art, learnt in English prisons, served her in her efforts. Lemon-juice could be used for writing letters, the writing being invisible until held over a flame and then assuming a brownish tinge. She was allowed to receive food and clothing from her community, and daily the rough paper, which wrapped the parcels, went in and out carrying Mary's directions and bringing reports of how things were progressing. But the foul atmosphere of the room and the close confinement were too much for Mary's delicate health which was rapidly failing. When the doctors said she could not survive, she asked to receive the Last Sacraments. But the Dean first imposed on her the condition of signing a paper with the statement of her submission and repentance. Finding that neither His Holiness nor the Holy Office required it, she preferred rather to cast herself on the mercy of

Christ to cancel her venial sins and die without the Sacraments than commit a mortal sin by saying "if" which would give reason to her adversaries and the world to believe her guilty.

Supported by the arms of her companion she wrote in Italian her "Apologia", the proudest and humblest confession of her innocence. The Dean held it to be satisfactory, and the Last Sacraments were administered to her. Thereafter Mary, still in the horrible little cell which

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Mary Ward

had brought her to death's door, made a swift and almost miraculous recovery. And on April 15th, 1631, on the Feast of Our Lady of Dolors, came the happy news from Rome bearing the Pope's order for her immediate release. In fact the Pope had not even known about her imprisonment, and was much displeased when he heard of it. Nevertheless a week after her return home the Bull "Pastoralis Romani Pontificis" of Suppression of the Institute was promulgated. The Church had spoken, and Mary submitted.

The Institute had fared very badly. The houses in Flanders were closed, the revenues confiscated, and the subjects scattered. But in this, too, the orders of the Bull, crushing as it was, had been exceeded. The Institute was indeed officially broken up, but certain loopholes were left. For instance, the members were not actually forbidden to take private vows nor was the work of religious education to be suspended. Mary saw still the possibility—she herself believed even in the certainty—of a revival. The Pope could authorise their living together and could get them some redress for the wholesale confiscation. The Bull had demolished all but one stone on which she would try to build up her work anew.

So in May, 1632, she found herself for the third time on the road to Rome and, kneeling again at the feet of the Vicar of Christ, she impetuously said: "Holy Father, I neither am, nor ever have been, a heretic". Pope Urban raised her with paternal benignity and broke in: "Lo credemo, lo credemo—We believe it."

She had been tested and tried, as had been so many servants of God, and the Pope as well as the cardinals were satisfied, even edified by her behavior, and so she asked permission to bring to Rome those of her scattered children, especially the very young ones, who did not wish to return to the world or join other religious orders. "We are glad that they should come, and We will take them under our protection," replied the Pope. A letter, too, was sent from the Holy Office to exculpate the "English Ladies" from the charge of heresy. Besides their revenues were to be returned to them, but they, however, were gone beyond recall.

The energetic intervention of the Pope, to whom Mary trustfully appealed, brought about also a process for information, and the truth was discovered about the malice and folly of her enemies. They were still spiteful, and protested that the Pope's Bull was nullified by their being allowed to live together in Rome itself. But Urban answered them: "Where should they live or where could they live so well?" So they lived together in terrible poverty, the revenues being lost and no school fees coming in after the schools had been closed. They had been forbidden to wear their garb but money was wanting to buy another. One thing, however, remained quite undiminished: Mary's courage. Within the bounds of obedience she was irrepressible.

The cause for which she suffered and fought might be condemned, but the work by which it was to bear fruit must go on. And Mary would never have abandoned a work she believed divinely inspired. Thus she reopened a little house on the Esquiline where the daughters of English immigrants and refugees were received as boarders, for in England conditions grew worse and worse.

In Munich, too, schools were reopened, but the 'Thirty Years' War (1618-1648) brought unspeakable misery and ravaging disease.

When Mary felt that the work was safe in Rome and Munich, her gaze turned to her native England, where Civil War had begun under Cromwell. As she was failing now in health, the longing for the homeland became imperative. During all the years of trial a small number of her companions had been working there in a scattered fashion. In May, 1639, she arrived in London, but London had become so perilous that she could not carry out her plan at that moment to open a public school and to remain there.

She was forced from one center to another during the following years across the battle fronts of the Royalists and the Roundheads. We find her at Hewarth, Yorkshire; at Hutton Rudby, at York and back again at Hewarth. Communications between London and the country places were cut off. Besides these troubles and inconveniences, her old illness—there were as yet no modern remedies for gallstones—brought her again and again to a sickbed. On New Year's day, 1645, she received Holy Communion. The priest did not consider her sick enough to administer her Extreme Unction as she had asked. She submitted in a final act of humble obedience to the Church. Her strength, however, sank rapidly and on January 30th, 1645, she breathed her last at Hewarth, with the name of Jesus on her lips, the first word her baby mouth had stammered. In the strength of this Holy Name—thrice repeated—she entered on her last journey. Her death was shadowed like a birth. Both reflected the life of her country the welfare of which was her first and her last concern. No priest was at her bedside, but the radiant peace, which her countenance reflected, foretold that her unwavering faith had seen the glory.

While Mary Ward died in obscurity, her work revived and was not only carried on by the "English Ladies"—one of the greatest com-

munities in Central Europe—but was to have far-reaching effects on new communities working on the same lines, such as the Daughters of St. Madeleine Sophie Barat, and Cornelia Connelly's Helpers of the Holy Souls, the Cenacle Sisters, and on thousands of heroic missionaries and lay-women laboring in schools,



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Mary Ward

hospitals, in industrial, social, parish and mission centers.

Mary Ward waged the battle to the point of defeat, but in her end was the beginning of the time she foresaw and foretold when "women would do much for God and mankind".

Final triumph to apparent failure came to the Institute of the Blessed Virgin, as the Second Institute is called, when Pope Clement



MOTHER MARY WARD

XI approved its rules in 1703. His statement of the famous principle "Let women govern women" certainly makes him most popular with the nuns of today.

It was reserved for our century to rehabilitate Mary Ward's memory. The more recent research work has thrown a new and brilliant light on her life of terrible sufferings, her deep spirituality, her admirable virtues, her heroic perseverance amidst all trials.

We reap the fruit and victory of her life, the ideals and influence of which do not belong anymore to the 17th century, to Counter-Reformation, to England, to her own Institute, which from a mustard-seed has become a mighty tree spreading over the whole world, but to Church Universal and perennial.

Author's note:—See **MARY WARD** by Ida Coudenhove Goerres, translated by Elsie Codd, 1938, Longmans, Green; **THE ENGLISH WAY: Studies in English Sanctity**, edited by Maisie Ward, Sheed and Ward, 1933.

MARY WARD AND THE MODERN WORLD

In the recent Essay Contest sponsored by "The Loretto Rainbow", thirty-eight essays were received from the High Schools. The winners were as follows: First prize, Barbara Charlesworth, Loretto Abbey; second prize, Rose Valenti, Loretto Abbey; third prize, Joan McCarvell, Loretto Academy, Guelph; honourable mention, Barbara Boreczsky, and Ann O'Hara, Loretto Academy, Chicago, and Joan Lorhan, Loretto Academy, Guelph.

The three winning essays are printed here.

By Barbara Charlesworth

"It is true, whilst they are in their first fervour, but fervour will decay, and when all is done, they are but women."

So spoke the good priest, in 1616, in answer to a chance commendation of Mary Ward's new Institute: "They are but women"!

When Mary heard this remark, she gave a spirited speech to her little community in Flanders. This, called her "Verity Speech", echoed the attitude of the New Testament writings and those of the early ages of the Church towards women. They re-echo in modern times, giving to women the dignity that many deny her.

Mary Ward said on that occasion, "I would know what you think he meant by this speech of his 'but women'; and what fervour is It is true, fervour doth many times grow cold, but what is the cause? Is it because we are women? No, but because we are imperfect women . . . and love not verity, but seek after lies."

"Heretofore we have been told by men what we must believe; it is true, we must . . . I confess wives are to be subject to their husbands, men are the head of the Church, women are not to administer the Sacraments, nor preach in public places, but in all things wherein are we so inferior to other creatures that they should term us 'but women'? For what think you of this word 'but women', as if we were in all things inferior to some other creature, which I suppose to be man! . . . I would to God that all men understood this verity, that all women, if they will be perfect, and if they would not make us believe we can do nothing, and that we are 'but women', we might do great matters."

In Mary Ward's day, these words were dynamite. As can be seen from the priest's

speech, women were "but women". They were supposed to stay in their home, or if they became nuns, in their cloister. You can see, then, that Mary Ward's proposal that women "might do great matters" was a thought far ahead of her age. She paid dearly for her foresight.

Mary said that if women loved the truth, they could do "great matters". All her life proved the truth of this theory. Because she loved God, Who is All-Truth, she went into voluntary exile to become a nun. She entered a very severe order, the Collettines of St. Omer in Belgium, because her confessor told her it was God's Will, but after a year there she knew that this life was not her vocation. She wanted to do something for England, that England that Father James Brodrick, S.J., says was the second of her two great loves. She founded, therefore, a convent of Poor Clares, for English girls, who, like herself, must come to a foreign land to follow out their vocation. She entered this Community as a novice, and though very happy, she left it and went out into the world again, facing the taunts of "Runaway nun!" from the townspeople, for God, whom she loved, wanted something else of her. What she was not sure.

Mary returned to London where she worked in prisons and ballrooms, in slums and banquet-halls. She made arrangements for the faithful to hear Mass; she brought food to the poor; she consoled those in prison for their Faith. Soon she had five friends, all daughters of Catholic nobles of England, who though "but women" shared her dreams to help their country-men.

The six of them sailed to St. Omer, where they started a boarding-school for English girls, and a free day-school for the children of the town. It was here that God asked Mary to found an uncloistered order of nuns. To the world it was unheard-of folly; but to Mary it was God's Will, and she set about to do it. This is how she reasoned: "We ought to work and suffer for God, and for the rest, let Him make use of us according to His good pleasure, for the fulfillment of His Holy Will should be our sole wish and desire."

Although Mary suffered much doing God's Will, her achievements outdid her sufferings. She gave, and is giving, the great gift of a Catholic education to thousands upon thousands of girls. None of the great achievements of the modern uncloistered orders could have been accomplished if Mary had not led the

way. Truly those who "love verity" can do "great matters".

The women of the world today can learn from Mary Ward's little speech of 1616. It still holds that those who love Eternal Truth can do great things. And women must do great things in these times. Our Holy Father says, "Only a woman will know how to temper with kindness, without detriment to its efficacy, legislation to repress licentiousness; she alone can find the means to save from degradation and to raise in honesty and in religious and civil virtues the morally-derelict young; she alone will render effective the work of protection and rehabilitation for those freed from prisons, and for fallen girls. She alone will re-echo from her own heart the plea of mothers from whom the totalitarian state would will to snatch the education of their children".

One of the fields where women are greatly needed, and one that the Holy Father speaks of in particular, is that of education. Mary Ward knew the importance of this work from the time she opened her first little school in St. Omer until the time when, her Institute suppressed, she begged the Holy Father to allow her to open a school in Rome. She gave all she had, her home, her country, even her good name, to make sure that the women of the next generation would know the truths of their holy Faith.

Today the need of teachers is even greater than in Mary Ward's time, for the world is far more pagan. It thinks of only things of the body; the things of the spirit are ignored. Catholic youth really need a Catholic education to be able to combat this influence that seeps into their lives at every corner. "Therefore", says Mother Pauline, "of all the apostolates that may be at this moment, that of education is the most important."

The women of this age, as the women of Mary Ward's age, "if they will be perfect" must look to God, and to the fulfillment of His Will, becoming thus the Mary Wards of the Modern World.

By Rose Valenti

The modern world may well look to Mary Ward, for not only was she a real heroine, but she lived in a time similar to ours: the late part of the sixteenth and first half of the seventeenth century. It was a time when a

man wishing to protect his convictions, found himself engaged in a bitter struggle; now, too, a man may overnight become a "criminal," guilty of the "new crime of believing in God." Then, despotic monarchs, like Henry VIII, and his successor, Queen Elizabeth, strove to subject the Church to the State; now men attempting to do this have gone a step further, proclaiming that there is no God; therefore, the Church need not be subjected to the state, but completely abolished. Again in that

AN
Satisfy
thyself
with
nothing
that
is less
than
GOD.

Mary Ward

century, Catholics were persecuted, their schools closed; today communists seek to blot out Christian Education by more diabolical skill, than in the earlier regimes. Finally, there were class disturbances then, the rich versus the poor; the cause of these disturbances, disregard of Christian principles, exists in our own day.

Mary Ward's role, in turn, of a cloistered, nun, a woman of the world, and finally a teaching sister, makes her an example and source

of inspiration to women who play like roles in the modern world.

Her background was bound to make her valiant. She was the child of heroic parents and heroic grandparents. Her grandmother had suffered fourteen years imprisonment for her faith; her father suffered constant persecution. Such dauntless, fearless personalities influenced her greatly.

Before she achieved the religious state she thought was her vocation, in a Poor Clare convent in the Spanish Netherlands, Mary Ward met with overwhelming opposition. Her strength of character and inflexible will—inflexible so long as she realized it conformed with God's will—that met this opposition, are a permanent inspiration to us. She was true to her own advice: "Prize thy honour higher than thy life, but esteem it little to lose both for the love of Jesus Christ."

It was her earnest desire to save souls that led her to enter the religious life, despite those who were wont to call it a childish infatuation. She spent two years with the Poor Clares in peace and tranquility. Contented and happy, she sought no other life of excitement or adventure, her attitude being best summed up thus: "Diligently attend to all occupations and offices for the honour of God, and the salvation of neighbours, but desire and seek after none. We have but one occupation, namely to fulfill the will of God."

But we can be eternally grateful that God called Mary Ward back into the world. There was a battle to be fought for truth, a winning battle, as one for the truth must be. Since her enemy, the anti-religionist, is our enemy, we can learn much by studying her technique. For the tyrant-dominated England of that day was much like the communist-dominated countries of our day. The intrigues and the perils faced by Jesuits then are those faced by God's "underground" now in Russia.

Seventeenth-century England was in the hands of an unscrupulous few who strove to kill the Catholic Faith with a slow poison; slow poison can be most effective. They did not always flatly condemn the Catholic to death for his religion; more often they made it extremely difficult and tortuous for him to practise it. They gradually stripped him of his possessions, deprived him of his prime right to a home, and to the education of his children, until, if not in the first generation, then in the second, the head of the family, weakened and heart-broken; finally gave in. Unfaithful

friend betrayed steadfast friend; rapacious servant betrayed generous master.

But we can be proud of our bold, intrepid heroes and heroines who did not give in, and they were countless. Foremost among them was Mary Ward. She stood out for God and her country as St. Thomas More had done before her, as Cardinal Mindszenty and Archbishop Stepinac have done after her! Mary's conduct displays the richness of our faith, its power, its glory, showing how futile were the enemy's attempts, how secure and firm is the rock on which the church stands; how needless were fears. "Be merry. In these times, mirth is next to grace."

Mary Ward spent one half of her days caring for London's poor; the other half she spent in a bright social sphere, with a gaiety that camouflaged her daring work. With her fervent, fiery zeal, she inflamed tepid souls! With her vivacity and liveliness she spurred on the disheartened! We can hear her vigorous cry: "A troubled and dejected spirit will never love God perfectly, nor do much in His honour."

She became known to all England's Catholics. At plays and balls, messages were whispered to her, messages asking where to find a priest, or where to hide one. She encouraged countless wavering spirits. Jesuits relied on her to lead them to those who needed the Sacraments.

But it was not only Catholic England that was aroused. Protestant England grimly posted warrants for the arrest of this spirited maiden who "did more harm than half a dozen Jesuits." Her outwitting of the Archbishop of Canterbury is typical of her successful "underground."

Mary Ward achieved this success, by not letting pass a single opportunity God gave her. If she were living today she would be alert to recognize the evils creeping into our pattern of life. Whole-hearted participation in Catholic action would be hers, not the calm, nonchalant indifference of so many now, an indifference more frightening than actual denial of the Faith. There is something in knowing where a man stands.

In time Mary Ward's earnestness and virtue attracted to her five followers. The teaching and instructing of youth was the need of the Church, and Mary Ward realized it. And so with her five ardent followers, she visited many homes, reviving the Christian spirit by teaching the young. Sometimes they went in the guise of noble ladies, other times in that

of poor servants, their ingenuity and resourcefulness deciding which dress would attract the least suspicion for the occasion. To this work, teaching, Mary Ward devoted the rest of her life, an indication of the importance she set by it.

It is still an important work, necessary in restoring man's reverence for sacred things and for the Name of God. "... defend the Name of God. . . . Oppose . . . the blasphemers of the Divine Majesty!" That is our Pontiff's recent advice.

In 1609 Mary Ward founded her first school. During the next twenty years, she worked unceasingly to meet the growing demand for more like it. But in 1630 her Institute was suppressed; her life work had apparently been wasted. Her spirit of resignation that accepted this seeming reverse without a murmur, equalled that of St. Ignatius.

But by a papal decree her schools rose up again and increased and multiplied. They flourish in many places of the world today, the personification of her unquenchable spirit.

Mary Ward, then is our example for a positive approach to Communism. Our Holiness, Pope Pius XII tells us: "Do not isolate yourselves, but go forth to reveal the richness of your faith." Mary Ward tells us how. Let us look to her, for "There is nothing more useful than to look at the world as it really is—and at the same time look elsewhere for a remedy for its troubles." (Pius XII).

By Joan McCarvell

If by some miracle a woman of the seventeenth century could come back to this world, what, we would ask, would she think, do, say? If such a woman was, for example, Mary Ward, would she know her England? Would she recognize her small band of virgins, now spread throughout the world? She could justly be proud of the work they are doing; teaching young and old the mysteries of their holy faith; winning souls for God by their word and example; encouraging those in despair; bringing fallen Catholics to repentance.

How proud she would be to see her nuns in Eastern Europe walk smilingly to a death of martyrdom. She knows what this means: she lived in such times.

How proud she would be of her nuns teaching black-faced pagans love of their Maker;

clothing them, caring for them in sickness, teaching them to read and write.

How proud to see them caring for the parentless children, giving them a good start in life which they would otherwise miss.

How proud, too, of the nuns in our own beloved Canada, teaching God's children, from six to sixty, their duties toward their Creator, giving them a good Catholic education from Kindergarten through College.

What is at present of more necessity than knowledge and love of our religion? If one does not know the Sacred Truths how can such a one defend them? If Christian rules of life are not retained, atheistic laws will be. If Christianity is not our aim and Christ, our leader, Communism and the devil will be. It is, then, of primary necessity that children begin life with the right principles of Christian life; of necessity too, that they maintain them.

In Mary Ward the cornerstone for Catholic Education was laid. She it was, who introduced uncloistered nuns. For this, she was mocked and treated with contempt by many, but her life work increased and multiplied through time. These nuns now teach in the schools, not only religion, but they have dedicated themselves to education of Catholic leaders.

What a perfect model Mary Ward is for young girls, in her graciousness, her bravery, patriotism, but most of all, in her ardent love of God! In the dark days of persecution in England she was seldom seen without a smile. She herself said, "Mirth is next to grace." Mary Ward feared no one because of her faithful trust in God. He cared for her in every situation. Mary loved England, and the English girls, and it was for them mainly that she desired to teach.

Mary Ward's nuns in America are called "Loretto Nuns".

The Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary was introduced in America in 1847 by five nuns from the Mother House, Loretto Abbey at Rathfarnham. They came to Toronto and began with a day school and a common school. By hard work they taught the children, giving them a good sound education.

The Mother House in America is Loretto Abbey, Toronto. Here novices are trained to continue the work of their foundress. In the Abbey, too, are many girls also who are taught to be good Christian women. There are now Loretto schools in Toronto, Guelph, Hamilton, Niagara Falls, Port Colborne, Fort Erie, Stratford, Chicago, and Sault Sainte Marie. In



Mary Ward portrayed by Joan Raven of Loretto-Englewood

the western part of Canada missionary work is carried on. School is taught and young children are brought for religious instructions. These nuns try to follow their model. They do all for God, with a smile. Even the smallest task, the most unimportant job is a great source of merit when done for the love of God.

Imagine the world if Mary Ward had not had the courage to begin uncloistered nuns. Imagine the world if Catholic truths were taught only in the homes and churches on Sundays. Catholics would know very little and would soon fall away from their Church. Something would be missing—a deep foundation of Truth which is attained only by years and years of studying the truths Christ died to teach us. How could we with a shallow knowledge defeat Communism, which we must? We could of course never learn all there is to know about God, but, is it not our duty to know as much as possible? To defeat the greatest enemy ever of the Catholic Church—Communism—we need a great deal of knowledge and love of our religion, and ability to fight fearlessly for Truth, and a firm and confident trust in God. Are these not the qualities of Mary Ward?

Mary Ward sees now how her work has prospered. How pleased she must be to have done so much for God. We must thank her then for her life of trials, by which we have prospered, and follow her down the road through life.

LORETTO—ENGLEWOOD

Presented in January — "The Pageant of Mary Ward".



The Street Scene:



The scene at Hungerford House in London



The scene of Mary Ward's death

TRAINING FOR LEADERSHIP

By SISTER M. SEBASTIAN, I.B.V.M.

Volunteers for the Catholic Youth Organization summer vacation school program are being asked for now. Will you be one? As soon as the various Supervisors have sent a list of names, a training program will be devised and courses will be offered after school and Saturday mornings. Classes will be taught at 31 East Congress where the C. Y. O. and Sheil School occupy several floors of this modern office building. The instructors are lay men and women who have special training in arts and crafts and physical education.

Mr. Thomas Keating, director of the vacation schools, teaches the program-planning course. In this course, such topics as the order of the day, milk, distribution, activities to be presented, and how to set up a time-table to provide for a wide variety of activities for each age group are discussed. Such topics as the selection of volunteer high school leaders, public relations with park personnel, reports to the C. Y. O. office, and the handling and distribution of supplies are also discussed.

In the handicraft and creative arts groups a great deal of practical knowledge is acquired that will stand one in good stead as the summer progresses. The construction of wooden clogs, shrines, animal lawn decorations from apple boxes is undertaken and everyone learns to operate a jigsaw either of the hand or power variety, to pound a nail instead of a thumb, to paint, varnish, and lacquer evenly, and to sandpaper for a fine finish. Finger painting, block printing, and mural painting are undertaken in the creative art group. It is fun to watch and help and work with the nuns of the various religious groups. Certainly the catholicity of the various religious orders is shown here. A Dominican may hold a board for a Franciscan to saw, which will be nailed together by a Benedictine, sand papered by one of the Holy Family of Nazareth and painted by one of the Ladies of Loretto.

The folk dancing and singing games group is directed by a young woman who is especially skilled in recreational activities. Her enthusiasm and zest enkindle a spark that bursts into a glorious flame, spreading from nun to nun, from order to order, from park to park, from teacher to children. Each nun learns several folk dances, the step pattern and how

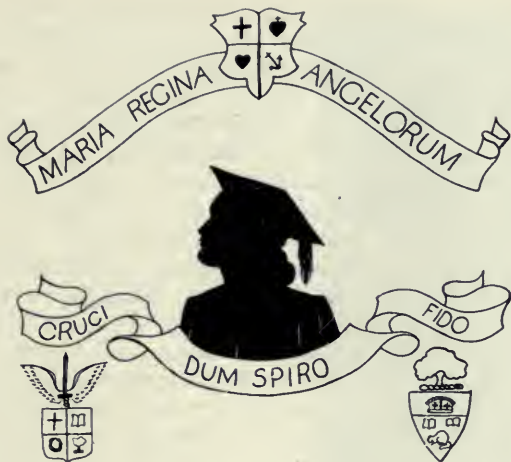
to hum or sing the music well enough to incorporate it into her kit of skills. It is a joy to swing into a barn dance set, or trip through a spirited polka with partners whose feet are as light as their hearts. Rosaries tangle, cinctures knot, wimples soften from the heat of exertion and friendships that last for years are cemented in the windowless room with the boxing ring in the corner.

What do you need to be a volunteer leader? A smile, first of all. Secondly, a large place in your heart for all of Christ's little neglected ones, white, in all its varying shades of grime and dirt, black, brown, yellow, or red. Of course, you must be fired with zeal. If you can relax, push mark books off your mind's desk, throw text books and laboratory equipment out the mental window and enter into the spirit of making this a glorious summer never to be forgotten by as many children as possible, you will be a success. One note of warning must be sounded — a very material one — unless your breakfast is of the "second helping, please", variety, you might not be able to withstand the onslaughts of an hour's bus ride each way, four innings of baseball that you may have to pitch or umpire, community singing in the hot sun, and/or a three-mile hike, you might collapse before the first bottle of milk is given out.

Mentally, you must be thoroughly convinced of the necessity for a program such as the C. Y. O. conducts. "There will be joy among the angels of God over one sinner who repents." And think of the joy among the angels if you, acting as His instrument can prevent one mortal sin by keeping one child away from the vice and sin in his deplorable environment for even half a day.

"Of course, the summer school doesn't teach reading and spelling, Jim. We're here to play baseball and go on picnics" is the correct answer to the query so often posed: "Sister, is this a school for dumb kids who failed last year?" And the entire atmosphere shouts its joy at being released from rigid time-tables, bells, hard, uncomfortable desks, and stuffy classrooms.

Have you a light heart, a desire to work hand in hand with Christ, a love for fun and frolic? Be a C.Y.O. Vacation School leader with Him.



COR AD LOQUITUR

In the "Idea of A University", Cardinal Newman remarked that the knowledge acquired from contact with one's fellow students in other fields, and the free discussions ensuing from eager and kindred-souled youth living together in congenial surroundings were as vital a part of a University training as lectures. Tell me who a man's friends are and I will tell you what he is. Some years ago at the University of Pennsylvania a group of students conceived the idea of adapting Newman's ideas to the somewhat different circumstances of most Catholic students in America, who found themselves obliged to attend great non-sectarian universities yet wished to keep their own Catholic principles safe and to spread the warm light of truth among the lives of their fellow undergraduates who, seeing "how pleasantly these Catholics live together" would be induced to abandon prejudices founded on insufficient knowledge.

From that first beginning in 1893, Newman Clubs have multiplied until the organization is one of the most popular and widespread of Campus organizations across the Continent. The first Newman Club in Canada was that on our own Campus, founded by Father Tom Burke, C.S.P., who organized the corporation as "Newman Club Limited", induced prominent Catholic laymen to buy stocks, and launched the venture to a successful career. Newman Clubs sprang up on other Canadian Campuses until at present they number twenty-two all modelled on the original plan. Varsity's Newman Club alone numbers five hundred members, not in-

cluding Alumni, alumnae and friends, its purpose being to educate both religiously and socially all Catholic University students, especially those in non-Arts faculties (Law, Medicine, Dentistry, Engineering, Physiotherapy, Optometry, etc.) The Canadian Clubs are linked in a Newman Federation with annually-elected officers to handle affairs common to all Catholic University Students.

The range of interests appealed to by Newman's various units is almost universal in scope. Be one's interests Poetry, French or Music, Politics, Whist, or Pool, Bridge, Skating or Dancing, Newman can fill every social or intellectual want. The Annual Newman Ball is the Highlight of the year, of course, but there are Tea Dances every Saturday night, in addition to "Mardi Gras", "Pre-Advent, Valentine, and "occasional parties" under every name that can be invented: "January Jump", "Fall Fling", "Hallowe'en Howl", "Slip and Slide", "The Heart Beat". They are widely publicized to promote interest and appeal to all tastes.

On the more intellectual side there are discussion groups which help form opinions and guide the way to clear thinking in Politics, Social Justice, and Philosophy. Marriage lectures are included, and the annual Retreat provides spiritual direction to supplement the unfailing aid of our chaplain, Father McHenry. The Library of the Club is well stocked with current periodicals and reference books (to check on that "fishy" statement the Sociology lecturer made this morning), and its Reading Room has accommodation for twenty male students at a stretch (not a nap)

Teas, dances and club meetings are held in the spacious Oak Room with its panelled wall-boards reminiscent of days of gracious living in the last century, or in the White Room nearby. Below these are found, at almost any hour of the day, students engaged in a lively game of ping pong, snooker, or "just chatter" round the Coke Bar. Under the presidency of Pat Rudden the Club is a hive of purposeful relaxation.

Every morning in the gray dawn or drizzle a thin line of lasses can be seen making their way up St. George to Newman for Mass, where the doctors and engineers brush up on their Sanctuary Rubrics while the girls play the organ and furnish the choir. Built in 1927 and designed by Arthur Holmes, the gray stone chapel is a specimen of Collegiate Gothic outside, and beautiful liturgical altars and furnishings in-

side, of which Newmanites, past and present, are justly proud.

Two years ago the Cardinal gave us Newman Annex, to house the increasing number of women graduate and non-Arts students who are ineligible for residence in the Arts Colleges. With Newman's Secretary, Margaret Coughlin as Dean of Residence, and twenty-two "lovely ladies" as guests, the Annex, too, fulfils the need of a "home away from home", and provides Catholic companions and interests as well as a roof.

Above the door of the club is the motto taken from Cardinal Newman's own crest: *Cor ad Cor loquitur*. It expresses the very essence of Newmanism: heart speaks to heart. Unlike other clubs Newman's appeal goes deeper than mere social or intellectual interests. Spiritual guidance for all is its most important aim, and with religion as the centre it serves as the rallying point for Catholic students from in or out of Toronto attending the University of Toronto.

Frances O'Grady, I Arts.

POSTSCRIPT

"Well, but what **does** a girl get out of a University Education?" . . . Full of righteous (?) indignation after the hotly contested Debate with St. Michael's Senate Club: **Resolved: That Woman's Place is in the Home**, a group of resident co-eds hastened across Queen's Park to accost the first member of the Faculty who happened to be "on the door". Three short months ago they had come to this mighty University, eyes starry with dreams of new worlds of learning to be conquered, and even greater ones ahead, only to have their hopes dashed rudely to earth by pseudo Thomists glibly quoting the Angelic doctor in proof of woman's intellectual inferiority.

Sister, who had just come from hearing Dr. Geraldine Maloney address the Loretto College Alumnae on her work in connection with the Cancer Research Foundation, appeared to be in a reminiscent mood that evening, and when Dr. Geraldine, whose charming femininity belied the professional note suggested by her being recently awarded a fellowship (by examination) in Royal College of Surgeons, hurried off to her duties as Staff Member at Toronto General Hospital, she turned back to the group in the hall . . .

"Let me see—now of last year's graduates—there is Catherine Haulon, studying Law at Osgoode; Ethel Farkas, Jane Struthers, Agnes

Higgins, Mary Burnie and Sisters St. John Bosco and St. Daniel at O.C.E. preparing for teaching. Sandy Smeaton has joined Jean Vale, Polly Mutz and Pat Greatorex in the field of Journalism. Ginny Robertson is interning in the Dietetics Department at Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, and Audrey Hart-Smith is doing post-graduate biological research at Hamilton General Hospital. Al Dolan, Betty Madia, and Grace Sararo are beginning Graduate M.A. work. Helen McLaughlin and Millwood O'Shaughnessy since their marriage in June have continued writing their theses for their M.A.'s Marianna Thompson, Miriam Dever and Pat Annable are on the staffs of U. of T., McGill, and U. of Illinois respectively and continuing Ph. D. work, as are Priscilla Thompson and Catherine Mace. Francis Mary McDonald is doing special Library work at McLellan and Stewart Publishing House, while Marg Huntley is working at U. of T. Library. Marg McDonagh, graduate in Fine Art, since obtaining her M.A. from Yale School of Stage Design, has been working with Brian Doherty, distinguished Canadian director, producer and dramatist of the Royal Alex Theatre. Business claimed Meg Dandeneau, Betty Reinhart, Dot Kubis, Lib Oille and Marg James; Anne Huntley is in business too, handling the Spanish correspondence for a well-known Insurance firm. And some seem to love domesticity—if one may judge from the flutter of summer and fall weddings—Babs Smith, Anne Smith, Rena Longo, Joyce Flynn, Doris Filgiano, Shirley Pezzack, Millwood O'Shaughnessy, Helen McLaughlin, Harriet Morse, Anita Goggio, Joan MacDonald, and Joyce Predhomme. In late November, announcement was made by Dr. Sidney Smith of the awarding of the James H. Richardson Research Fellowship in Anatomy to Dr. Marjorie Mosbaugh, B.A., M.D., and Gyneth Stencil returned full of enthusiasm and plans for fuller European co-operation from the Internationalist Student Seminar which she helped to organize and direct in Germany last Summer, sponsored by the National Federation of Canadian University Students of which she is Secretary on this Campus.

I walked along the lonely street
With steps only the tired know.
On my sleeve gently to greet
Alighted a star-like flake of snow.

Rose Kolinski, X,
Regina High School, Regina.

LORETTO COLLEGE STUDENTS

at a Musical in their
Reception Room



in the Dining
Room

and in their Chapel



OPERATION FOOTLIGHTS

When St. Michael's Art Music and Drama Society had converted some unused space in the basement of 90 St. Joseph Street into a Drama Workshop and offices in the fall of '48, it was all set for a new chapter in its comparatively brief but phenomenally active and daringly experimental history.

Prior to 1936, each of its Colleges had its own dramatic group. When Father Joe O'Donnell took over, talent was enlisted from the Women's Colleges for St. Mike's productions and what was lost in humour (from the earlier productions like "Mr. Faithful" in which the Women's parts were performed by men) was gained in realism. Under Father's experienced hands, campus-wide fame was achieved by such outstanding productions as "The Late Christopher Bean," in which Joan McKenzie's performance as "Abbey" won special applause, and "The White Oaks of Jalna," at which the author Mazo de la Roche herself was present and warmly congratulated director and cast. Ambitious scope and increasing experiment in stage production, continued to mark the performances of this vigorous Little Theatre Group. Outstanding among these was the Canadian premiere of a modern morality play—"Lucifer at Large"—entered in the Varsity Drama Festival of 1947-48.

The Fall of '48—once the debris had been cleared away from the "Workshop", talent scouts had enlisted an eager backstage crew and prospective stars had been auditioned via the new public address recording system—opened with new dramatic fervour. Two one-act plays formed the program of one of the regular Sunday nights at Brennan. In early December "Still Stands the House" formed the St. Michael's entry to the all-University dramatic night at Hart House Theatre. Later in the week (Dec. 6-10), a more ambitious achievement—an "Arena" production of Sidney Howard's, "The Silver Cord"—marked another landmark in Canadian stage history, and despite the strictly enforced limitation of the audiences demanded by the method of staging, brought packed houses for six successive performances and two matinees from all over the city. Its success was largely due to the talented new director—Henry Kaplan. In January again, in conjunction with U. C., Trinity and Victoria Colleges, St. Michael's presented for two nights

"Alice Gurlenberg's Overtones". Their entry in the 1949 University Drama Festival was "The Miracle Merchant" by Saki.—The last dramatic event of the season will be another bill of one-acts to be presented at one of the March "Sunday nights" at Brennan—with U. C. Players' as guests. Meanwhile, the "Music" side of the Society has been developing and expanding from the more or less informal part singing groups and individual student performances, to include as its guest artists, several St. Michael's students of exceptional talents, such as Teresa Mulloy who has performed for the club twice this season, once as soloist, and once with her string quartet, and outside artists such as Tova Borditsky.

Bette Cormack, II Arts.

MODERN VERONICAS

Veronica wiped the face of Christ!

And so indeed may we!

Did He not say, "What you do to these
You also do to Me?"

Woman must be the comforter

In high or low estate.

She may daily walk to Golgotha

Or merely stand and wait;

For every day there comes her way

Someone in need of love,

And her smallest act of kindness

Looms large viewed from above.

Veronica wiped the face of Christ!

And so indeed may we,

The women who daily climb with Christ
The hill to Calvary.

Iris Sullivan.

On Valentine's Day, if I were the trees,
I'd murmur, as gently I swayed in the breeze,
"I love thee, Mary!"

On Valentine's Day, if I were the birds,
I'd trill, as I soared, a song without words,
"I love thee, Mary!"

On Valentine's Day, if I were the winds,
I'd croon as I played through the boughs of the
pines,
"I love thee, Mary."

Barbara Charlesworth, Grade XI,
Loretto Abbey, Toronto.

The setting is laid for our scene at forty-nine Queen's Park, in the dank basement of one of St. Michael's Men's residences. The Co-op, "hub" of St. Michael's three colleges, is a combination tuck-shop, cafeteria and student rendezvous, unique on this campus and in all probability, on the continent. With its garish colour scheme and questionable comfort, the Co-op provides an atmosphere which, though homey, borders on the frantic. Drop in any day between nine and five and you will find it rocking with talk and chaff. Nine o'clock will find a flurry of "day-hops" stopping in en route to their first lecture for the cup of coffee they were too late to grab before the inevitable Dagwood dash for the nearest T.T.C. stop. Thus the chatter begins proceeding from Schmoos to Plato, St. Thomas' concept of knowledge to the latest report on the American draft situation.

With the striking of ten o'clock there is a mighty deluge of hungry Irish, ninety strong from Pass English.

Now more girls arrive, residents from Loretto and St. Joe's, who, having switched off the alarm at approximately "five-to", have now exactly one-seventy-fourth of a second to spare for a bite of breakfast before the ten o'clock class. Watch them slip into seats close to the soft-spoken faculty member from Texas, whose charming smile and guileless look, as he bends over his coffee and copy of the "Varsity" reminds one of Giotto's little brothers of St. Francis. He seems unaware that most of the crowd around him ought to have been in Teefty at English 2B ten minutes ago.

At the next table a boisterous gathering of budding Thomists are deluging Father Kelly with questions, which the good padre adroitly hurls back at their heads with his inimitable aim, deadly enough to arouse cobweb-covered gray matter to a semblance of vital activity. In the corner, a quieter group of fourth year Philosophy, History and English students are striving to fit Rouault, Dali and Mauriac into Maritain's idea of "the relation between Art and Morality."

Eleven-thirty finds the day hops arriving for that necessary evil, lunch.

"Oh, just something light will suffice. Lets see . . . soup please, and a meat sandwich.

(Are the fresh ones ever left!) Oh, I want a chocolate milk shake. Just sneak in an extra scoop of ice cream. I guess that's all I want, except for an ice-cream bar, a couple of doughnuts, a tart and—oh yes!—I had better get three Jersey nut bars, 'cause I sure get hungry during the afternoon." Thus we have witnessed a typical morning in St. Michael's Co-operative.

The Co-op was formally organized in the fall of nineteen-forty-six by the students, with the full aid and approval of the faculty. It was under construction in the following February and completed in March. It was realized that a tuck shop, some place for the students of St. Michael's, girls and boys, to meet was sadly lacking. Moreover it was considered profitable to provide a practical application of the economic principle of co-operation.

One thousand dollars were borrowed from St. Michael's College to finance reconstruction work in the Co-op, and the loan was repaid in full in February, 1948. In addition to the financial assistance from the College, a campaign was conducted among the students to raise money by loans and the share basis, one share costing five dollars. At the present five dollars is not demanded from each student, the Co-op being financially solvent. In order to become a member, the student pays a twenty-five cent membership, entitling him to receive benefits in the form of patronage dividend refunds. Each member is repaid annually the declared profit of the Co-op in proportion to the amount of business which he carries on in the Co-op. For example, if the Co-op declares a profit of twelve per cent, Miss Merry Loretto, who has given fifty dollars' worth of business to the Co-op, will receive, as her patronage refund, twelve per cent of fifty dollars. Under the present financial arrangement, dividends are declared and paid annually. Twenty per cent of the declared profit may be kept by the Co-op in order that future expansion may be financed. Proposed expansion, although subject to space limitations include plans for a book-exchange; a credit union too has been suggested.

Students from the three colleges, Loretto, St. Joseph's and St. Michael's provide the staff at the Co-op, twenty-five persons in all. All employees are under the supervision of the Co-op manager, a St. Michael's student. Two or three students serve behind the counter at all times

at a salary of forty cents an hour, and the over-worked manager receives a salary of twenty-five dollars a month, all wages being paid out of the gross profits from sales at the Co-op. The saleable merchandise includes food, milk, coffee, soft drinks, sandwiches and bakery goods, confectionery, e.g., candy bars, peanuts, ice cream, milk shakes, and drug sundries. The Co-op is patronized by large numbers of students and by the faculty of St. Michael's College.

Julia McCool, II Pass.

THE DISTAFF SIDE

Varsity sports fans had many occasions for exulting this Fall, as honours rained upon them in practically every field of Sport and bid fair, by the time the hockey season is over, to win for them the "Grand Slam", last captured in 1920 for the gridiron, court, ice and track championships. Out of some twenty-seven Intercollegiate trophies she had piled up no fewer than twenty-one by December 1. The climax was undoubtedly the capture of the coveted Warren Trophy from the hitherto undefeated Western.

In the interfaculty competition on our own Campus, St. Mike's men covered themselves with glory by capturing the Mulock Cup—for highest football honours—and several individual track awards. Lorettoans feel a just pride in the team for which they loyally packed the rooters' stands at each of the play-offs, and cheered to victory against their redoubtable neighbours from Victoria.

Of the humble "distaff side" of sports, the lordly male is inclined to laugh uproariously (particularly if it is a hockey game he has just witnessed) or to ignore with chilly and contemptuous silence as beneath scorn. However, school spirit has been no less apparent at the games when St. Mike's Women matched themselves against much stronger teams from Colleges with much larger numerical strength to draw on.

IN GOLF—St. Mike's proved stronger than any other faculty, three of the girls finishing in first place in their respective matches.

IN SOFTBALL—they reached semi-finals only to be eliminated by specialists in the field—the girls of the Physical Health and Education Course.

IN TENNIS—St. Mike's girls turned out practically en masse and as a result, four reached

the semi-finals, matched with the strongest players from U.C. and Trinity—champions for years past.

HOCKEY—which is at this point in full swing—backed by the great Johnny McCormack, will probably win the title.

VOLLEYBALL—a new venture this year, along with Badminton and Swimming, is to be played against intercollegiate as well as interfaculty teams.

IN SWIMMING—Anne Malcolm has won several awards and made the Varsity team vs. McGill.

BASKETBALL—St. Mike's Women entered two teams this year—the A's stood out to the finals against the heavy onslaught of the expertly coached P. (H.E.) team, and nearly made History Repeat Itself, from the days when Annabel Macklin's team won the All-Varsity championship. The B's, playing in the League for one Year showed the need for more experience but made up in enthusiasm and good sportsmanship. Above all, our Rita Bauer 419 won the St. Michael's Women's Alumnae Award for the most outstanding Woman Athlete—a spoon engraved with the College Crest, awarded at the Soph-Frost Banquet.

Nancy Goetz, III Arts

NOVEMBER

A bleak and dreary month you say?
When all things, dead, lie naked on the earth
Frost-killed and hard?
You moan of rain-cold nights
And chilling wind-nipped days—
Lumped stone upon a frozen world.

He has not lived nor loved
Who has not felt the patient wait
Of reaper's field and forest limb.
This is the twilight before night,
Too early yet to sleep, too late for real
awakening;
And nature, proud to show itself, lies
Bare, unashamed, like bones beneath the flesh,
Uncurved, unassuming,
Waiting for the dainty touch
Of snow, flaked upon snow,
Till all is gone and hidden
By winter wrap of white.

Jean O'Shaughnessy, IV Phil. (Eng. or Hist.)

REVIEW

"PRIEST-WORKMAN IN GERMANY", by Henri Perrin; translated by Rosemary Sheed, Sheed and Ward, 1948.

"So let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father . . ."

Are you sometimes disturbed by a vague misgiving that perhaps you missed your proper calling? That you find within you some of the zeal of a missionary? It is quite probable that this zeal will never lead you to the China Mission fields, but it could be an indication that you are spiritually prepared to do a lot more than you are doing. If you can answer any of these questions in the affirmative, then I advise you to beg, borrow, or steal "Priest-Workman in Germany".

This young priest appeals to all Catholics to wake up, to "leave the Ghetto in which they so often shut themselves up", "to work and leaven the whole Christian dough". With penetrating insight into the problem of the modern world, into the "urge to community" that is making the world receptive to the ideals of communism, he offers not only a solution but he gives us his own experiences as an actual pattern to follow in our daily Christianizing of the world. To all Catholics, to you and me, he says, "The Church's prayer, and the body of Christ, are only given him as a help towards bringing Him to the world."

In simple unpretentious language, and with a sincerity and enthusiasm that is breathed from its pages, Father Perrin in diary-form tells how he tried to bring Christ to the exiled workmen in Germany. To break the barrier of indifference the priest, hiding his identity, was merely Henri, an exiled French factory-worker, who by his simple love and Christ-like manner won the respect and admiration of these hardened and embittered men. Within this theme Father Perrin offers many fascinating portraits, ruggedly realistic, although drawn with a tender sympathy.

This saintly young Modern, by spreading the ideals of Christ among the most unreceptive of minds, has dropped a challenge to all who call themselves Christians to follow his practice in their everyday living.

Rosemarie Murphy, III Arts.

"That a man cannot get rich honestly": was proved conclusively to be one of those current fallacies which however often they are refuted by fact or argument, crop up perennially to worry mankind. To Bette Cormack and Margaret Kearns went the honour of disposing of the question at last—for this year at least—over the heads of St. Joseph's, Elaine Maloney and Helen Martel.

When the "Red Dean" of Canterbury visits the Campus, should lecture facilities be placed at his disposal and permission given for him to disseminate ideas known to be false and subversive to our Canadian way of life? In the opinion of Joanne McWilliam and Margaret Howe, he should be allowed to speak and their position was successfully upheld against the members of St. Michael's Senate Club—Fred Furlong and Don Robertson.

Is the incorporation of Newfoundland and Labrador into the Canadian Confederation at this time more of a liability than an asset? On the strength of the mass of facts assembled in regard to the economic side of the problem, and the warning cited from Bishop O'Neill of St. John's as to the dangerous wedge thus driven into the B.N.A. Act—bulwark of our minority rights—Pat Kearns and Mary Sheridan held that the advantages of her tenth province at this time—dried cod and potential iron ore—were not sufficient to compensate Canada for the immense liability she is now assuming (though the Senate Club and the House differed from the Government and the Judges in this regard.)

Among ourselves, too, there have been many weighty and heated discussions, as when Mary Sheridan and Pat Kearns undertook to defend the "lovin'" and indispensable Schmoos right to survive.

These more or less informal "tussles" of wits have proved good training ground for inter-collegiate debaters, for Loretto was represented on both teams which upheld for Varsity vs. McGill debaters here and in Montreal, the resolution "That the concept of national sovereignty is an impediment to world peace." Another Lorettoan—France Gagnon—is debating for Varsity against Laval—"en francais."

Suzanne McGrath, II Honour Phil.

VARSITY PROLOGUE 51

HELEN ARMESTO: From "south of the border" comes Helen—a native of Buffalo, N.Y., who after two years at D'Youville, is now enrolled in Pass Arts, and finds time for a variety of extra-curricular activities as well. Her dramatic talents have won her a place in a Hart House production and, for her exceptional performance of a psychologically exacting lead in the "The Silver Cord", a round of applause.

NOREEN CHARLESBOIS: Hails from Penetang via Midland High School where one of her teachers was a former Loretto graduate, Rita Stortz, who is very proud of her College "daughter".

RUTH DOHERTY: An earnest student, a happy disposition, and fine school spirit leave no doubt that Ruth brings to the College more than the "brains" that won her an Alumnae Scholarship last year at Brunswick.

DOROTHY DORAN: Following in the footsteps of her Lindsay predecessor Mary Cunningham 4T2 (now Head of the English Department in Cobourg C.I.), Dot is in Phil. (Eng. or Hist.), and in every form of athletics from hockey, volley ball, badminton and skiing to basket ball.

ELAINE DOYLE: An Abbey grad. now in Pass Arts whose favorite study is English, and her pastime—cheering the Varsity team to Victory. Well, we did "BEAT WESTERN" didn't we?

LEIL EBERLE: Here on a History Scholarship from Owen Sound Collegiate, Leil is an expert at skiing and tennis, a fine hand at directing Freshman skits, and replying to toasts at the Soph-Frosh Banquet as if she'd been doing it all her life.

DELORES FABBRO: From Loretto, Hamilton, loves reading, music and dancing, and, she's a good housekeeper too, though it's hard going at times.

CLAIRE FORD: May never lose that Australian accent, but apart from that she's practically Canadianized. Likes T. S. Elliot, Poetry Clubs, and when she isn't writing top-grade essays or doing Latin proses, she's

writing for the Forum or directing a Freshman skit.

FRITZE GAGNON: Armed with a Loyal degree and well on the way to another in Pass Arts here, is equally fond of work and play. She gets lost taking short cuts to lectures, finds Philosophy classes "tremendous, divine, marvellous . . ." and her favorite recreation (next to Basketball and Hockey) are getting up for "nine o'clocks", and essays!

ANNE GALLIGAN: Isn't sure whether its an asset or a liability to have been preceded by an aunt and two cousins, though "at least folks remember your name." From Pembroke C.I. to Pass Arts, she excels in Bridge and Dancing (there is something in a name) and spends the rest of her time keeping track of Fritze—her room-mate.

CATHERINE GIVENS: From the Abbey too, is interested in Music, Writing, and in fact every form of student activity, and she can study too!

CATHERINE HOARE: Our only rep. this year in Household Ec. has a special weakness for Newman Club—a socially-minded freshie is Kay.

MARY GRACE KEENAN: Comes to Eng. Lang. and Lit. from Windsor via St. Joseph's High. Bridge is her favourite indoor sport, other extra-curricular activities including: square dancing and chaperoning her room-mate's coke dates at "Mae's".

MARILYN KELLY: Our First Year Rep. is as enthusiastic a supporter as St. Mike's Rugby Team will find, and in the cheering and fun for all other College activities, especially formals.

ELAINE KERVIN: From Calendar, Ontario (but not a quintuplet). Elaine's specialties are Maths and Chemistry—such ambition!

MARGARET LALOR: Loves residence life on the College III Floor South, to which she came laden with several honour awards from her native Oakville, after having graduated from Loretto, Niagara, two years before. She can dash off an essay or create an evening gown that leaves her escorts gasping . . .

ELVA LANETTA: A pass student from Fort Erie—brief, bright and bonny—upholds with Fran. Jr. the rights of Freshman against the Sophs at “90”. Her hobbies sound interesting—“any kind of sewing or knitting—and I love to cook.”

JOAN LANTHIER: Rain or shine, snow or sleet, Joan struggles in daily from Lansing, is as proficient in sports as in her studies and finds time as well for a bit of writing or a chat over coffee in “The Co-op”.

BARBARA LYON: Another scholarship girl—from the Abbey on the “Heights”—Her interests centre now in French Club, Art Music and Drama Soc’y, and helping to edit the Newman Newspaper: Forum.

HELEN LA BINE: A year at Western after Graduation from the Abbey made Helen gladder than ever to be able to live at home and come to the College.

RUTH MacDONALD: Also from the Abbey, is, they say, like Mary who preceded her at the College, in her love of Basketball and in her school spirit even if she’s as blond as “Mary Mac” is dark, and executes Engineers’ theses instead of designing trousseaus.

BABS (NONA) MACDONALD is another ardent sports woman (the fact she has Nancy Goetz for room-mate probably left her little choice). Known to her friends as “Babu”, she’s from Saskatoon, her course is Phil. (E. or H.) and her favourite sport (indoor): phone duty.

MARY LOU McGREGOR: After a Brunswick graduation, acquired some valuable experience as a librarian but decided to come back to Pass Arts. She’s a keen music lover and a member of the famous Varsity Mixed Chorus.

VIOLET MIHOREAN: Came to us from Richmond Hill High School. Languages are

LYDIA MOLINARO: Piled up an array of “Firsts” in Upper School which are a good forecast of an even brighter career in her Honour Course at U. of T. we think.

ANNE MORROW: From Copper Cliff, was likewise taught by Loretto grade, thinks Varsity wonderful and is one of the few Northlanders with a good word for Toronto’s weather.

MARY MURPHY: A Pass Student who loves College Life—especially the lighter side. Her home is Mt. Forest, Ontario.

FRAN. O’GRADY: Abbey last year, Pass Arts this. Irish eyes and ready wit, topped by a head of sun-lit hair—she’s irresistible.

FRAN. O’BRIEN (Jr.): Because we’ve two O’Briens with the same patron saint, our “Physio” Freshie from Calgary was labelled “Junior”. She lives at “90”—alone with a house full of Sophs—and loves it.

MOLLY O’BRIEN: Sister of Fran. “Sr.”—is in Moderns, her first uprooting after attending Loretto, Hamilton, from “pigtail” days. Equally ready for a hand of bridge or to entertain us with some classical music, she’s a talented and charming addition to the College.

CLAIRE O’GORMAN: Claire too follows an older sister through the Abbey and now the College. In her bright smile, her active interest in debates and Glee Club, she resembles in more than “petiteness” her eager student sister.

NOREEN SCANLON: Came to us from Brighton, helps to keep Pass Arts going and never misses Newman Activities.

SHEILA SKELLY: Another Pembroke girl, is in Pass Arts, full of irrepressible Irish teasing and an enthusiastic supporter of every sport—as spectator or participant.

ANNE MARIE STEVENS: Came to Pass Arts at the College after two years in residence at the Abbey. A Sudbury girl, she’s champion housekeeper and early riser on Loretto’s III South, her life of sober study being varied “occasionally” by “coffee n’a sandwich” at Mac’s, or an investigation into the mysteries of the Greek alphabet.

AUDREY SHORT: Audrey’s primary interest is Music, which she both works at and loves, but she’s also interested in the Liberal Arts, and as an Occasional student takes a keen interest in every aspect of College life academic and social. Generally loved by students and staff, her quiet way is apt to deceive you at first as to the depths of solid friendliness and earnestness within.

MARY WARRINER: Comes to the College from Stratford on the Mother Estelle Nolan Scholarship, is in Honour Eng. (Lang. and Lit.) but finds time for Debating, her music, writing poetry and St. Mikes A. M. & D.

FAMILY ALBUM

I

Seated before the desk of the charming and capable assistant to the Na-I.S.S., our pencils expectantly poised, and a store of questions ready, we found that the contrast between the bustle and activity that seemed to prevail at 43 St. George, combined Men's and Women's Health Service, Infirmary, Alumni Building and I.S.S., and Miss Stencil's winning smile and encouraging frankness had chased away all our thoughts. But as if discerning our predicament, she herself launched into our first "interview" as cub-reporters. It seems I.S.S. (International Student Service) had sponsored its first Seminar last year, and this slight dark-haired dynamo of 5 ft. 6 in., looking far more like a possible "cover-girl" than anything else, had had more to do with its organization and successful accomplishment than almost anyone else on this campus.



After graduating from Loretto Abbey in 1942, Gyneth (we soon found ourselves dropping formalities) enrolled in Modern Languages at Loretto College. As an undergraduate she wrote for the U. of T. student publication "Varsity," was president of Loretto Debating Society and, though, this meant being involved more in organizing debating schedules and seeing that they were run off on time, she found time for two of three intercollegiate debates even in her Senior Year.

Her first interest in I.S.S. she attributed to her course in Moderns, in which she majored in English, French and German, developing thereby a keen interest in international problems and a sympathy with European students, perhaps, too, her background helped. Gyneth herself was born in Toronto, but her father is German, though born in Poland, and her mother is of French Canadian and Irish ancestry. "Our name is Welsh" she added as an afterthought.

In the Fall of 1946, after graduation from

the University of Toronto, Gyneth began working at the I.S.S. office and is at present assistant to the National Secretary. This position is evidently more than a one-man job, especially considering the extra arrangements in connection with the Student Seminar held last year in Germany.

About this Seminar, of which she was evidently eager to talk. She said it was an experiment in international education, sponsored by the Canadian Committee of I.S.S. Primarily it was hoped that it would give Canadian, German and other European students an opportunity to meet and study in an atmosphere of intellectual freedom. It was held from July 1 to August 15, 1948, in an historic seventeenth century castle in Schleswig-Holstein, about twenty miles from the Russian zone. One hundred and fifty students representing the Universities of sixteen nations, mingled freely for six weeks without a sign of discord. Fifty of the students were Canadian as were sixteen of the professors. Only two European countries were not represented—Poland and Czechoslovakia—because of the intense feeling which the occupation had aroused within their borders.

Gyneth's work for the Canadian Committee, the organizing group, was vast, embracing as it did everything from buying and shipping food and other supplies to arranging the students' transportation. The latter was financed by grants from the Canadian provincial governments. The carrying out of the Seminar itself was made possible by a considerable grant to the Canadian Committee by UNESCO and the Control Commission for Germany. It was the latter who procured the use of the beautiful "Schloss Ploen" and arranged transportation for the students within the borders of Germany. The books were secured from the Canadian Department of Veterans Affairs (D.V.A.) and newspapers contributed by the Department of External Affairs served to keep the students informed on day to day world events. Food was procured from the British authorities for all non-German students. Occasionally Canadians visited homes of Hamburg students, and, as they brought no food with them, but shared the meagre German fare, they had a good opportunity to study one of the major problems of the Ger-

man students. Miss Stencil talked earnestly and appraisingly.

The program consisted of two lectures in the morning followed by Seminars in the afternoon from two till four. The subjects included Metaphysics, Political Philosophy, Political Science, Economics, Literature, History and Art. The German students had not been allowed to study political science since the war. All were encouraged to take a free part in the discussions and to present papers for formal discussion. It was in the informal evening discussions when Germans and non-Germans talked over the past history and future possibilities that the most lively periods occurred, and these too played an important part in the program. All, professors and students, discussed the topics of the Seminars with a complete frankness which had much to do with breaking down the suspicion of the German students. So too did the willingness of the Canadian students to enter into all sides of a question. "Once they had caught the spirit of the group I was most impressed by the open-mindedness and good-fellowship of the Germans," Miss Stencil declared, "and felt that they, next to the Canadians who organized it, contributed most to the success of the undertaking."

What interested Gyneth especially was the complete lack of resentment between those who had been enemies in war. A German student could be seen sitting next to the former leader of the Swiss students' opposition to the Occupation asking about the motives which prompted the movement. In this way the Seminar helped to teach the students that although there are world-wide divisions in races and creeds, there is unity in the common desire for truth. Canadian students, by their painstaking explanations and discussions, caused German students to think deeply about such things as Democracy. And as one German student was overheard to say in appreciation: "These Canadians are so gentle; they treat us like human beings".

It is Gyneth's hope that the I.S.S. will repeat the Seminar this summer, hold it in Holland this time, and make it henceforth a regular feature of Canadian University life which she feels will be enormously enriched by it.

Joan Lanthier,

I Arts, Loretto College



II

It has been said that "The only safe course for interview is, if you are a reader, not to read them, if you are an interviewer, not to give them, and if you are an interviewer, not to write them" (Queen's Journal), but undaunted we sought out Teresa

Mulloy, who is in IV Moderns at Loretto College, and asked her to tell us something about her interests and activities. Music is the field in which Teresa excels. She has had her ATCM in violin since she was 18, and is at present concert mistress and soloist of the University Symphony Orchestra.

Teresa's first musical instrument was the ukelele and when her parents found she liked it, they decided she should have violin lessons. All her family are interested in music and Teresa's sisters took piano lessons. When one of the Sisters at Blessed Sacrament School heard Teresa play, she recognized her talent and arrangements were made for her to go to school at the Abbey, where she would receive more musical instruction. At that time a Junior Orchestra was being organized at the Abbey and in it Teresa had her first taste of concert work.

Asked about her preferences in composers and types of music Teresa confided that her favourites are Bach, Mozart, Beethoven and Brahms. She likes all types of music (including jazz), but prefers symphonies and songs (especially Schubert). Modern music she finds interesting "although some of it is tough going at first".

In addition to music, Teresa is fond of skating, tennis, dancing, reading and cooking. She belongs to the St. Michael's Music and Drama Society, the Harvey Perrin Choir (with which she occasionally plays and sings), and the University Symphony Orchestra. This latter organization is under the direction of Harold Neal and is one of the largest University musical groups in North America. The Symphony Orchestra in particular, takes up a good bit of Teresa's time but she refuses to be disturbed by this fact and says; "If I weren't in

it, I guess I'd be in some other extra-curricular activity".

Teresa's plans are to go to O.C.E. and then to teach French, German and Music Appreciation. Besides, she would like to do concert work and perhaps some composing. Performing, however, is the aspect of music which most interests Teresa.

Lethem S. Roden,
II Moderns.

III

Kangaroos — clay ones, toy models or pictures of them—need any now, or later perhaps? Claire will be glad to supply you. Simply address your order to Claire Forde, I Arts at Loretto College, or to the station to



which you are listening Trouble making those 9 o'clocks via T.T.C.? Claire has none at all, yet she's our farthest commuter

Claire left Australia two years ago (the fates having so ordained by appointing her father High Commissioner to Canada). Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights was lucky enough to receive her as a pupil, or as loyal Lorettoans, dear readers, should it be vica versa? There was I am sure more method than madness in this. Claire and her mother were already well acquainted with Loretto nuns back home, though she had been taught by Irish Dominicans at Sydney and later at Moss Vale eighty miles away. Her favourite sports were "grass" hockey, basketball and cricket—her proudest recollection of the latter being of the day she broke her nose—"Oh, and we won" she adds with that disarming smile.

In her last year at Moss Vale, Claire was vice-president of a Catholic Evidence Group. Every week they would divide into two teams and one side would argue and refute the objections raised by the defence—a procedure by which they picked up a fine working knowledge of Catholic Dogma as well as basic training in Evidence Guild preaching technique.

At the same time she was President of another Catholic Action group which as one of its projects carried on a furious campaign against two-piece bathing suits. Claire found her loyalties queerly twisted this fall when

the McGill football team invaded the campus, for her sister Marcia, a senior at that University, was her guest. There was no real question however of Claire's not "shout oh, shout "ing for" good old Varsitec . . ." and she was as hoarse as the rest, at the post-Victory dance that night at the Royal York. Loves resident life—going to bed late and getting up at 5 a.m. in those chill grey dawns for Mass at the Precious Blood for that special novena.

Hobbies? "Catching up with live kangaroos and burying dead ones; hurling boomerangs at baby pandas and swimming over to New Zealand before breakfast of a Sunday morning. . . ."

Future plans? Postgraduate course in Social Service Work at Fordham or Catholic University, in preparation for Catholic Welfare Work "down under".

Barbara Lyon,
I Honour Moderns, Loretto College

IV

The room was crowded with students, some welcoming back old friends, others standing awkwardly apart near the walls trying to look 'at home'. The room was the Reception room of Loretto College. I was among the fortunate ones who could look over shoulders and shout:



"Hello, it's good to see you," to many present. I was a sophomore! Making for a group of freshmen to help them in their shyness, and give them the sophomore view of the College, I was stopped by the Dean, "I would like you to meet one of the new students This is Ramute Vailokaitas", she said as she introduced us. Ramute turned out to be a very striking girl: five foot nine (I have to stretch my five-two to look at her), with blond hair, blue eyes and a lovely fresh complexion. She smiled shyly, and as she accepted the introduction said in excellent English: "Hello, I'm very glad to meet you."

I stayed with Ramute for the rest of that confused hour before dinner. From the start one thing was certain. To call her "Ramute" con-

stantly just couldn't be done. "How about Ray", I asked. She was slightly indignant at first, then laughed and nodded assent. The nickname caught like wild-fire, so much so that her good Christian name is never heard, except, of course, from the Faculty. It was a good thing our relations were at once put on an informal basis, for a few minutes later I found that Ray was to be my room-mate. Yes, we would certainly get to know each other well.

Our room is in House '90', on the top floor. I was worried about getting to know one so very quiet and naturally reserved. And how on earth do you "get along" with a room-mate—who is 24, Lithunian, and of a temperament opposite to mine. You be yourself and she is herself! It was only after a few days that I asked her about her background. Ray would only give it to me in pieces, and putting them all together I saw a very exciting and different picture of life in Europe. She was born in Kaunas, the capital of Lithuania. Her family consists of two sisters and one brother. Her father was dead, and little wonder for the hardships the family had to bear during the war are unbelievable. Forced to flee from the Russians, they went to live in Germany. While the family remained there Ray went to study in the University of Vienna and from there to the University of Leipzig. The Germans then compelled her to work in a factory because she was of foreign birth. Ray talks little of working for the Nazis, but she knows her weariness and fatigue and hunger much better than we will ever know it!

During her schooldays Ray learned English from her English governess. In October, 1947, she came to Canada ready to "give out" with her English and to find out if Canadian life is what she expected it to be. Because of the government ruling that all displaced persons must do domestic work for one year upon entering Canada, Ray started to work at Loretto-Brunswick. Here she got her first taste of Canadian life. She does not like Toronto as well as Montreal. The Good City has not enough bright lights for her, nor enough places to which she can go. I tried to explain the power shortage, but somehow failed to impress her. She would always reply with her persistent desire, "I want to go to New York!"

Perhaps Toronto does not have her bright lights, but it does have the University. So, having completed her year of work Ray came to college. She registered in the Honour Political

Science and Economics course. After numerous petitions and interviews with the Admission Committee, she was given credit for her two years of study in European universities, and allowed to enter second year. I could not understand her choice, for to me only boys, and very clever ones at that, took such a course. She explained that her father had been in the diplomatic service and she wanted to become acquainted with Canada and its economical system so that her knowledge could be used to better her European country.

How is Ray enjoying life in a Canadian University? She will admit that it is certainly very different from the universities of her former days. Grudgingly she confesses that one works harder here, but she prefers the European halls of higher learning when it comes to friendliness. She cannot understand why the students are not more easy-going with one another. The professors are not as close to their students here as they were over there.

In November Ray's brother arrived in Canada from Germany. It was a great day, for she had not seen her brother for a year. Her mother and one of her sisters who reside in the state of New York, came to Toronto where the family held a memorable reunion. Now the Vailokaitis family is happy once more after many struggles. And Ray is having a wonderful time at college. Her sense of humour has all of us in stitches many a time, and she is so genuinely fine that one cannot help liking her . . . as you would if you could meet her.

Frances O'Brien,

II Eng. Lang. & Lit.

ATTILA MEETS LEO THE GREAT

He plundered, he killed, he ravaged,
He reigned alone, and wanted all.
He conquered Greece and Macedon;
He then invaded Gaul.
Great slaughter brought him great defeat,
His pride was hurt that he should fall.
So, on to Northern Italy—
He'd had one taste of gall.

Then, devastating as he went,
"Now on to conquer Rome," he said.
But at the gates he looked; listened;
Withdrew the armies that he led.
As the Saint of God has spoken,
So "the Scourge of God" has fled.

Virginia Morgan, XI,
Loretto-Woodlawn

LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL

Sault Ste. Marie



Left, top and bottom: Cast of "The Late Christopher Bean"—M. Menard, A. Massey, J. Ware, G. MacMaster, K. James, G. Krol.

21 Sada Jane Blain, Beverley Le Lievre, Michael Gillotte.

Right: Christmas Dinner sponsored by the Senior Class.

HAT LINES

Many comments have been passed by thoughtless women upon the neck-wear of men. I hereby resolve to reverse the situation and voice my opinion about the remarkable creations that women term—HATS.

I have had many an occasion to notice the head-ware of women; one particular occasion was at the conference for Fashion Editors in New York's swanky Waldorf Astoria Hotel, which my uncle, a photographer for Pathe News, was covering. I, too, was present at the principal address of the conference, and now I must ask you to use your imagination for I could not begin to describe to you the scene below me. There was a milling mass of women. For many a year I was at a loss to account for the shortage of kitchen fixtures; but as I gazed upon that throng my mystery was solved. Their head-gear was supposed to be the latest fashion; but the phenomenal creations which caught my eye, pointed to a direct increase in the fruit market. After seeing scores of these so-called hats, I felt like reporting several women to the Humane Society for stealing nests from helpless birds.

However, despite my critical opinion of women's hats, I do admire them, providing they do not contain all the colours of the rainbow and some besides. You may well say that I have forgotten one important fact, namely, that most hat designers are men. This may be true; but I do not term these designers as men,—rather as Mad Hatters. When you look at these creations from the pocketbook angle you too will agree that a few hours in the kitchen with wrench, needle, thread, fruit basket, and an old hat, you too can accomplish what these frenzied designers are selling for preposterous sums.

The next time a woman takes it upon herself to pass comment about neckties; let her pause, and think about that accessory, so dear to women . . . THE MODERN HAT!

Mike George, Grade IX,
Our Lady of Victory School,
Fort Erie, Ont.

The green grass sends up her tender shoots,
A promise of things that are yet to be.
The south wind plays on her silvery flutes,
And a sparrow sings on the bough of a tree.

The winding road shows patches of brown;
The fir tree drops its mantle of snow;
But while Old Man Winter wears a fearful frown,
The world lies subdued in a rosy glow.

The robins return from the sunny south;
The lilacs burst into lavender bloom;
The ice breaks at the river's mouth;
Now all these signs spell winter's doom.

Jill Langfield, X,
Loretto High School, Regina.

* * *

Spring passed here, oh, I can tell
Where her tiny bare feet fell,
For flowers blossomed where she stepped
And grass grew greener where she wept.
She sprinkled music everywhere
By flinging bluebirds in the air.
Her warm breath left a sweet perfume
That kissed the trees and made them bloom.
If summer comes, she too must sing.
Walking in the steps of Spring.

Margie Henderson, Grade XII,
Loretto-Niagara.

* * *

A little bit of blowing,
A little bit of snow,
A little bit of growing,
And crocuses will show.
On every twig that's lonely
A new green leaf will swing,
On every patient tree-top
A thrush will stop and sing.
A little bit of sleeting,
A little bit of rain,
The blue, blue sky for greeting,
The violets bloom again.
And every frozen hillside
Its gift of grass will bring,
And every day of winter
Means another day of spring.

Gloria Halliday, Grade XI,
Loretto-Niagara.

* * *

In every field the grass stood still
While in the orchard on the hill
There was not a leaf that stirred
Or uttered any windy word
Until the music-box of rain
Its tinkling tunes began again.

Betty Catherine Daul, Grade IX,
Loretto-Niagara.

DARK ANGEL

It was a beautiful day! The sun was shining brightly on the fresh green grass; a robin sang merrily in a tree, and the first flowers of spring were pushing their heads through the soft brown earth, eager to bloom once more for all the world. A gorgeous May day, when everyone rejoiced to be alive!

Yet all this splendour made no impression on me. It might have been the middle of January, for all I cared. And perhaps it might have suited me better if the ground had been covered with snow and the thermometer had read zero instead of sixty-five. For, then, I might still have had the chance to go to the graduation dance—St. Pat's graduation, not ours. It wasn't that I had not been asked; Gerry had asked me two weeks ago. But still I couldn't go, and for no reason at all. Well, perhaps there was a reason, but it "didn't hold water" as far as I was concerned.

"Patty, you know that I am anxious for you to go to that dance," Dad had said to me the night before.

"And if it were not for your Aunt Mary, you would be going. But she is not well and she must get away for a rest. And, since she has cared for you since your mother's death, you must go with her," he concluded.

"Relatives," I grunted.

"Patty!" Dad admonished.

"I'm sorry; but Dad, it isn't fair. I don't know why I have to give up the dance to go with her."

"Patty, we've been through all this a dozen times," my father replied wearily. "Now, please go to bed. I've a lot of work to do."

"For a doctor you're very unreasonable," I retorted angrily as I went upstairs.

Now at four o'clock the following afternoon, I was returning home from school. I had not yet told Gerry that I could not go to the dance, but I knew that I must before another day had passed. I was just about to turn the corner when I heard someone call my name.

"Patty, is that you?"

I turned around and saw Angela Carter sitting on her veranda, her large police dog, Jimmie, at her feet.

"Angela, how did you know it was I?" I asked her in astonishment.

"I know your step now," Angela laughed.

"Are you in a hurry or have you time to stop and talk a while?"

"I'd love to, Angela, but I'm afraid you won't find me a very interesting companion," I said, seating myself beside her on the glider.

Angela had always been a source of wonder to me. She was a tall, slim girl, with beautiful fair hair, and her brown eyes with their twinkle belied the fact they were sightless.

"What has happened, Patty?" Angela said in great concern.

"I can't go to the St. Pat's graduation dance because I have to go away with my aunt," I said sadly.

"Oh, is that all," Angela said with a laugh. "I thought something had really happened."

"Is that all!" I exploded. "Do you realize that it is one of the most important dances of the year?"

"I'm sorry," the blind girl apologized. "I didn't know it was so important. I thought it was just another dance."

"Everybody is just dying to go," I continued. "Oh, Angela, I'm sorry. I forgot. Please forgive me."

"Of course, Patty. I know it means a lot to you. But there are other things in life besides dances, you know."

"Yes, but you don't—you couldn't realize what it means to go to St. Pat's dance," I insisted.

"Patty, you may not think so, but I also would like to go to a dance sometime. Of course, I can't, so I am determined to enjoy the things of life I can enjoy. In the days before there were dances, people existed, and they often had happier times than we do. Besides, you can offer this up for the Holy Souls and when they get to heaven, they'll pray for you and perhaps help you to get to a dance some other time."

"But it won't be this dance," I grumbled.

"Patty, please be reasonable," Angela said. "You should consider yourself lucky to be going away with your aunt. Sometime, when you no longer have her, you'll be glad you went with her and helped her. Christ had His cross to bear. We must be Christlike and bear our small crosses with the same patience and endurance that He did."

It was only then that I began to realize what a cross Angela had to bear. She would never

see the trees and the flowers, but only and always vast darkness. How trivial this dance must have seemed to her, who was so near to God because of the common cross they bore.

"Thank you, Angela," I said humbly. "Thank you for your advice."

"I didn't mean to preach," she laughed lightly. "But I hope I have made you realize that you can live without dances."

I have never forgotten those wise words of the beautiful blind girl; and whenever I want to complain about something, I think of Angela and breathe a little prayer, "O God, please make me more Christlike, and help me to submit to your Will as cheerfully as Angela does."

Patricia Tatz, XII,
Loretto College School.

ALL THAT GLITTERS . . .

The jewels are beautifully arranged on rich crimson velvet, with a brilliant light shining down on them. The gold brooches with their large red, blue or white stones catch the eyes of all the customers. The delicately-made earrings, and the rings with their large diamonds flash in the light. As you hesitatingly walk up to the salesgirl to ask the price, you wonder if you even own the money that she will ask for that large shiny gold pin, with the white flashing stone. Then almost stunned, you suck in your breath when she answers, "Fifty cents, Miss." Eagerly and with the feeling of having just inherited a fortune, you dig in your pocket and bring out the money. You clutch the bag that contains the brooch, and walk away triumphant.

On the way home you cannot resist taking another look at that heavenly jewel. Gingerly, you take out the brooch. Why, she must have given you the wrong one! Surely one would not pay fifty-cents for this gold-painted tin with its piece of glass stuck in the middle. Then you remember the rich wine velvet, the brilliant light. Suddenly you understand only too clearly why the gold looked real, and the piece of cheap glass flashed. Yes, one finds the most colourful jewels in Woolworths, but one must stay in the store, and at the counter to realize their beauty.

Irene Eberle, Grade XII,
Loretto-Sedley.

The hour was at hand. John made the last finishing touches. Was his plume crooked or was it just meant to look like that? Everything had to be just so. Tonight, John had decided, was to be the night. He looked once more into the mirror. Then straightening up, he marched out the door and into the crisp October air.

In many other houses much the same scene was taking place. Girls were giggling and whispering as they went excitedly down the street. Boys appeared shuffling along, slightly embarrassed in their strange attire. All turned into a brightly illumined house. Once inside, embarrassment vanished as the gay crowd of young people gathered for their yearly masquerade in the celebration of Hallowe'en. The girls went seeking their beaux, and boys tried to detect who was hiding behind costume and mask.

John stood in the centre of the room joking with a group of boys and, suddenly a hush fell upon them. There in the doorway stood an exotic oriental princess. Though name after name was suggested, none could guess her identity.

As the dance began, John, snapping out of momentary trance, rushed to have the first dance with this beautiful creature. But alack, before he could get near her, she was gliding away with a bold pirate.

John could not allow this. Tonight he was Don Juan, and with the determination of that gentleman, he was going to dance with this lady.

Several times he went down to defeat, but his great moment came finally. He and his princess were dancing together.

Thereafter every dance was together. His only thought was of her. But drawing nigh was the witching hour of mid-night when she would unmask. Would he then be able to tell this lovely maiden of his feelings for her?

At the first peal of the bells, the dancers reached for their masks. John waited expectantly as his oriental princess lifted hers. A murmur went through the crowd, changed soon to a burst of laughter. There was John's new-found love, standing with big blue eyes and a crew cut, his locker mate, Michael Malone.

Barbara Ann Brookman, XI.
Loretto-Woodlawn.

ECHO FROM ESTEVAN

February 9, 1949—The snow is still piled high here in Estevan. While farmers have been snowed in most of the winter, roads are beginning to open once more, and our catechism classes for the country children after both Masses on Sunday, have started again. We opened the class last Sunday with, "Well now, as we were saying in November"

Snowmobiles are not uncommon out here. They are a bus-like affair that have runners instead of wheels, and accommodate twelve people, and, if you can afford one, they are the ideal form of locomotion during winter days.

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Perhaps some of you heard about the fire we had in Estevan on Christmas Eve, in an airport apartment, just south of the town. In the early morning, we were awakened by the shrill cry of the siren, and from our chapel window, we saw the great flames leaping toward the sky in the airport valley. We thought perhaps it was a barn; it was only later in the day that we learned to our sorrow, that sixty-five persons were left homeless, and four lives lost.

Sharon, one of our little pupils, and her family, were among those who miraculously escaped from the burning building before it collapsed. A "disaster fund" began immediately, and everything was done to accommodate the unfortunate families who had lost everything. If, nineteen hundred years ago, the doors of Bethlehem were closed to a young couple who sought shelter, the doors of Estevan, this Christmas Eve were opened wide to welcome the homeless.

Once more, the boxes of clothing sent from our Sisters in the East, came to the rescue. How happy we were to be able to contribute shoes and warm clothing to the little children who were in need of that, rather than money, at the moment. May we take this opportunity to thank St. Matthew's School for the lovely and useful articles of clothing made by the senior girls; St. Vincent's School for the huge cartons of clothes that reach us every few months, and the generous supply of books and pamphlets; Holy Family School for their large contribution; Loretto College School (seniors) for the supply of religious articles; Loretto College Commercial for the box of toys that

arrived just before Christmas, St. James' School for the toys and clothing, and Our Lady of Perpetual Help for their cheques, and to the many, many others who have been so generous. God bless them.

We wrapped up the "Cuddles" doll for Sharon; the fire-engine, games, red truck and tin soldiers brought forth shouts of childish delight. Everything was almost right again; it was plain to see that Santa had left their gifts at the Sisters' house. And so we were able to make up, at least to some extent, for the gaily decorated Christmas trees that had quickly caught fire, and the toys, hidden away, that were no more.

Among the boxes we received at Christmas, was a particularly beautiful one from our Montreal Alumnae. As we opened it, the first thing we found was an autograph book, in which were written the names, and a little greeting from each.

The Alumnae were gathered together that evening (the eve of St. Catherine) at a Loretto party, and the autograph book tells us how much fun they had wrapping and packing the gifts. "We hope", they said, "that **you** Loretto girls enjoy opening these parcels as much as **we** Loretto girls enjoy packing them." Another tells us that she was formerly a member of the "Imp Club" at the Abbey; another, that she was known as "Angel Child" when M. M. Alberta was Mistress.

We only wish our Alumnae could have witnessed the joy their kind remembrance brought to us. We were buried in tissue paper, ribbons and gay Christmas wrappings for some hours, until we finally reached the bottom—and guess what the last box contained—a kaleidoscope, and on it was printed in gold "For the youngest member of the Community."

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About a week before Christmas, there arrived from Niagara Falls, large cartons containing gifts to be distributed at our catechetical Christmas party. There was a present for every Catholic child in Estevan, up to Grade Eight. They were wrapped by the senior pupils at the Academy, and marked according to age, so that each gift was suitable to the boy or girl who received it. It was a gala day for our children, and one they will long remember.



AT LAST

He was a lonely man who never had been happy because there was always a lack in his life, a craving for something. If he only knew what this terrible longing was, perhaps he could somehow, somehow, satisfy it and be happy.

As he walked along the dark foggy street, he tried to recall his life, to recall his boyhood and his years as a young man. He, Francis O'Brian, was now fifty-seven years old, but he could still recall his days as a small boy of six, when his mother, Lord have mercy on her, dressed him for his first Holy Communion; he could still smell the white rose in his lapel as he walked beside his parents up to the altar-rail. He recalled the Christmas of his eleventh year when his father died and, when, after that, his mother, often cried. He remembered his Confirmation, as he walked up the aisle now with his mother alone, and the white rose in his lapel.

Suddenly, the years flew by . . . he was again walking up the aisle, this time with Sandra, his wife; again the white rose in his button-hole. He thought of his children, Frank, Ronald, Paul, and Barbara. He recalled the deaths of his two oldest sons, Frank and Paul, who died fighting for their country. He remembered Sandra's death from sorrow only three months later; as he followed the body up the aisle, there was no white rose, except those on his beloved wife's coffin.

Once more he walked up the aisle, this time at the double wedding of his daughter and son, and the white rose bloomed again in his button-hole. He knew brief happiness at being once more in church, the first time since the death of his wife.

Five years had now passed, five long years of hardship and toil, suffering and loneliness. His son and daughter were happy with their children, but he was still lonely.

Suddenly, the mind of Francis O'Brian was back in his fifty-seventh year for a truck moved from the dim shadows, hurling itself towards him! He realized that he, in a few seconds would stand beside God, his Creator!

Why, oh, why had he not gone to Mass all those Sundays? If he had another chance he would; but now, too late; as he felt a sickening blow on his head, he knew that he was sorry.

Once more he went up the aisle. The white rose at last, bloomed no more; and he was no longer lonely.

Marie McElgunn, X,
Loretto College School.

From Guelph we receive periodically large, colourful scrap-books, filled with interesting pictures, and these we give to our sick in the hospital, or at home. They readily pass magazines and papers on to the other patients, but never willingly part with one of these scrap-books, so beautifully and artistically arranged to brighten the hours.

On Saturday mornings, of late, we have been instructing a little family of four children, at their home. These people moved to Estevan from the country a few months ago, so that the children would be close to the school. We found out that they should be Catholic but have not been baptised, and have had no religious instruction. Arrangements were made for us to teach them privately; the first few times we visited them, there was always one of the children hiding somewhere, who could not be coaxed into the room. Now they are outside waiting to welcome us, and are learning their catechism with real enthusiasm. Their mother is most grateful for what is being done, and plans to return to the Sacraments soon, after a lapse of about fifteen years. She reads with devotion the little prayer-book we gave her, and especially the pages in preparation for Confession.

How patient is the good God in dealing with his prodigal children—how humbly He awaits their return to their Father's home.



Father Peyton with a group of interested listeners, after his talk on the Family Rosary at Columbus Hall in February.

A DEBT TO MARY

The better part of Catholic America is familiar with the slogan, "The Family That Prays Together, Stays Together". It introduces the Family Theatre Hour, and was the rallying cry for the Family Rosary Crusades in London, Ontario, and Saskatchewan.

However, the slogan took on a new meaning when we met its author, Father Patrick Peyton. Father Peyton was born in Ireland in the year 1909 into a family of nine children. He has been in this country for the past twenty-one years, in which time, it would seem, he has lost none of its brogue.

Until he left his little Irish home to come to America, Father remembers kneeling every night around the supper table with his family for the recitation of the Rosary.

His parents were of the enterprising Irish type who were not afraid to let everyone see them thanking God for His blessings. His mother was a good holy woman, who supported and brought up her family after the death of her husband.

In 1928 her son Patrick came to America with his older brother Tom. They went to Scranton, Pennsylvania, where they went to work as coal-miners. But God had other plans for these two young Irish boys, and soon they found themselves back in school for thirteen more years of study for the priesthood. They were ordained together.

When explaining how he had chosen this work of the Rosary Crusade, Father termed it a "debt to Mary" with the following explanation:

A few years ago, Father was stricken with consumption; month after month he lay in bed, gazing at the white ceiling of the hospital room, becoming more discouraged every day. Finally one day the doctor gave him a choice of two ways to recover. The first way was by prayer; his alternative, the removal of several ribs. Father said they need not have given him any choice, for immediately he began to pray. He entreated Our Lady to make him well again. Gradually he began to recover, and new strength and life came into his body.

He has never forgotten that great debt to Mary and is repaying her with all his health and strength now by trying to establish the Family Rosary in her honour.

Since 1940, Father Peyton has been successfully conducting this work. He says that the family which takes its meals and all its blessings from God during the day, as a family should at the end of each day also thank Him as a family.

Those of us who were privileged to hear Father Peyton will never forget the conviction of his words. May the beautiful custom which he brought from Ireland become a cherished one in America for "the family that prays together, stays together."

Justine O'Brien, Grade XI,
Loretto Abbey, Toronto.

ROSARY PLEDGE

O, Lovely Lady, Mother Mine,
Keep me always faithful and true
To our Family Rosary Pledge
Which I made for you.

This promise will be hard to keep
On days when work is all too steep.
But this pledge, O Mother mine,
Can keep me near thy Son Divine

About Him let me not forget
And towards His love my steps I set,
Help me then by this pledge of mine
To be His faithful child and thine.

Joanne Majkut, X,
Loretto High School, Regina.

MEDITATIONS AT DUSK

The night is falling; the day is done;
The world bids farewell to the sinking sun.
The trees stand dark against the sky,
And across the fields I hear the cry
Of sleepy birds.

Oh! Would to God I had the power
Of painting on canvas this precious hour
That comes between day and peaceful night—
The hour of dusk and dim twilight.
An hour when the world is quiet and dim,
An hour when nature is singing a hymn,
A hymn of praise to the Almighty King
Whose glory the birds forever sing;
To Whom the trees lift up in prayer
Their leafy arms.

To remind the world that this moment rare
Of pain and joy, of breath and life,
Is time for pause from senseless strife,
And in hymns of praise and contrition, render
Thanks to God for reflected splendour.

Ann O'Hara, XI,
Loretto-Woodlawn.

COURAGE

"Courage!" Yes, that's what you too will say as you watch that hockey star. What a fight he puts forth to the bitter end! His team must win that game. What matter when the last whistle blows, that he has received a black eye, several bruises, and countless bumps! He has won the game for his team. In the face of that, physical injuries become insignificant and are overlooked. The crowd roars and cheers, "Oh, isn't he courageous!" and "Hasn't he courage?" In the spirit of sportsmanship, he certainly has.

Now let us look at a family scene. Here we meet the husband of a very wonderful wife, and father of a boy, Billy, seven years old, and Janie, just five. The little girl, rather delicate, frequently complains of earaches, for her hearing is defective, especially in the right ear.

The father's paternal duties keep him occupied with things of greater moment, so that he fails to realize the seriousness of Janie's condition. He is planning to buy a small house (the present apartment provides no playing space for his children). Then, too, he wants to buy a new living room suite, a bicycle for Billy, and a piano. A piano is what he wants most of all. Yes, in a few years Janie would be taking music lessons. How he had always loved piano and some day he shall sit down to watch Janie at the keyboard. Besides, he also thinks of buying a car—but that, too, can wait. The piano must be first.

One day, Janie comes running to her father and says, "Daddy, my ear hurts terribly. It feels as if something is in it. Please look, Daddy." With fatherly tenderness he draws little Janie to himself and looks into her ear. Indeed, there is a lump forming, closing the opening of her right ear. The frightened mother immediately summons the doctor. The latter declares that unless Janie has a very serious operation without delay, she will become completely deaf. The father sees his hopes of a brighter future fade for him. However, his love for his child far exceeds that for worldly goods, and he takes the little one to the hospital.

What a great deal of money it costs him! It is worth it all. The operation is a success. The father tip-toes into Janie's room. How pale and thin she looks. As daddy looks at her with that encouraging smile of his, and whispers, "Janie, dear, chin up," Janie understands. To her this

means getting well in a hurry, for daddy had often said this to her when she complained to him about a tummy ache, or an earache, and somehow she knows she will now be relieved of earaches in the future. But to Daddy those words mean starting his plans at rock bottom. He doesn't mind for he has his little family right with him, and their happiness is worth more than all the things he had wished for.

He says a little prayer of thanksgiving for his dear ones and looks to the future with renewed determination, for someday he may yet buy a piano.

Now you have seen demonstrated the courage of physical endurance and the courage to endure life's blows with a smile. Both are wonderful but the victor of the latter is by far the greater.

Rose Giesinger, Grade X,
Loretto High School, Regina.

THE LADY OF THE ROSARY

She stood with her eyes gazing high above,
A vision of beauty encircled with love,
The stars were outshone by her twinkling eyes,
The colour of which is in misty blue skies.

Pale blue was the shade of her rippling gown,
Gold-tipped was the cord that flowed to the ground.

Her flowing blonde hair shone bright as the sun,
And glistened like moon-shafts when day is done.

Below, on the ground, three children appeared,
And fell to the feet of the Virgin, revered,
They knew not how, or from whence she came,
They dared not inquire the Lady's name.

Then, out of the East came a heavenly light,
And shone through the palling darkness of night,
Surrounding the Lady in heavenly glow,
Revealing her secret to those below,

That this was Our Lady, the Virgin of Love,
Down on our earth from heaven above,
To ask, through the Christ-like power of Grace,
That sin might cease to destroy our race.

She smiled at the children there on the ground
And begged that they spread her message around,

Then as swiftly as sound she arose from the sod
And ascended to heaven, the home of her God.

Theresa McNulty, XII,
Loretto-Niagara.

LORETTO ABBEY



Twelve-year-old Barbara Gratton who came second in the Junior Canadian Figure Skating Competition held at the Minto Club in Ottawa. Here His Excellency, Governor-General Viscount Alexander presents Barbara with the Bronze Medal.



In the Abbey gymnasium the pupils of the Junior School, accompanied by the Orchestra, sing carols and present their gifts to the Christ Child.



Triple Trio from Loretto College School, winners of a shield in the Kiwanis Festival.



Loretto-Estevan with their gifts from the Falls' girls.

The strains of "Bumble Boogie" blared forth from the ancient juke box in Jake's pool-hall. Lounging around this source of frantic music was a group of teen-agers. Their attention at that moment was focused on Ken Doyle.

To a casual observer Ken Doyle was just another "pool-room king," superficial, lacking emotional depth. A typical "boogie boy", he was awed and envied by his companions. Ken never had to make plans; life just happened to him. Tall, Irish, with a languid, casual manner and curly black hair which he made no effort to keep back, Ken was the idol of the Twelfth Street girls. His clothes had the desired effect of studied carelessness; he had parents who could supply him with sufficient funds for his nightly amusements, but sometimes, in the still of the night—and these occasions had become more and more frequent since that Country Club dance—Ken asked himself: "Why all this?" "Where is it getting me?" He had long forgotten the friendship and advice of his childhood confidant, Father O'Brien, who had moved away when Ken was eleven.

Tonight, New Year's Eve, Ken was in one of his thoughtful moods. He had apparently made a statement which met with the disfavor and vigorous protest of his "buddies"

"Listen, Ken, this Party's in Charlie's hotel suite, see?"

"What's biting you lately, anyway?"

"Come on, Ken, for gosh' sake, it's New Year's Eve."

"Yeah. Well, thanks anyway, fellows," Ken said, putting out his cigarette.

"Maybe I'll see you later; right now I feel like taking a walk."

He walked across the floor and out into the street feeling the sharp puzzled stares, boring into his back like so many small drills.

Once outside Ken walked aimlessly, thinking of the now-commonplace quarrel that he had had with his parents that night, of the futility and lack of meaning to his life, and of Connie.

Ken had met Connie exactly three weeks before. His mother had given him the choice of the Country Club dance or the loss of his treasured jalopy. So Ken had arrived at the dance prepared and determined to be bored. Then he saw Connie. She was sitting alone in a green dress which, together with her long, blond hair brought out the beauty of her green eyes. Ken

was about to approach her with one of his standard "lines" when he remembered where he was. Instead he asked Mrs. Harris one of the chaperones, to introduce him. She did so willingly.

"Connie, this young man would like to meet you," Mrs. Harris said, with a smile.

"Connie Devine, this is Kenneth Doyle."

"My friends call me Ken," he said awkwardly. Imagine Ken Doyle feeling awkward!

"Connie Devine, eh?" Ken said, then, sitting down beside her, the old poise recovered. After all, she was only another pretty girl at a party. "Hm. You are divine."

Connie looked surprised, and then she blushed. Imagine! Ken smiled. She actually blushed.

They spent the rest of the evening together, and Ken drove Connie home. He promised to telephone her the next day, and left her doorstep whistling, thoroughly determined to turn over a new leaf, and convinced that love, and life in general, were perfectly grand.

Ken lay awake for hours that night, thinking about the evening, about Connie, and about his life with the Twelfth Street gang. He finally went to sleep, deciding that it was too late to change his ways, and that he would always be a pool-room "boogie boy", and certainly not the type for Country Club dances and girls like Connie. He never did call her.

Now, as he walked along the quiet, deserted, streets, Ken recalled the words of Father O'Brien, spoken at one of their friendly chats.

"Always remember," Father had said. "It's never too late to change. No matter what happens, God will always welcome you back. Never forget that, Ken."

At the time Ken had accepted the words of the priest as inconsequential, but now they had a special meaning for him. His mind began to race, anxiously.

"I could maybe talk to mother and dad," he thought. "And ask them to forget the past and give me a chance to—well, prove myself. Of course, it'll be hard to explain to the gang, but I'll figure out something. I wonder if I can get to confession before eight o'clock Mass tomorrow."

Ken by now was racing up the steps of his home. His mother was sitting in the living room.

"Hi, Mom!" Ken said, coming in and kissing her on the forehead. "Happy New Year!"

Sada Jane Blain, Grade XII.

Sault Ste. Marie.

LORETTO—NIAGARA



**The Seniors visit the Babe's Dormitory
Grade XII wrap their gifts for Loretto-
Estevan.**

Mary Jane Behee has a Birthday Party.

I sat there in the audience, waiting. In a few minutes they would announce the winner of the grand award—five hundred dollars. The announcer's voice faded into the background, as I recalled the first time I sat in this same studio.

It was a Sunday evening, July fourth. There weren't many people here that evening because of the holiday, but that made no difference to me. My attention was focussed upon the intelligent-looking boy seated on the stage with the other five contestants. No one could say he was handsome, but he was attractive. He wore a dark brown suit, white dress shirt, and a brown cream-striped tie. Perhaps it was his extreme neatness that caused people to notice him particularly.

When his turn came to perform, the Master of Ceremonies interviewed him. He was seventeen-years old, a senior in high school, and liked to play basketball.

"But," said the M.C., "aren't you afraid of injuring your fingers playing basketball?"

"No, I've never even thought about that," answered the boy.

"Well, let's hear you play. This is contestant number four playing the Warsaw Concerto on the piano," announced the M.C.

All that week I wondered about the outcome. Sunday evening, July eleventh, I again sat in this studio, and watched as he received his prize, a wrist watch, and the opportunity of appearing on the All-Winners Show, August twenty-second. He thanked all for their kind wishes, keeping in mind that the big test was still ahead.

August twenty-second dawned bright and sunny. Against the warnings of everyone, he insisted upon going to a picnic with a number of his friends. One good friend of the family said, "He'll certainly break a finger playing baseball, or tire himself with too much swimming. I don't see why his mother permits him to go." Fortunately, nothing happened to him, and again I was seated in this studio listening to him play. This time, there were nine contestants—all previous first-prize winners—and the competition was much stiffer.

All that week while waiting to learn results, thoughts such as these crowded my mind: "The vocal duet was very good, and the young girl from Ireland was excellent. There were so many fine performers that to select just one win-

ner would certainly be a difficult assignment."

Now, here it was Sunday evening, August twenty-ninth, and the announcer's words, "... We give you now the sponsor of our program to award the grand prize," brought me back to the present.

The audience was hushed as the sponsor said, "It gives me great pleasure to award this grand prize of five hundred dollars to the very talented young pianist, Don Williams, whose playing of the Warsaw Concerto brought in the greatest number of votes." The audience was applauding and so was I, while a mist of joy and pride blinded my vision.

As he sat at the piano to play the selection that as a winner he had chosen, I remembered all the other times that I had seen him seat himself at his instrument, but there had been, and there would be, very few times when I would look and listen with greater pride and happiness at this, my own dear brother, Don.

Donna Schappert, XI,
Loretto-Woodlawn.

A RUNAWAY

To a beginner, a runaway is a terrifying experience. Even to an "old hand" it is exciting. I flatter myself that I am an "old hand". When I went to the barn, the two wild horses were "raring to go". After a struggle to harness them, I led them out to hitch them to the sleigh. As soon as they saw the sleigh, they reared, trying to get away. When I finally got them hitched, the trouble started.

A cat ran through their feet. They started out on the gallop, over high banks of deep snow. Their sudden start threw me off balance, and I fell into the sleigh, knocking my head on the bottom of it. Lying there, too dizzy to get up, I could do nothing to check the runaway.

Trace-chains jangled, sleigh-box cracked, while the horses ran for their lives. Suddenly the sleigh stopped. I looked up! We had crashed a post. The horses, broken loose from the sleigh, had rushed across the fields.

Disgustedly I climbed out to give chase. "Next time," I muttered, "I'll hitch up slow pokes."

Herman Ziegler, XI,
Loretto-Sedley.

LORETTO—SEDLEY



Winter comes early and stays late in Sedley. The Chronicler, Ruth Beaulieu, writes, "A Spring issue of the Rainbow? We are still snowbound!"



MISS PATRICIA MORRIS

Of Our Lady of Victory School, Fort Erie, Ontario, winner of the Toronto Archdiocesan Oratorical Contest.

Patricia spoke thus on

THE ROSARY.

Amidst the rich variety of Catholic devotions, there is one of world-wide popularity which appeals in a particular manner to every Catholic heart. It is a devotion which has grown with extraordinary rapidity in the Church of Christ. It was scarcely proclaimed when it was already flourishing in various Catholic countries and it is now like to the church itself, universal. The devotion of which I speak is the Rosary.

From our tenderest years we have fondly loved and said the Rosary to Our Blessed Mother. It is said by many people for help. The constant love of Catholics for it and the remarkable results attributed to it are easily understood when we carefully consider the nature of this devotion. The rosary beautifully unites mental and vocal prayer and so is the perfect form, of which there is no better preparation for death than the recitation of it.

It won many battles such as Muret 1213, Lepanto 1571, LaRochelle 1627, Vienna 1688 and Temesbar 1716. Our Lady appeared to children at Lourdes, Fatima and Pompeii en-

couraging them to say the Rosary. It is a devotion which may be practised in any circumstance of life. We may recite it sitting, standing, kneeling or walking, or we may even recite it before rising or after retiring to rest. It can be chosen as our morning prayers and offered as our first fruits of piety each day, or it may be set aside as our evening prayer. We may recite it on our journey to work or school whether we ride, drive or walk or we may possibly find a quiet quarter of an hour during the day to silently commune with the Mother of God.

Every day each family should assemble to say the Rosary and offer it to Mary as a crown of roses.

The entire Rosary consists of fifteen decades each commemorating some event in the life of our Lord or the Blessed Mother. The lives of these two are interwoven because they were linked together on earth. Each decade consists of one Our Father and ten Hail Marys followed by a Glory be to the Father.

The Pontiff of the Rosary, Pope Leo XIII, said, "if you say the Rosary, then you can rest secure and happy under the protection of our excellent Mother". So pray the Rosary, ask our Blessed Mother." So pray to her Divine Son for us in the words she gave the children at Fatima, "Forgive us our sins, save us from the fires of hell and lead all souls to Heaven, especially those in most need of your mercy."

SAILING

I see the gulls at sunset,
Pure white against the sky,
As we with wings of canvas
Go swiftly sailing by.
The white-caps play along our keel,
The wind in the rigging sighs,
The gentle motion of our boat
Sings us a lullaby.
We've had some joyful hours at sea,
And now that day is spent,
We'll turn about and sail for home
With thoughts that bring content.

Tom Beiring, Grade 9,
Our Lady of Victory School,
Fort Erie, Ont.

THANK YOU, GOD

O Lord, I thank You with a humble heart
For every Mass in which I take part.
I thank You for the grace and light
To think and do that which is right.
I thank You for the Church and priest—
I thank You for my Communion feast.

Kathleen Loftus, III-B.



MISS DIANE PURVIS

Of St. Monica's School, Toronto, winner of the Toronto Separate School's Oratoricals. The following is Diane's speech:

LEADERSHIP.

The scarcest thing in the world is not radium, nor diamonds, nor platinum,—but effective leadership.

The whole world is full of "seconds" or "might-have-beens". There are literally millions of boys and girls in the world who have buried deep within them gifts and resources, they never even guessed.

A leader is physically fit, mentally alert, and morally straight. He believes in himself, and in everything that will help him to reach his goal, and still keeps himself ready to learn.

There are just two main divisions in the human race, "Leaders and Leaners". To which class do you belong? Whose fault is it if you are in the ranks of the Leaners; and not up in front among the Leaders.

It is never too late to start again and to turn over a new leaf. Today, stimulate in yourself, the ambition to be a Leader. A cheery spirit, a good word and a smile will cost you very little, but will pay you rich dividends.

The boy or girl who is industrious, punctual, trustworthy and helpful to others, will find

hidden doors open to him. You have the keys to these doors. Just how widely they will open will depend largely upon your own efforts.

Be all the things that are fine and worthwhile, and the world will welcome you as a Leader of men.

THE DAY THAT ALMIRA OVERSLEPT

Almira was one of those slumbering apathetic villages which are often depicted on calendars, or post-cards. On Christmas cards they are often shown buried under mountainous snowdrifts, and on travel folders they are labelled as scenic places where business men can repair their nerves while doing some fishing.

Almira had its ordinary characters—the village spinster, the store-keeper, the town's meanest man, a gnarled, taciturn fisherman called Sam, and a goodly supply of small, mischievous urchins. But there was one extraordinary character in Almira—Mr. March's mule, Petunia.

Petunia was not famous for that notable characteristic of mules—stubbornness. On the contrary, she was docile and obedient, with a strong affection for her owner. Moreover, Petunia was the village alarm-clock.

Each morning at six Petunia would bray—a loud, urgent bray. Petunia wanted her breakfast. At the sound of this the village came to life. The farmers arose to milk their cows, the women prepared breakfast, boys and girls leaped out of bed and the day's activities began.

Then, one morning it happened—Petunia overslept. Maybe she took one of those contrary moods attributed to women—or, to be fair to the ladies—maybe it was her stubbornness coming out at last.

That day Almira was thrown into a state of chaos. All Almira was late for breakfast; even the cows suffered. Boys and girls were late for school (I fear this was the least lamented fact) and the town's meanest man threatened to sue. But Petunia was oblivious to all this. She arose leisurely at eleven o'clock, and feeling the pangs of hunger, emitted a bray which shook the village to its depths, and re-echoed loudly from the mountains.

Almira returned to its state of lethargy, but to this remote time there are many variations of the tale of the day Almira overslept, replete with the teller's own personal reactions on this day of days.

Kathleen MacKinnon, X,
Loretto-Hamilton.

WIN AND LOSE

Father Sheridan stood watching his boys on the field. Watching them gave him the feeling of being young again. He was only thirty-six, but when he worked out on the field with these sixteen and seventeen year old boys, he felt as though he were almost sixty.

Besides being the second year Latin teacher, Father James D. Sheridan was the Boy's Athletic Director at Sacred Heart High School. The football team would do quite well, he thought, if only the boys would get into the feeling of teamwork. He could see all of them from where he stood. Jack Tracy fumbled a perfectly good ball. "At a party last night," mused Father. Pete Eliot and Jim Brady were working out some nice plays at the far end of the field. Glancing at his watch, Father saw that it was 4:15, time to quit. When he blew the whistle, they gathered about him. He reminded them to keep training rules strictly and then dismissed them.

During his short walk to the rectory, Father thought of the big game Friday night. Sacred Heart was to face St. Dominic's, their greatest rival. This was Wednesday. Father didn't like the idea of its being their first game of the season, but that was the way matters stood.

When he reached the rectory, Mary, the do-everything girl, told him that there was a young boy waiting for him. Entering the waiting room, Father saw a dark-skinned boy of medium height standing under the picture of the Sacred Heart. When the boy turned around, he saw that he was one of the new Mexican family that had just moved in on the other side of town.

The boy approached him, and shaking hands with him, said, "Father, I have come to see you about joining the football team. I am Manuel Algardez." Father nodded. Manuel continued, "I started at school yesterday in third year. Father Desmond said to see you about it. I was a quarterback at San Miguel's."

Father Sheridan needed a quarterback, but already his mind was filled with objections. Only this afternoon had he heard some boys talking about, "Why didn't they stay where 'they' belonged," meaning the Mexican family. A deep sense of protectiveness, however, sprang up in Father Sheridan, so he said, "All right, be on the field at 3:10 tomorrow afternoon". The light in Manuel's eyes was a reward far greater than Father had ever hoped for.

Manuel was waiting promptly at 3:10. The other boys looked at him and walked away, making remarks. Father blew the whistle and called the boys together. He introduced Manuel to them and announced that he was going to be on the team. Some of the boys were friendly, but others showed what they thought by the sneers on their faces. Among those unfriendly few was Jack Tracy, who was the only good quarterback Father had. Father said that they would have a game, letting Manuel act as quarterback. All eyes turned to Tracy but he said nothing. Father gave the signal and the rest of the team turned to the field.

The game went along smoothly, but as Father could see, all the boys on Manuel's team weren't co-operating. Jack Tracy was quarterbacking the other team and doing everything possible to make things difficult for Manuel, but Manuel didn't seem to notice. Some of the boys, who recognized his playing ability, were already his friends. He was really good! At the end of the game, the score was 13-13, which probably was lucky for Manuel. As the boys left, Father heard a remark, which he was sure Manuel heard too, about "dirty Mexican tricks".

The next day was Friday, the big day. No one felt much like working and school was dismissed a half-hour early. Manuel went to Father Sheridan's room and talked with him for a long time, learning some things he didn't know about the game and even giving Father a few pointers. After Manuel left, Father decided to use him in the game tonight, even if it was only for a few minutes. This was unusual because Manuel was new, but Father decided to do it anyway.

The kickoff was at 8:15. At 7:30, the boys were all in the locker room; ready and dressed by 7:45. Father made the usual speech about fair play and the various rules. They then said the pre-game prayers and went out on the field for practice. St. Dominic's was already out.

The game started at 8:15. At the quarter, St. Dominic's was winning, 6-0. Sacred Heart was good on defense but their offensive was terrible; St. Dominic's got another touchdown! The point was good! 13-0! Just then, things looked bad for Sacred Heart. Manuel still was warming the bench. Father sent him in. Tracy came out fuming. Sacred Heart got the ball and with a series of passes, made a touchdown. The point

wasn't good. Several other times they had a chance. Manuel was still in, but Father could see that some of the boys were doing little to help him. Tracy's friends! At the half, Father gave the whole team a good talk, that sank deep into each and everyone. Even Jack Tracy seemed to loosen a little.

When the second half started, Tracy was in. Neither team scored. Just before the end of the third quarter, Tracy was hurt. It was his right arm; Manuel went in. Score 13-6. Tracy, with a sudden change of heart, even patted Manuel on the back as he passed.

No one scored for a long time, but recovering

a fumble of a St. Dominic man, Manuel threw a long pass to Tom Metzel, a tall end, who ran 36 yards for a touchdown. Two minutes to go! The kick! No good! The stands on the Sacred Heart side moaned. At the end of the game, the score read—"St. Dominic, 13; Sacred Heart, 12."

Sacred Heart lost the game, but a new feeling prevailed at the school. Manuel was a figure of importance. The colour of his skin didn't make any difference. The football game had been a defeat, but they had won in the fight against prejudice.

Barbara Moran, XI,
Loretto-Woodlawn.



Regina Hockey Team with the Rev. G. Vogt and Coach H. Moser.

LORETTO ABBEY JUNIOR CHORAL GROUP

Winners of the Shield at the Inter-Loretto Choral Festival



Back Row: Gail Lynch, Elizabeth Shea, Pauline Lecuyer, Sandra McGough, Carol Maynard, Joan Charlesworth, Peggy Dunleavy, Florence Shelby, Jeannette Shea.

Middle Row: Anne Davis, Frances Ann Foley, Mollie Timmins, June Suarez, Mary Claire Smith, Carolyn Raymond, Virginia Doyle, Barbara Fredhomme.

Front Row: Barbara Basserman, Patsy Coles, Sally Merlino, Barbara Heenan, Mary Kay Brown, Mary Elizabeth Donnelly, Martha Holmes.



Somewhat of a phenomenon is a pear tree in bloom for a Hallowe'en Masquerade; nevertheless, that is what Ellen Pulkingham and Catherine Truscott of Loretto-Hamilton are looking at.

HEROES

Every play has its own hero, and every hero has his own character; and it is the part of wisdom to know and love as many as you can, receiving from each the best he has to give. Dethroned Prospero, rapt in his study of magic, plucks up the pine and cedar by the spurs, shakes "the strong-based promontory" and even opens graves and calls their sleepers forth until he forsakes these things for serious meditation. Macbeth, bitten by ambition, smothers his function in surmise, neglects his people and with increasing speed o'erlaps his better self and vents his savage frenzy until blessed with eternal sleep. Manly Romeo emerges from boyish petulance to passionate, scornful contemplation of what men come to when his beloved Julia is lost to him. Disraeli, very subtle with astounding ability, unconquerable courage and patience, and passionate love for England, reaps unbounded confidence and almost personal love from his people. Coriolanus excites our admiration by his valour, exasperates us by his harsh folly, touches us by the flashes of his nobility and his moments of gentleness until he plunges from triumph into obloquy.

Lorna Bunston, XII,

Loretto-Niagara.

"THAT CERTAIN PARTY."

They say a woman can make or break a man. You don't believe it? Well, listen to this:

Jack was the sort of boy who thought he "knew it all", a regular "big shot". In our social group he was tolerated only because we wanted to avoid disrupting our particular gatherings. Besides this, he was usually tardy for all the meetings, and he lacked initiative.

That is until Lucy came along. Lucy was Ellen's cousin from Ireland, and Ellen promised to bring her to the next meeting.

We all gathered around the piano, singing "That Certain Party", when the door opened. There stood Lucy—a wisp of a girl with red lips parted, and her honey-coloured hair tied with a bright green ribbon—smiling and taking in everything in one glance.

Well, that was two months ago, and since then a lot has happened. For example, Jack has adjusted himself into a very modest person. He is always on time now for all our gatherings, and he finally let loose all the enthusiasm he had locked up for so long.

What, you don't believe it yet? Well, I know it's true. My name is Jack.

Laura La Plautt, Grade VII,
Sault Ste. Marie.

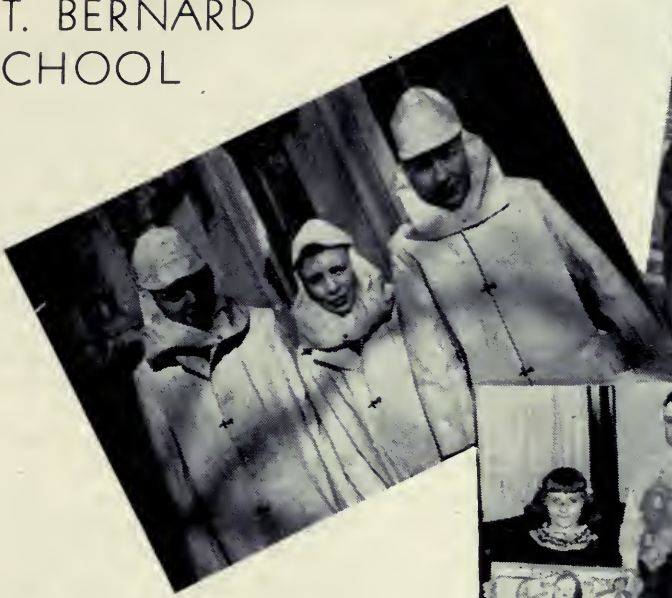
THE WEST WIND

(With apologies to John Masfield.)

It's a sweet wind, the west wind, with the smell of new mown hay;
The chirp of crickets, the twitter of birds, at the end of a weary day.
It's the waving of wheat in ripening fields, the smell of honey comb,
That carries along with the west wind, the wind that comes from home.
It's the evening breeze, the distant hills, the lonely coyote's howl;
The screeching hawk, the meadow lark, the hooting of an owl.
It's the dewy grass, the setting sun, the sky of dusky rose,
That calls me to the west land when day draws to its close.

Vivian Luterbach, XI,
Loretto Sedley.

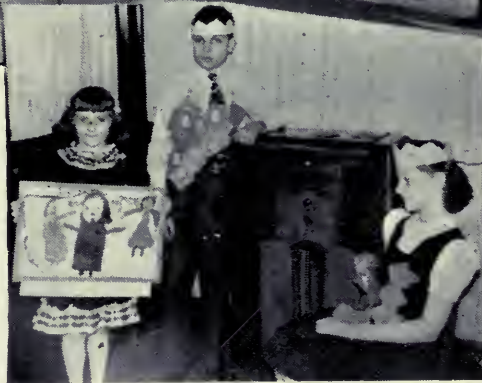
ST. BERNARD SCHOOL



Patrol Boys Ready for the Rain

1. John Helgoth
2. Jack Furlong
3. Joe Graham

At Right—Tag-Day winners: Florence Augustus and Bob Chapski of Grade One



Edmund Schaffer patrols the corner of 66th and Stewart

Benefit Tag Day

Tag Day was a big day at St. Bernard's. The children brought in in one day \$150.90 to be used in the beatification expenses for Mother Mary Ward. The boy and girl that bought the most tags (at 10 cents each) were called King and Queen of Tag Day. They were close rivals; Florence Augustus bought 47 tags and Bob Chajski 42. A surprise reward for each was a copy of the "Life of Mother Mary Ward" autographed by all the nuns. A further reward goes to all rooms giving \$10. There were eight rooms that did so.

—Peter Bartu and John Murray, Grade VIII.

SNOW DIAMONDS

Diamonds, diamonds, everywhere!
Snow, snow, see it there!
A new white coat from Chicago air. . . .
Just like fairyland anywhere.

Helen Wright, Grade 6.

A WINDY DAY

A windy day, a blustery day,
It almost takes my breath away.
It blows the dust all high and wide
Over the green countryside.

Edward Rauser, Grade 6.

DIAMONDS IN THE SKY

As I was coming from confession with my classmates, it was snowing very softly. It was so clean. It looked like a "winter wonderland." Since it was right after confession, our souls would be white too.

Yvonne Gignac, Grade 6.

Patrol Record

The Patrol Boys of St. Bernard's School have been doing their work very efficiently. As Captain I have noticed that they are not only doing their duty but they have been doing things beyond their duty. We have not had an accident in years and we pray, by the grace of God, we won't for years to come.

Credit must be given to all members of the Patrol: Robert Wilbur, Donald Aree, Dan Walsh, Francis McManagal, Michael Grace, Bob Chapski, Jack Furlong, Bob Freid, Carl Lamb, John Helgoth, John Morrison, Tom Quinlan, James Flynn, Luke Schuller, Ed Shaffer, Bob Hilliard, Kenneth Warsh, Joe Graham and Andrew McIntosh.

—Frank Gavin, Grade VIII.



The Executive Officers of Regina High School's Grade IX and X:

Back Row: Margie Gocki, Genny Werner, Katie Putzlocker, Rose Kolinski, Joan Kuffner, Joanna Majkut.

Front: Ken Werner, Peter Grief, Edward Gebert.

Crusade of Prayer

In St. Bernard's School the children are saying prayers and aspirations now for Cardinal Mindszenty who is a prisoner in Hungary. Last summer and even in 1947 the Reds were torturing him. He knew then what they were planning. We are praying for the Cardinal, counting our aspirations on charts at the end of each day. It adds up quite a bit. For two reasons this is good: 1. It keeps the children out of mischief. 2. And, for the main reason, we are praying for people in places where there is persecution. All those who possibly can should join with the children of our school and pray and make sacrifices.

—Marie Kay Molitor, Grade V.

MARY'S HELP

Are you downhearted?
Are you blue?
Turn to Mary and
She will help you.
She'll not neglect;
Not turn away.
She says, "Come,
Don't go astray."
Do your work well,
Pray to her Son.
Hear Mary tell you
"Very well done."

Ann A. Barton, Grade 8.

MARY WARD GUILD

One of the most useful and interesting clubs in the school today is the Mary Ward Guild, the purpose of which is to further the cause of the canonization of Mother Mary Ward, the Foundress of the Ladies of Loretto. This organization was begun in the Fall of nineteen forty-seven by Mother Saint Edward and her Sophomore Religion Class. The club, first called the Church History Guild, now includes over fifty members, all students of Mother Saint Edward's Sophomore Religion Classes, who alone are eligible to join at present, although plans are being made to open its doors to others.

The officers are: President, Rita Powers; Vice-Presidents, Katherine Walsh and Paula Husted; Treasurer, Betty Hedderman

The Mary Guild recently presented to Mother Juana, in the name of the school, a statue of Our Lady of Fatima. This lovely statue was blessed by Rev. Father Toolan recently, after which members of the club recited the Rosary and sang hymns honouring the Blessed Mother of God. Many are the activities being planned by this organization. for the coming months.

Mary Elizabeth Quinn.

Loretto-Englewood.

LITANY TO THE CHURCH

O Holy Church, O Mother Blest!
In thee alone is found true rest.
O Virgin's palm, O Martyr's crown!
O Bride of Christ of great renown!
Led by our great and holy Pope,
In thee the world has one last hope.
May we who rest secure in thee,
In union with the Trinity,
Be that mighty, potent leaven
By which the world is brought to heaven.

Amen.

Ann O'Hara, III-B.

The hot sun's rays come streaming down
Upon a bustling crowd
Of shoppers, workers, businessmen,
The humble and the proud.

While in the darkness of the church
Where dwells the King of all—
I wonder why so very few
Are answering His call.

Coralyn Kelly,
Loretto-Englewood.

ALUMNAE NOTES

LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION
Loretto Abbey, Toronto

Patrons

REVEREND MOTHER GENERAL M. VICTORINE, I.B.V.M.

Past PresidentMRS. LEO DEVANEY
PresidentMRS. J. REEVES
Vice-PresidentMRS. WILLIAM SMYTHE
Corresponding SecretaryMISS ELLA HERBERT
Recording SecretaryMISS CATHERINE MACKLIN
TreasurerMISS MARGARET WILSON
Membership ConvenerMISS DOROTHY LATCHFORD
Publicity ConvenerMISS SHIRLEY PEZZACK
Citizenship ConvenerMRS. D. A. BALFOUR
Nominating Com. ConvenerMISS MARY MALLON
Tea HostessMRS. WARD MARKLE
Convent Alumnae Repres.MRS. NEIL McCABE SMITH

LORETTO ABBEY, TORONTO

The second quarterly meeting of the Loretto Alumnae Association was held at Loretto College on Sunday, January 30th, 1949.

Mrs. Reeves, President, thanked Miss Wilson, Convener, and her Committee for their efforts in making the Loretto Annual At-Home a success. It was announced that over a thousand dollars had been cleared. We do believe all who attended thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

All were invited to see the new rug, purchased by the Alumnae, now in the Library at the Abbey.

Mrs. D. A. Balfour was congratulated on being elected a vice-president of the Local Council of Women.

The annual breakfast meeting of the Alumnae will be held at Loretto College School in April. All active members are encouraged to attend and to bring a non-active member with them.

Mrs. Ward Markle is to convene the Loretto Bridge and Fashion Show, to be held in May, at the Arcadian Court. Plan now to come and bring your friends.

At the conclusion of the meeting, tea was served, the table being very attractively decorated in the theme of St. Valentine's Day.

Miss "Terry" Malloy entertained with violin selections.

THE DETROIT-WINDSOR CIRCLE

Among the hostesses who entertained the Loretto Circle in Detroit recently were Mrs. John Parent and Miss Anna Quirk for the November meeting held at the Women's City Club; our president, Miss Iris Sullivan, in her home for the December meeting, and Mrs. Jack Adams at the Women's City Club for the January meeting, which featured a Catholic book review given by a representative from a local book store.

Our annual Bridge Tea was held at Kern's Auditorium in January and was a happy success with Mrs. Gladys Gleen in charge assisted by Mrs. Zoe McCormick, Miss Mary Woods, Mesdames Violet Lorden, Lucy McTague, Inamae

Priebe, Anna Hurd, Estelle Shea, Helen Adams and Cynthia O'Connell.

Mrs. Coletta Galvin Timpy was hostess to the February meeting in her home. Our president, called for prayers for the Detroit Foundation, Cardinal Mindszenty, and for our own personal sanctity. After the meeting was adjourned, we were invited to partake of tea poured by Mrs. Lillian Galvin McDonald and Miss Kathleen O'Donnell, former classmates at Loretto, Sault. The afternoon ended with a program of Irish songs by Mrs. Eileen O'Neill and Mrs. Lenore Sullivan Smith, and closed with the group singing "Ave Maria Loretto."—I. D. P.

MONTREAL CIRCLE

Our Alumnae held a very gay Christmas party at the home of Mrs. Royal LeSage (Sadie Ronan, Hamilton) on November 24th. The object of the party was to collect a Christmas parcel for the Loretto nuns at Estevan, Sask. It was our first experience in this direction, and the gifts donated by the members were, to say the least, both unique and useful. It proved to be a very merry evening, and the rooms were a flutter of gaily-colored papers and bright ribbons as each member wrapped her gifts. We felt sure that the nuns at this far Western post would have as much pleasure in unwrapping the little parcels as we had in tying them up. Tea was later served and the party was voted one of our most successful gatherings. The idea originated in the fertile imagination of Mrs. J. M. Marshall (Joan Hodgson, Abbey), our second vice-president, and we congratulate her on the happy suggestion.

We were all pleasantly surprised to receive an invitation to the home of our president, Mrs. C. C. Lindsay (Mary Hearn, Abbey), the day after New Year's, to help celebrate the arrival of 1949. There was a full attendance. The tea table was beautifully appointed, and the lovely Christmas flowers throughout the spacious rooms added considerably to the holiday air. It will surely be remembered as a treasured afternoon by our members.

The Alumnae held a successful bridge on January 17th at the Business and Professional Women's Club on Crescent Street. Tables and door prizes were given, the table prizes being dainty china cups and saucers. The successful members who carried one of them away will have a useful and lovely memento of the bridge.

It was with deep regret that we learned of the death of Mother M. Immaculata, I.B.V.M. Many of our members were her school mates, and all recalled her wonderfully cheerful disposition and ready smile. May she rest in peace.

—K. C. A.

CONGRATULATIONS

To Mr. and Mrs. Cameron Killoran (Mary McDonald, Loretto Abbey) on the birth of a daughter, on January 20.

To Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Bannon on the birth of a daughter, Patricia, niece of Mother St. Robert.

To Mr. and Mrs. Michael Bannon (Helen Lobsinger, Loretto-Stratford) on the birth of a daughter, Mary Elizabeth, on February 4, niece of Mother Benita.

To Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Wachter (Virginia Hullinger, Loretto-Englewood) on the birth of a son, Lawrence, on January 27.

To Mr. and Mrs. Peter Ell on the birth of a daughter, Vivian Ann, on February 7, a niece of Mother Casimir and Mother Eugenia.

To Mr. and Mrs. Donald Polden (Susanne Simpkin, Loretto-Sault) on the birth of a son, on July 11, nephew of Mother Susanne.

To Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Keating (Margaret Schilling) on the birth of a son in November.

To Mr. and Mrs. Leo Wilson (Victoria Andary, Loretto-Sault) on the birth of a daughter on September 6.

To Mr. and Mrs. Henry Woodall (Ann Jean Ripley, Loretto-Sault) on the birth of a daughter on February 13.

To Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gilroy (Bernadine Finlan, Loretto-Sault) on the birth of a daughter in January.

To Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Smart (Alfreda Guillard, Loretto-Sault) on the birth of a son, nephew of Sister St. Alfred and Sister Rebecca.

To Mr. and Mrs. Leo Pietila (Rhea O'Connor, Loretto-Sault), on the birth of a son, January 19.

To Mr. and Mrs. Donald Mackey (Eileen Lowe, Loretto-Woodlawn) on the birth of a daughter, Cecilia Mary, on September 9.

To Mr. and Mrs. Byron Cashin (Eileen Fitzpatrick, Loretto-Woodlawn) on the birth of a daughter, Deborah Kay, on September 30.

To Mr. and Mrs. William Shean (Annarose Schofield, Loretto-Englewood) on the birth of a daughter, Catherine Frances, on October 1.

To Mr. and Mrs. John F. Cushing (Rita Bannon, Loretto-Stratford) on the birth of a son, Paul Francis, on August 13.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Cullman (Mary Theresa Myers, Loretto-Woodlawn) on the birth of a son, Timothy Francis, on October 11.

To Mr. and Mrs. Carl K. Svejcar (Dolores Eletson, Loretto-Englewood) on the birth of a daughter, Sharon Ann, on August 8.

To Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Syms (Anne Read, Loretto-Niagara) on the birth of a son, John Charles.

To Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Steacy (Carrol Sykes) on the birth of a son, David, last May.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Ferguson (Jean Steacy) on the birth of a son, Ian Ferguson, in June.

To Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Hart (Eleanor Street) on the birth of a son, Douglas, in June.

To Mr. and Mrs. T. George Street on the birth of a son, Douglas Alan, on October 15.

To Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Lavelle (Mollie Lancey, Loretto College School) on the birth of a son, Paul Michael, on January 26.

To Mr. and Mrs. James Crusee on the birth of a daughter, Margaret Mary, on February 4, a niece of Mother St. Claude.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Girarden (Margaret McKeown, Loretto-Stratford) on the birth of a son, Timothy John, a nephew of Mother M. Angela.

To Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Harrison (Bette Boyle, Loretto Abbey) on the birth of a son, John

Michael, on November 1, a nephew of Sister Frederica.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Routh on the birth of a daughter, Margaret Elizabeth, on February 18, a niece of Mother Ferdinand and Mother Delphine.

To Lieutenant-Commander Fotheringham and Mrs. Fotheringham (Rosemary Kirkwood, Loretto Abbey) on the birth of twin boys on February 11, nephews of Mother M. Joan.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Francis Brennan (Agnes Purtle, Loretto Abbey) on the birth of a daughter, Margaret Agnes, on December 15.

To Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Latchford (Cecilia Harris, Loretto College School) on the birth of a daughter, Carol Anne, on February 16.

To Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Roehl (Marian Ellery, Loretto-Niagara) on the birth of a son, Joseph Ellery, on November 15.

To Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Newman (Margaret McKinley, Loretto-Niagara) on the birth of a son, Timothy Arthur, on December 18.

To Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Rowan (Jane Lipinski, Loretto-Niagara) on the birth of a son, Thomas Wayne, on December 8.

To Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gracey (Joan Ead, Loretto-Niagara) on the birth of a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. Charles Elliott (Helen Sullivan, Loretto-Sault) on the birth of a daughter in December.

To Mr. and Mrs. Byron Silverman (Betty Routhier, Loretto-Sault) on the birth of a daughter in December.

To Mr. and Mrs. Harold Germain (Marion Tobias, Loretto-Sault) on the birth of a daughter in December.

To Mr. and Mrs. Dan McNamara (Margaret Townsend, Loretto-Hamilton) on the birth of a daughter, Suzanne Margaret, on June 27, 1948.

To Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Lawlor (Bettie Townsend, Loretto-Hamilton) on the birth of a son, Brian Anthony, on November 15.

To Mr. and Mrs. Murray Maynard (Patricia Crawford, Loretto Abbey) on the birth of a daughter, Martha Anne, on January 15.

To Mr. and Mrs. Basil Lloyd, on the birth of a son, Gregory, on September 29, nephew of Mother St. Basil.

To Mr. and Mrs. Paul Charland (Clara Seifering, Loretto-Sedley) on the birth of a son, Paul Allen, on January 10.

To Mr. and Mrs. Leo J. Knox (Geraldine O'Gorman, Loretto College School) on the birth of a daughter, Patricia-Ann.

To Mr. and Mrs. Clement Baumstrog (Anne Deck, Loretto-Regina) on the birth of twin boys, Clement and Michael, on February 10, nephews of Mother Vivina, Mother Rosa and Sister Mary Judith.

To Mr. and Mrs. Alexander (Marguerite Harris, Loretto Abbey) on the birth of a daughter, Linda Mary, on January 18.

To Mr. and Mrs. Fred Foy (Glenna O'Gorman, Loretto College) on the birth of a son on December 14.

To Doctor and Mrs. Gerrie Blanchet (Arienne Black, Loretto College) on the birth of a son on November 20.

To Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Keast (Annabel Macklin, Loretto College) on the birth of a

daughter, Mary Elizabeth, on January 26, a niece of Mother St. Joseph.

To Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Byrne (Mary Feehely, Loretto College School) on the birth of a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Leverenz (Geraldine Dobbin, Loretto-Woodlawn) on the birth of a daughter, Suzanne Geraldine, on December 16.

To Mr. and Mrs. Peter Drum (Dorothy Ryan, Loretto-Woodlawn) on the birth of a daughter, Patricia Ann, on October 28.

To Mr. and Mrs. Dick Treshall (Lorna Lloyd, Loretto Abbey) on the birth of a son, Richard, in January.

To Mr. and Mrs. Angus (Doris Parker, Loretto Abbey) on the birth of a son, Brian, on March 2.

To Mr. and Mrs. Norbert Clancy on the birth of a daughter, Patricia Mae, on November 11.

To Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Vachon on the birth of a son, Jeffrey William Paul, on December 12.

MARRIAGES

Miss Frances Aldona Kondrat (Loretto-Englewood) was married on October 3 to Mr. Arthur Viril Callaway.

Miss Frances Santangelo (Loretto-Englewood) was married on July 10 to Mr. Attilio Styzone.

Miss Margaret Mary Koppisch (Loretto-Englewood) was married on October 2 to Mr. Raymond E. Ferguson, Jr.

Miss Patricia Hurley (Loretto-Woodlawn) was married October 16 to Mr. Richard Cronin.

Miss Margaret Mary LaVegue (Loretto-Woodlawn) was married February 5 to Mr. Robert Hitzman.

Miss Elaine O'Brien (Loretto-Woodlawn) was married November 27 to Mr. Louis Reedy.

Miss Dolores Ingalls (Loretto-Woodlawn) was married November 9 to Mr. John Wolff.

Miss Virginia Clancy (Loretto-Woodlawn) was married on February 26 to Mr. John McCarthy.

Miss Ursula Brodbeck (Loretto-Woodlawn) was married on October 30 to Mr. Clifford Randall.

Miss Genevieve Andary (Loretto-Sault) was married November 25 to Mr. William J. Schwartz.

Miss Norah Mary Simpkin (Loretto-Sault) was married December 27 to Mr. Henry B. Petruska.

Miss Dorothy Futchik (Loretto-Sault) was married January 21 to Mr. Thomas Beaudry.

Miss Dorothy Moran (Loretto-Sault) was married January 17 to Mr. Andrew Shami.

Miss Barbara Bradt (Loretto-Abbey) was married in February to Mr. William James Purcell.

Miss Doris Filgiano (Loretto-Hamilton and College) was married December 26 to Mr. Joseph Pritchard.

Miss Pauline Seiferling (Loretto-Sedley) was married February 15 to Mr. Norman McInnis.

Miss Marian Masters (Loretto-Englewood) was married January 15 to Mr. Leonard Fairbairn.

Miss Mary Margaret Anderson (Loretto-Englewood) was married October 23 to Mr. Herman Mitchell.

Miss Joan MacDonald (Loretto Abbey and College) was married in January to Mr. Bus Smith.

Miss Barbara Smith (Loretto College) was married November 27 to Mr. Edward Woods.

Miss Rena Longo (Loretto College School and College) was married to Mr. Mark Marcolin.

Miss Joyce Predhomme (Loretto Abbey and College) was married on February 19 to Mr. George C. Hewson.

Miss Margaret McDonald (Loretto-Saskatoon) was married September 16 to Mr. William Marshall of Winnipeg.

Miss Eileen Smith (Loretto-Stratford) was married January 8 to Mr. Neil Bart.

Miss Barbara Lyons was married October 23 to Mr. John Frances Sullivan.

SYMPATHY

To the Most Reverend John T. Kidd, D.D., Bishop of London, on the death of his sister, Miss Mary F. Kidd, on January 30.

To Mr. and Mrs. G. H. McCann on the death of their daughter, Miss Irene McCann, November 21; and to her brothers and sisters.

To Mrs. McLaughlin on the recent death of her husband; and to Mr. McLaughlin's daughters, Mrs. G. Newlands (Helen) and Claire.

To Mrs. Leonard Dandeneau on the recent death of her husband; and to his children Paul, Margaret Mary, Milda and Beth.

To Miss Elizabeth Oille on the death of her father.

To Mr. and Mrs. John H. Mason on the death of their infant son on January 30.

To Misses Joan and Kitty Galligan on the recent death of their father, Dr. J. B. Galligan; to Dr. Galligan's sister, Mrs. Blanchfield, and to his niece, Anne.

To Miss Mary Ryan on the death of her mother, Mrs. Mary Ryan, in December.

To Mr. Ambrose Corrigan on the death of his wife, January 17; to her sons, Ross and James; to her sisters, Mother Alexandrine and Mrs. Gilroy.

To Mr. H. Eberle on the death of his brother, Michael, on February 6.

To Mrs. Charles Rosart on the death of her husband on December 26; and to his children, Marvel, Diane and Charles.

To Mrs. Walter Cummings on the death of her husband January 10; and to his children, Bettie, Irene, Ann and Jerry.

To the children of the late Mr. Neville Anderson who died on January 29, the Reverend Neville Anderson, of Calgary, the Reverend Arthur of Bellevue, Alberta, Bob, Andrew, Fred, Maizie, Sophie, Enid, Mrs. Bawkes, and Mrs. Baker.

To Miss Sheila Hughes on the death of her aunt, Mary Dorothy Mathews, a former pupil of Wicklo, Ireland, who was killed January 2, in North Rhodesia.

To Mother Digna and Mary on the death of their mother, Mrs. M. Keane, on November 13.

To the family of the late Mr. P. F. Birns who died January 7, Reverend Frank Birns, Mother St. Madeleine.

To the brother and sisters of Miss Kathleen O'Brien who died December 24, Dr. E. J. O'Brien, Mother St. Fergus, Mrs. P. J. Hennessey, Mrs. D. A. Brebner.

To Mrs. William Doyle (Bernadine) and Mrs. Thomas Barrett (Evelyn) on the death of their father, Mr. James McGeough.

To Marian on the recent death of her mother, Mrs. Bell.

To Mrs. John Dolan on the death of her husband on January 17; and to his daughter, Patricia.

To Mrs. Stacey Douglass on the death of her husband, November 18; and to his daughter Ruth.

To Mrs. Armand Bissonnette on the death of her husband on February 10, and to his daughters, Barbara and Mary Del.

To Mrs. Marie Houle Buckley on the death of her mother, Mrs. Martha Fuller, in November.

To Mrs. William Hackett on the death of his wife, December 27; and to her children, Mother Eloise and Mrs. Vigenser (Irene).

To Mrs. Peter Haller on the death of her husband, December 20; and to his daughter Margaret.

To Mrs. Martin Carroll on the death of her husband, January 20; and to his daughter, Geraldine.

To Mrs. Harry Jacobs on the death of her husband, January 20; and to his daughters, Marilyn and Madelyn.

To Mrs. Andrew Dixon on the death of her husband, October 27; and to his daughters, Patricia, Maristelle and Joan.

To Mrs. Charles King on the death of her husband, November 23, and to his children Anne, John and Charles.

To Mr. Joseph Riley on the death of his wife, November 19; and to her daughter, Patricia.

To the Reverend John J. Hartnett on the death of his aunt, Miss Mary Hartnett, September 25.

To Miss Collins on the death of her mother, Mrs. Martin Collins, on October 23.

To Miss Patricia Kennedy on the death of her mother, and Miss Marilyn Grady on the death of her grandmother, Mrs. Mary Kennedy, on September 15.

To Mrs. Schroeder on the death of her husband on December 17; and to his family, especially Barbara.

To Mrs. Koenig on the death of her husband on December 25; and to his daughter Arlene.

To Sister M. Jeannette on the death of her grandmother, Mrs. Hannah Shean, on January 21.

To Mr. Corrigan on the death of his wife on February 10; and to her family, especially Phyllis and Delores.

To Mrs. Edward Burns on the death of her husband on February 2; and to his son Jack.

To Doctor and Mrs. Leo Mahoney on the death of their infant daughter, Helen Marie, on January 28.

To Mr. and Mrs. Francis Ely on the death of their infant son, Peter; and to his little brother Michael.

To Mrs. William Boyd on the recent death of her husband, Mr. William Boyd.

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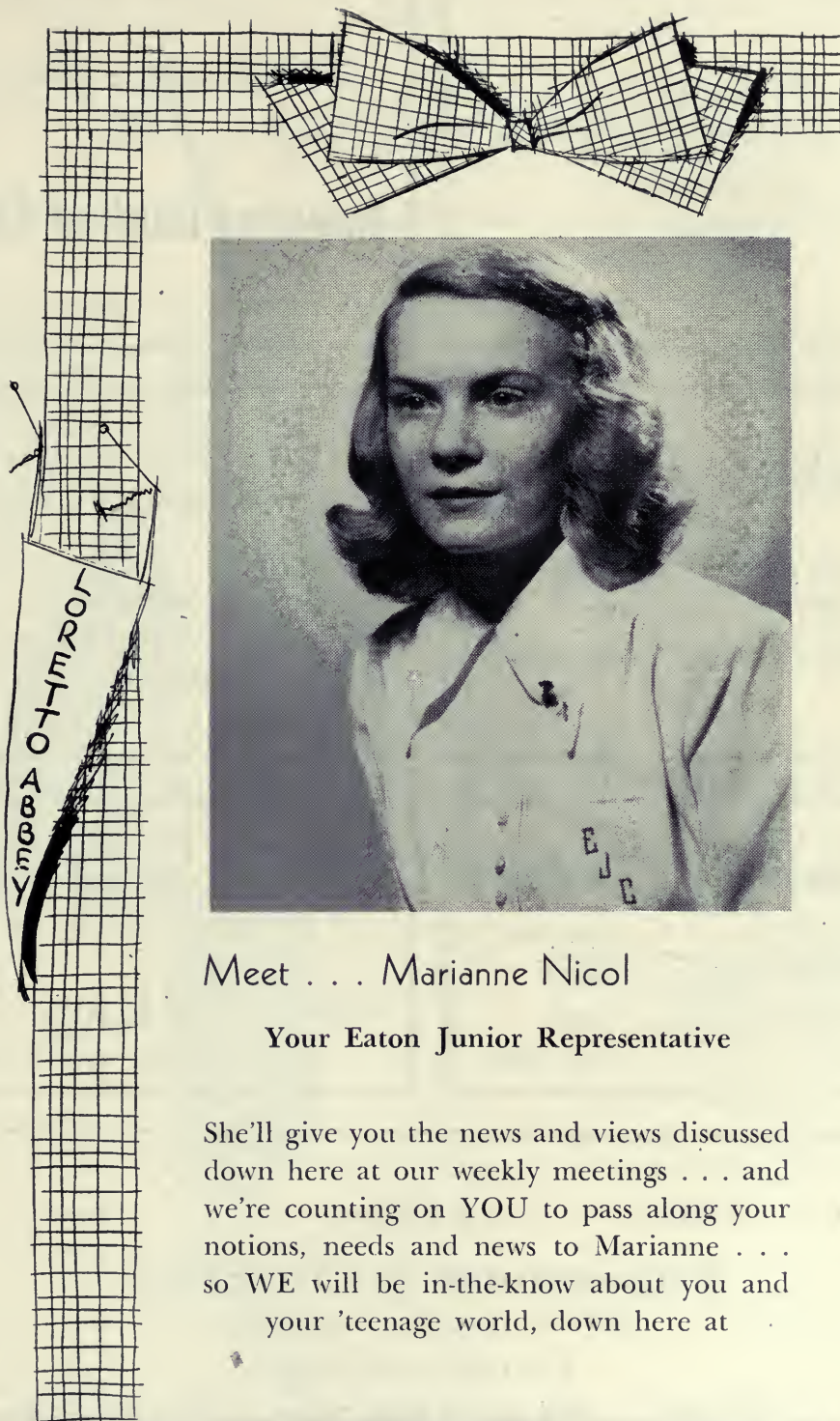
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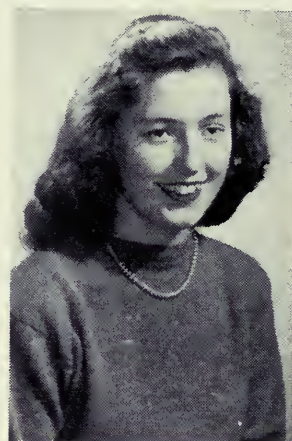
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The LORETTO RAINBOW

Institute of
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of America

Summer

1949

LORETTO RAINBOW

LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS, TORONTO, CANADA

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ARTICLES BY:—

Joanna Watson, Ann Hamilton, Lupita Rubio, Justine O'Brien, Tessa Wight, Denise du Gardein, Ann O'Hara, Geraldine Schmeltzer, Ella Kirkland, Helena Saenz.

POETRY BY:—

Elsie Iwasaki, Geraldine Flynn, Joan Martinek, Rose Marie Cruikshank, Virginia Sweeney, Lois Chapski, Kathleen Markle, Theresa Henning, Martin Perlono, Tom Harrington, Donna Evans, Betty Wills.

Frontispiece Illustrations by Mary Valenti De Marco.

The "Loretto Rainbow" is the publication of the Loretto Schools in Canada and the United States. Its object is to cultivate the literary taste of the pupils, to exchange news between the Schools, and to keep former pupils and friends in touch with Loretto activities. You will enjoy it, and by subscribing to it you will not only give yourself pleasure, but will help the cause of Christian education.

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OBLATION IN SPRING



O God be praised for the Chestnut bud,
An ivory petal spilt with blood!
Ivory, ivory edged with gold,
Is a dainty goblet blood to hold,
And a delicate drop the blood to see
In that pearl-and-honey filigree!
I shook the Chestnut branches and
An opulent drizzle stung the land
When ever teeming blossom poured
Liquid ruby and fire to the Lord:

*This is a year for Martyrs: sing:
Come, let us give our blood to the King!*



The Chestnut branches near and far
Mounted with fire-filled candles are.
But every flame-crammed candle stout
Is a pasty candle, a candle out,
Until they awake to flame, each one
Touched by the kindling-fingered Sun,
All dull as paper before He came,
He kissed them into a golden flame:
They flash to His kisses, and oh, the sight
Of the Chestnut tree all dripping with light!

*Kiss me, my Christ, with a kiss of fire,
That my soul may shine to your desire!*



The Chestnut clusters from underneath
Show loaves of blossom on platters of leaf,
But every petal viewed apart
Has a blob of blood in a golden heart.
The beauty is hid from the passer-by,
But yearns and burns for the eye of sky.
The common-place yellow curtains hide
Fountains of fire on the other side:
For the Chestnut trees the praises shun
Of a hundred loves for the pleasures of One.

*O Lord, look into my heart and see
What nobody else has found in me.*



*(O Lady, my Mother, my True, my Sweet,
My Beauty, my Longing, my Love, entreat
Him—when He looks in my little cup—
If it be empty, to fill it up
With an odorous drop of His own warm blood,
My delightful wine and all my good.
For I would, as that flower, be
Made up of pain and purity.)*

Patrick Mary Plunkett, S.J.



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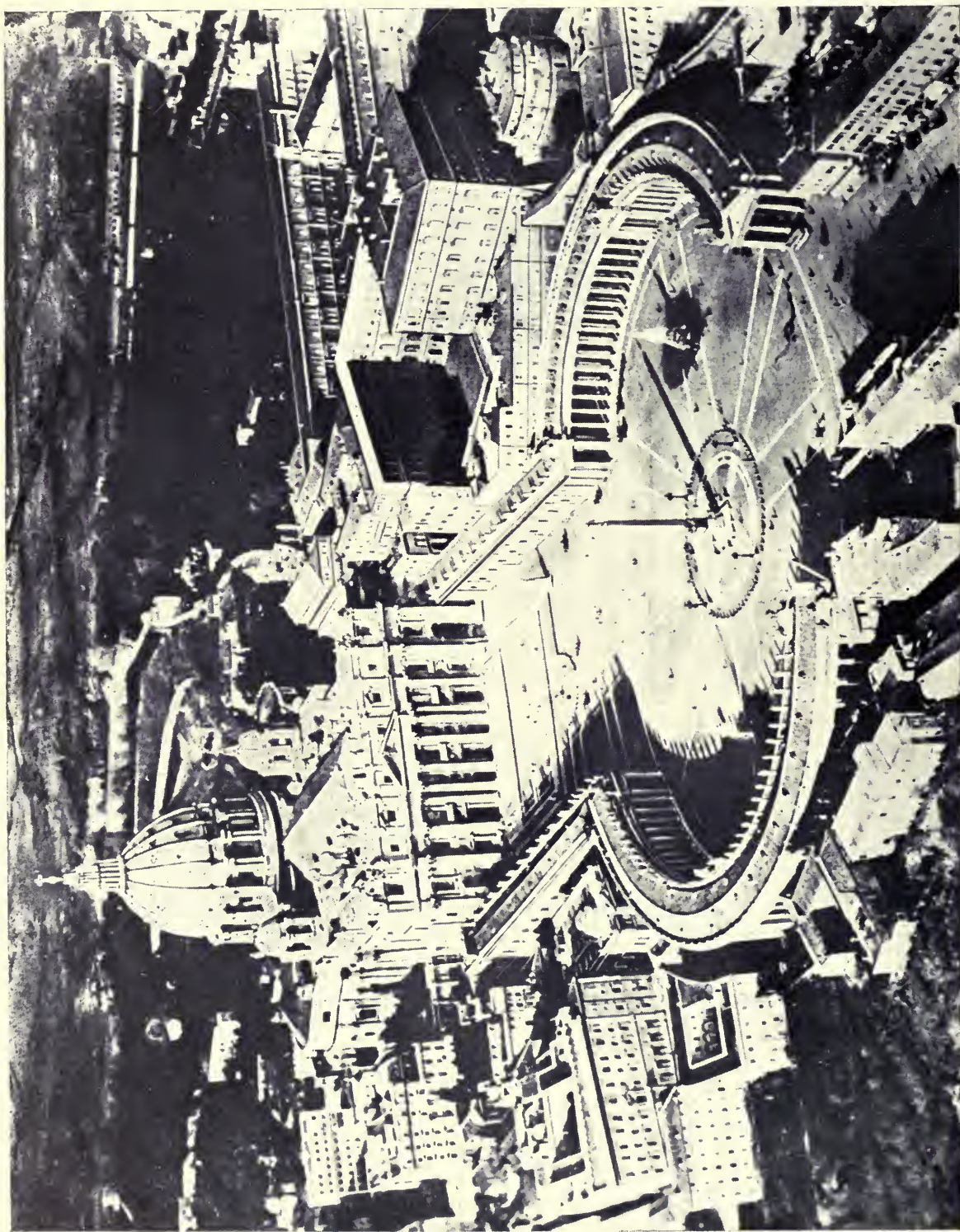
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THE MARTYRS' SHRINE

Three hundred years have passed, and the winds of God
Which blew over France are blowing once more through the pines
That bulwark the shores of the great Fresh Water Sea.
Over the wastes abandoned by human tread,
Where only the bittern's cry was heard at dusk;
Over the lakes where the wild ducks build their nest,
The skies that had banked their fires are shining again
With the stars that guided the feet of Jogues and Brébeuf.
The years as they turned have ripened the martyrs' seed,
And the ashes of St. Ignace are glowing afresh.
The trails, having frayed the threads of the cassocks, sank
Under the mould of centuries, under fern
And brier and fungus—there is due time to blossom
Into the highways that lead to the crests of the hill
Which havened both shepherd and flock in the days of their trial.
For out of the torch of Ragueneau's ruins the candles
Are burning today in the chancel of Sainte Marie.
The mission sites have returned to the fold of the order. . . .

Brébeuf and His Brethren,
by E. J. Pratt.



American Express-Catholic Travel League Photo

VATICAN CITY AND BASILICA OF ST. PETER which will be reverently visited by the Faithful from all corners of the world during the 1950 Holy Year, to gain the Jubilee Indulgence, in response to the summons of Pope Pius XII.

THE HOLY YEAR OF JUBILEE

"May the Holy Year be for all men a year of purification and sanctification, of interior life and reparation, the year of the great return and the great pardon."

These words, taken from the Holy Father's "Prayer for the Jubilee Year", sound the keynote of the general spiritual renewal which he envisioned when, on his feast day in 1948, he proclaimed the year of 1950 as a holy one of Jubilee.

Historians believe the proclamation of the first Holy Year of Jubilee was made by Saint Boniface in the year 1300. The proclamation itself, carved in stone, may be seen to this very day in the great vestibule of St. Peter's. At that time two million pilgrims came to Rome seeking the privileges and indulgences granted to the truly penitent. Other Jubilees followed, proclaimed at different intervals, until in the fifteenth century, the normal rule was every twenty-five years. Pope Pius XI, however, after the Jubilee of 1925, proclaimed, in honour of the nineteenth anniversary of the Redemption of mankind, an extra Year of Jubilee in 1933.

In Rome many preparations are being made for next year's. "The Pontifical Commission for the Holy Year", nominated by the Holy Father personally, is responsible for making known by means of sermons, lectures, the press and the radio the spiritual aims of the Holy Year.

A great Missionary Exhibit is to be held at which all the missionary countries will be represented, not in connection with various Religious Orders but divided into countries and continents, and accompanied by a universal display of Christian art from 1900 to 1950.

Two other features for which plans are being made well in advance are the numerous canonizations and beatifications, and the Catechetical convention.

In mediaeval times a fugitive from justice, entering a church, was safe from pursuit. This privilege came to be grossly abused, and the Popes ordered the doors of "sanctuary" to be walled up except in times of special grace. When on Christmas Eve of this year, the Holy Father opens the sealed "Holy Door" of St. Peter's, the inaugural ceremony of the Holy Year, it will be a practice with its origins in the mediaeval "right of sanctuary" and will symbolize that 1950 is a time of special grace.

At the same time in three other Basilicas in Rome, St. Mary Major, St. John Lateran and St. Paul-Outside-the-Walls, specially appointed Cardinals will break open the three other Holy Doors. From that moment on, until the close of the year, pilgrims from all parts of the world will visit these Churches to gain the plenary indulgence known as the Jubilee Indulgence.

The Basilica of St. Peter's, the centre of the spiritual renaissance, is approached through two enormous curved colonnades which stretch out in front of it like two open arms. The Dome is the head; the facade represents the shoulders; the tomb of St. Peter beneath the dome symbolizes the heart. The colonnades with their outstretched arms seem to welcome the whole world, and thus architecturally convey a graphic picture of the Universal Church. From the balcony over the central door, the Holy Father gives his blessing "to the city and to the world".

His Holiness is repeatedly stressing the need in the world today of prayer and penance. Especially in 1950 does he make them the conditions of that spiritual renewal, generally the result of each year of Jubilee, and he directs our prayers by his own: "May peace, the object of our ardent yearning return at long last to the hearts of all, to families, to individual countries and to the community of nations; may those who suffer persecution for justice's sake be blessed with that dauntless courage which adorned the Church from its very beginning with the blood of martyrs; may refugees, prisoners, homeless and exiles be able as soon as possible to find the way back to the fatherland they cherish...."

Prayer and penance! They are the conditions laid down Our Lady, too, at Fatima. Though we may not go to Rome, we can all, by our prayers and acts of sacrifice, contribute to the success of the Holy Year, so that with the final walling-up of the Holy Door on Christmas Eve of 1950, we may thank God that the Holy Year has been "for all men a year of purification and sanctification, of interior life and reparation, the year of the great return and the great pardon."

Catherine Badour, XII,
Loretto College School.

THE SPIRIT OF BREBEUF

He was alone now, sitting on the damp floor of this old bare room. The men were gone, but their sinister smiles and smooth voices remained with him. These representatives of an anti-God government had given him time to reveal the names of two people whom he knew to be running one of the last newspapers printing the truth.

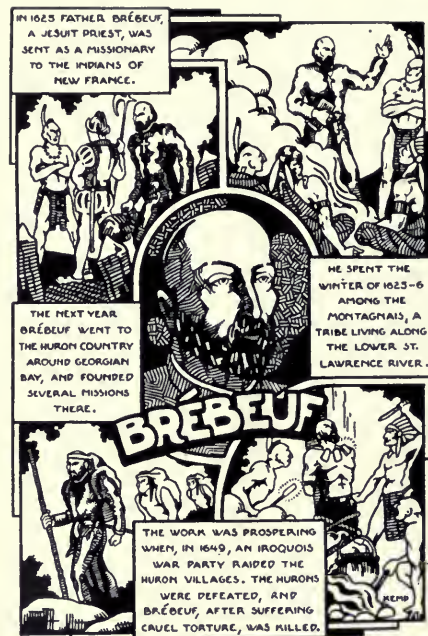
His case was not any different from thousands of others throughout the country who were faced with the same decision—to give in to a totalitarian government, or to aid those working for freedom. He knew the reward for telling the names, and—more important—he knew the punishment for refusing to do so.

The soft, confident voice of the officer seemed to fill the quiet of the room: "It should not be a difficult decision for an intelligent man like you. The answer must be clear. Why should you sacrifice your life only to seal an already settled verdict on a couple you hardly know?"

The young man tried in vain to drive away the taunting words. These people meant nothing to him; why should he give up all for them? It was their own fault for running a secret newspaper. They had no right to work against the government. Or had they?

The thoughts of this slim, young man drifted to his boyhood days in Canada. How far away they seemed! How different it had been in that free country! He recalled the stories of the saints of that fair land. Jean de Brebeuf had been his favourite, that giant Frenchman, so tall, so strong, and yet so gentle, humble and devoted to Christ.

But he forced himself to think of the present. They would not give him long to recall the events of yesterday. What would Brebeuf do in a situation like this? But what had Brebeuf done in his life-time? Had he not given up everything for others? Did he not leave his home, his country and his friends to come to Indian savages in an unknown country? He had to lay aside his language, his customs, to take up a new language, a new way of life, wherein he lived with savages, ate their food, slept in their dirty smoky cabins. And what had he received in return for these sacrifices of which God only could realize the full cost? Mockery and torture! The Indians had laughed at him, deceived him and finally killed him in the cruel way they knew how.



The young man knew what his boyhood idol's answer would have been. Was he strong enough to answer in the same way? All his boyhood memories vanished now. Before him was only the decision which would change his whole future. Could he endure the slow crucifixion of a dirty, never-ending slave camp, merely for the sake of an old couple he hardly knew, whose condemnation was already sealed? Why did he hesitate? The dark-uniformed guard was right; the answer was obvious. This couple strove for truth. Theirs was the bravery of Jean de Brebeuf, sacrificing their lives for others.

His answer came swiftly and finally. The officer had been right. The answer was clear for a follower of Brebeuf. Though his decision destroyed all the possible happiness in the years that stretched ahead, yet a great peace entered his soul, as he heard the click of approaching footsteps.

"Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit", he whispered.

The spirit of Jean de Brebeuf and his fellow-martyrs lived on in the modern world.

Mary Catherine Rogers, XII,
Loretto Abbey.



American Express-Catholic Travel League Photo

BASILICA OF ST. JOHN LATERAN, the only Cathedral in Rome and the first of Rome's great Basilicas to be built. The High Altar, a little wooden table used by St. Peter as his first altar, may still be seen through a casing of marble. Above the High Altar are the heads of Sts. Peter and Paul.

TO LIVE IS CHRIST

"Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life or death. For to me to live is Christ and to die is gain."

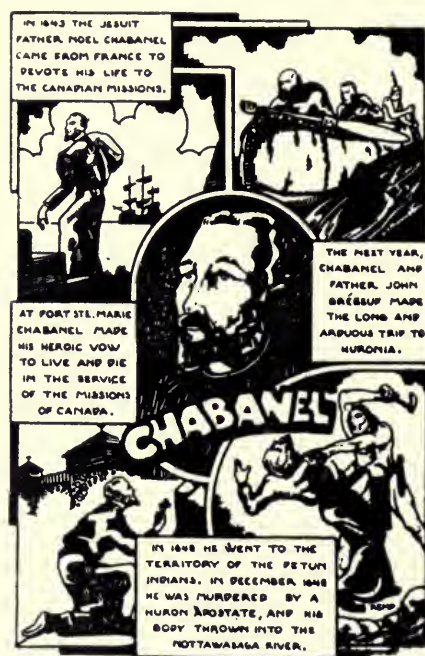
This is the song which echoed in the souls of the four courageous, who, forsaking the comforts of civilized France, came to a northern wilderness and laboured and died with a strength born of a fiery love of God. These words, consonant with the motto of their glorious order: "for the greater honour and glory of God", drew them not only to Huronia's forests but to the courts of Heaven.

If ever they contemplated abandoning their Calvary, and returning to civilization, they quickly repented lest they should hear as did St. Peter, in answer to his question, "Whither goest Thou, Lord?" Christ's words: "I am going to Canada to die again".

Heroes in the truest sense of the word, theirs was a daily martyrdom. Cultured men from a cultured land, they lived as crudely as savages, in poverty, exposure and inconvenience. They found the Indian language difficult to master. Often they sensed acute loneliness and longing for their loved ones and France. But a greater sorrow, a sharper thorn than any physical pain was the Indians' lack of faith. Be it drought or storm, disaster in the form of disease or death, the Blackrobes were to blame.

But to those who suffer for Christ martyrdom is sweet, and each morning, as the priests united themselves with Christ in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, a great peace possessed them, and in their hearts abounded a great desire to give up their lives for Jesus. . . . "greater love than this no man has." The presence of the Almighty was keenly felt even in so vast a wilderness, and through the eyes of faith, the saints foresaw that Huronia's air would not always resound with the dreadful war-cry of the Iroquois, but God would one day conquer their savage hearts, and they too would love peace. To the priests the small villages of Ste. Marie, St. Ignace and St. Louis represented Christianity and civilization, and within their walls many a weary traveller found peace. Calvary is a steep hill, and its slopes rugged, but at its peak lies the threshold of Heaven, gates flung wide for those who have climbed without complaining. With this truth, God inspired these men who loved Him dearly.

In the Spring of 1649 Brebeuf and Lalemant



took their flight to God; with winter Garnier and Chabanel followed. Their deaths, cruel beyond imagination, were sweetened by the presence of Christ, for as the Gradual of their Mass sings where the sufferings of Christ abounded, so also by Christ did their comfort abound.

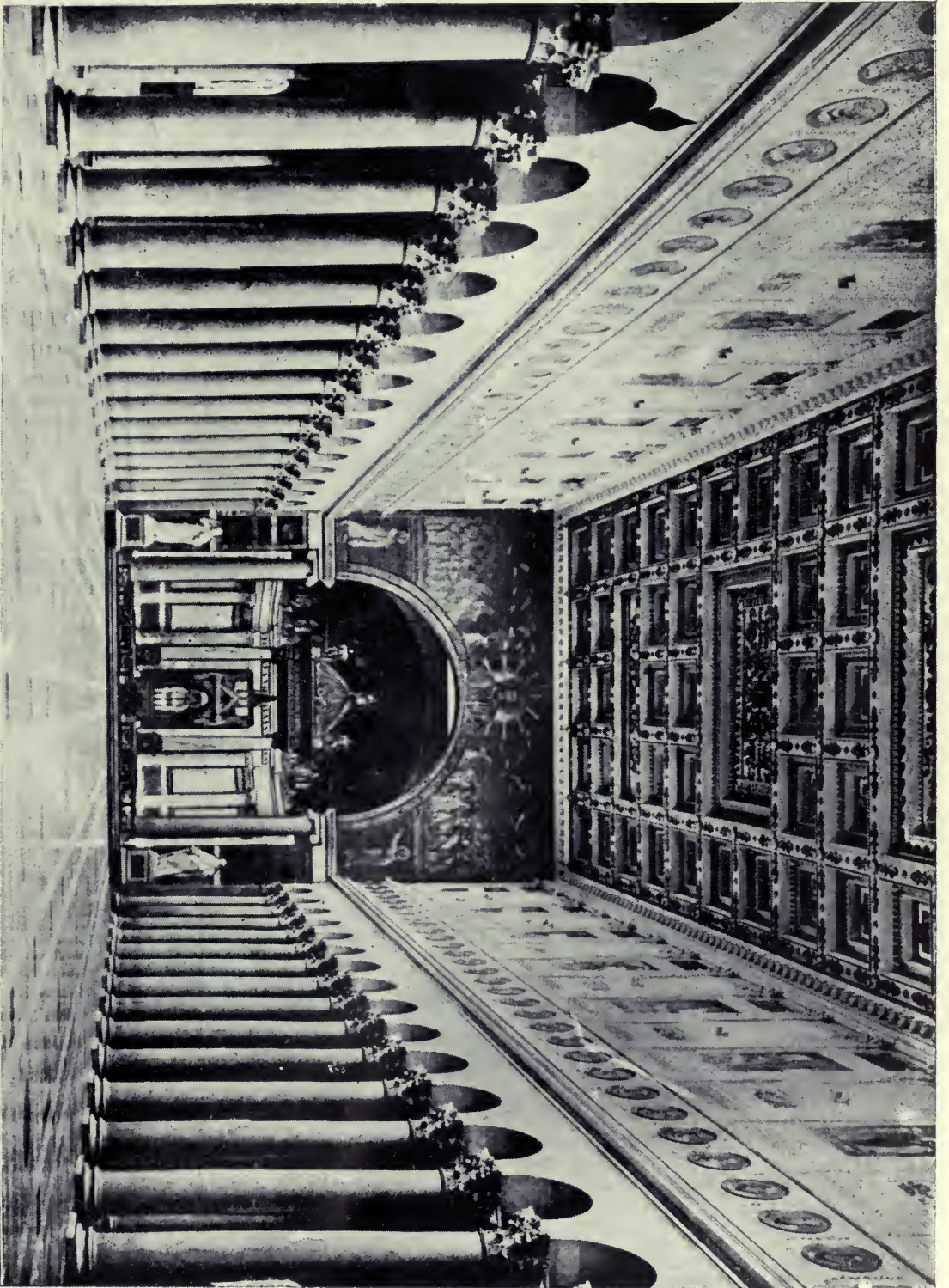
Not in vain their sufferings. A new day has dawned in Huronia. The tiny seed of Christianity planted by their labours and nourished by their blood has blossomed into a great tree whose branches stretch from coast to coast. The Church in Canada exults in her Secondary Patrons, and all her children acclaim Huronia's heroes whose valiant deeds live again in this tercentenary year as a source of gratitude and inspiration.

Agnes Gendron, XI,

Loretto Abbey, Toronto.

HONOUR FOR COLLEGE GRADUATES

The Quebec Bonne Entente Prize in French has been awarded by the Senate of the University of Toronto to Miss Teresa Benoit, B.A., and Gold Key has been awarded by the Students' Administrative Council for outstanding achievements to Miss Teresa Mulloy, B.A.



American Express-Catholic Travel League Photo

INTERIOR OF ST. PAUL'S IN ROME. This Basilica was erected over the tomb of St. Paul, who was martyred about two miles beyond the Basilica. On June 30 each year the Holy Father celebrates Mass here at the High Altar in honor of the Apostle who was martyred on the same day as St. Peter.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

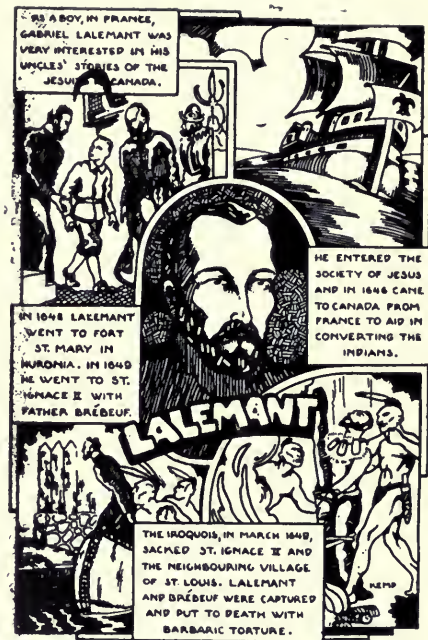
Many times we hear it said "History repeats itself". To-day we have countless examples of this. The persecution of the Church, the struggle of one country for complete domination of the world and the general moral downfall of society—all these have happened before. However, we have our greatest example of repetition in the mission fields.

In the year 1625 a boat set sail from France carrying the Jesuits bound for a strange new land. The little they knew about it had been gleaned from fur-traders and this information was to be of small help in their chosen work—the bringing of God's word to the Indians of New France.

Fathers Brebeuf, Lalemant and Masse had just arrived in Quebec when the news reached then that Father Viel, a Recollet, had been murdered by pagan Hurons. This was their first warning of what they must expect. Undaunted, however, after a year in Quebec, they set out for Huronia. Forced to travel in Indian canoes, eat Indian food and sleep on hard ground, the long trip was in itself a small martyrdom.

When they finally arrived at Huronia, conditions there were even worse than anticipated. The houses were long narrow smoke-filled buildings, large enough to accommodate from ten to twenty families. The fortifications were weak and the fields of beans and corn were dotted with dark patches of weeds. The Indians lived in filth and carelessness. Although their soil was basically good, when it became depleted, they merely moved on to a new site.

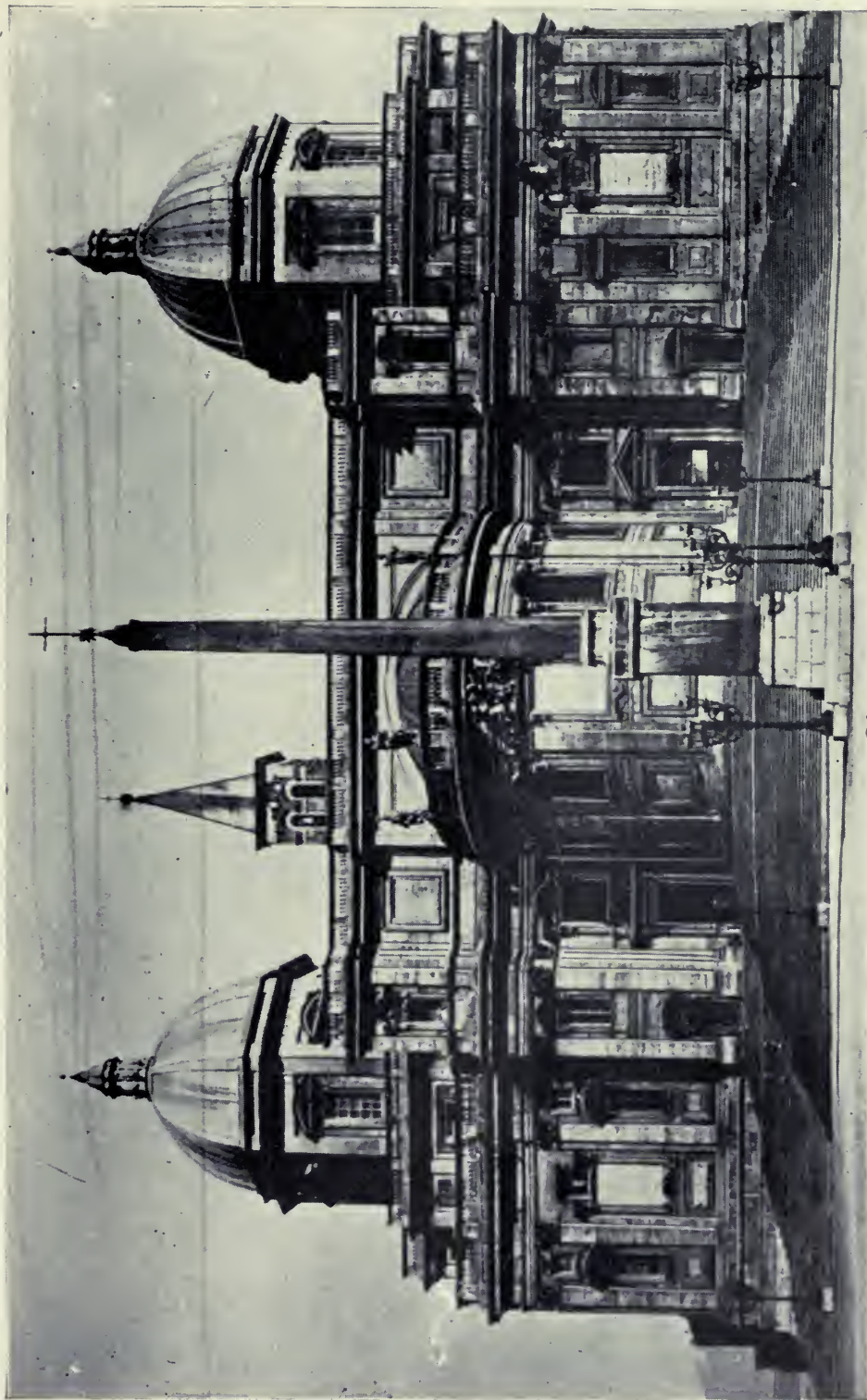
How like this is to what the modern missionaries are undergoing in China. The dust that blinds their eyes as they ride on bicycles along deeply rutted roads puts this means of transportation on a par with a canoe. Their diet consists of rice and spinaeh which is little better than the watery corn meal the Jesuits were forced to eat. The one-story, one-roomed Chinese huts are made of straw and thatched with bamboo leaves, and refuse, which is later used for fuel, is strewn everywhere about them. To-day in China, as yesterday in Huronia, the missionaries are having their greatest successes among the women. Chinese women lay-workers assist the priests in countless different duties. The gods of Chinese pagans are just as real and terrifying to them as were those of the Indians, and the missionaries find it just as difficult to direct their



fanatic worship into the proper channels. But the most striking example of history repeating itself is in the opposition the missionaries are almost everywhere meeting.

When another Indian tribe—the Iroquois—swooped down upon the Hurons it was a preview of the present-day Communist attacks on Chinese Christians. Then it was Indian against Indian: today Chinese against Chinese. The Iroquois, in trying to keep the Indians pagan, prophesied the Communist attempts to keep China under the influence of a paganism just as real as the Iroquois', although of a different type. The horrible tortures and martyrdom of Brebeuf, Lalemant, Garnier, and Chabanel, the heroes of 1649, are being re-enacted in the China of 1949. Especially in the Northern parts are priests being fiendishly tortured.

And so we see them—the Indian "Blackrobe" and the Chinese "Whitefather"—both so surprisingly alike so far. But whether the Chinese missions will have to be abandoned as were those of Huronia only God knows. But even if the Church does leave China, it will not depart in defeat for Christ has promised us: "Behold I shall be with you all days even to the consummation of the world and the gates of hell shall not prevail against thee." The tiny seed the Jesuits planted in Huronia and



American Express-Catholic Travel League Photo

BASILICA OF ST. MARIA MAGGIORE, the white-and-gold church dedicated to the Virgin Mary and considered by many to be the most beautiful in Rome. Among its treasures is the first cradle of Jesus; every Christmas Day there is a procession in the Basilica to venerate the wooden bed in which the Infant Saviour was carried on the Flight to Egypt.

LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL GRADUATES 1949



TOP ROW, Left to Right: Teresa Ward, Frances Ryan, Josephine Williams, Theresa Woodbyrne, Barbara Crook, Patricia Dignan, Sophie Rzepka, Eleanor Regan.

MIDDLE ROW, Left to Right: Peggy O'Neill, Patricia Ennis, Jacqueline Judge, Catherine Grady, Dorenda Renzetti, Nancy Jane Hyde, Laura Kortka, Marie Sammutt, Dolores Carroll.

BOTTOM ROW, Left to Right: Cecilia Cullen, Barrie Davidson, Lillian Dillon, Lillian Bauer, Helen Marie Murphy, Elaine De Rose, Mary Morcney, Barbara Boland, Ruth Johnson.

which found fertile soil in the hearts of Canadians has grown to a tree of mighty girth and thus it will be with China.

The thousands of pilgrims who will attend the celebrations at Midland next July, in commemoration of the Three Hundredth anniversary of the death of these four martyrs, will teach a weary, persecuted world a much needed lesson—out of apparent failure will come inevitable triumph.

Suzanne Murray, Grade X,
Loretto Abbey, Toronto.

TO THE JESUIT MARTYRS

The misty hills have kept their silent watch,
As wildland fields have turned into a place
Where pilgrims come to ask for holy grace.
Where once they shed their martyr's blood for
Christ,

Now Christ gives His for all to drink.
Masses, prayers and rosaries are made into a
link,

Joining mortals here with God above.
The red encircling hatchets that burned their
flesh

Have melted into a cross of love.
Still their shadowy figures come and go,
Lifting their hands in prayers of love and hope.
Holy messengers, they, who take our mortal
petitions

To heaven to lay them at His feet.
We need thy strength, oh, Martyr-Saints!
Oh, pray for us, and Canada!

Elsie Iwasaki, XII,
Loretto College School

TO MY LITTLE SISTER

Your hair is soft as tops of yellow corn, blowing
in our father's field.

Your eyes are clear and blue as heavens washed by
summer rains.

Your little hands, so soft with padded petal-pink,
hold powers unknown by kings.

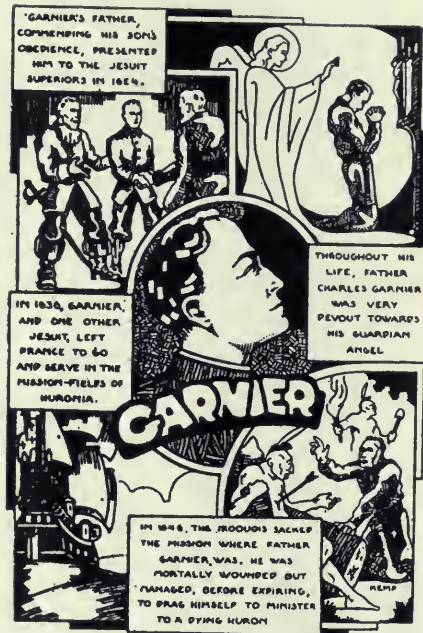
Your lips, a cupid's bow, send forth love's darts,
surrounding us in webs of happiness.

You are all pure. Within your heart where wrong
is never known.

And only joy is rampant,
Make room for this sister, not half so good as
you.

You shall never know how I pray for you to stay
unspoiled, untarnished,
My Little Sister!

Geraldine Flynn, XI,
Loretto—Sault Ste. Marie.



When Christ came down to earth, He entered a world that was both pagan and barbarous. His reception was hardly encouraging. The Jews were suspicious, skeptical and strongly opposed to His new way of life. In spite of these discouraging circumstances, Our Lord persevered in His work for the salvation of the world, and this because of His great love for the human race. The climax of this love was the supreme sacrifice of his life "Greater love than this no man hath that he lay down his life for a friend".

"The disciple is no greater than the master; as they do unto Me so will they do unto you." This He told His disciples the night before He died. And these words we remember and we think of the Jesuit martyrs of Canada who lived sixteen hundred years after their Master. Fathers Brebeuf, Lalemant, Garnier, and Chabanel arrived in a savage and barely civilized country in 1625. The Indians rejected, for the most part, the civilized and Christian life the Fathers advocated. But the Jesuits' fire of zeal was not easily quenched. In spite of the obstacles the Indians put in their way to prevent these zealous men learning the Indian languages, and the many discouraging situations they faced, in spite of it all, they persevered

LORETTO ACADEMY, GUELPH, GRADUATES 1949



Standing Left to Right: Rita Cavere, Joan Halliburton, Ann Hauser, Irene Clair,

Louise O'Brecht, Patricia Wright.

Seated Left to Right: Jean Prior, Helen Melhm, Mary Hauser, Betty MacMillan,

Mary Golden, Yvonne Steffler.

OUR INSPIRATION

with undaunted courage, and eventually gained many Huron followers even in their own life time.

The "Black Robes" with their unconquerable zeal, were burning with love for souls. For they were indeed followers and imitators of the Christ Who had been willing to undergo the most ignominious sufferings and death because of His love for humanity. Typically Christlike, the Fathers stayed with their flocks to the very end. When the village of St. Louis was burned to the ground, the Christians urged Brebeuf and Lalemant to flee to safety. It would have been easy for them to do so, but their zeal prevented their leaving. The salvation of the Indians was dearer to them than life itself.

When the St. Louis Christians fell, the Fathers did not escape. God preserved for them a greater honour, an end similar to His own, an end crowned by martyrdom. As soon as they were taken captives, the Iroquois inflicted upon them unbelievable tortures, as great as those wrought by any tyrant upon any martyr in any age, this giving them victory over life and death.

In Father Brebeuf was re-enacted the event upon which the whole salvation and future of the world depended, the Crucifixion and Death of Our Lord. Just as Christ on the cross had prayed for his fellowmen, Brebeuf was mindful of his flock even while overwhelmed with blows. Looking around and seeing some Christian Indians, he prayed with them and encouraged and strengthened them to trust in God's infinite goodness, reminding them that He would indeed fulfil His promise of eternal life.

That the Jesuit martyrs' work of bringing souls to God did not end there, we can be sure. To this very day, reading the accounts of their heroic lives and triumphant deaths, we are inspired to a greater and more fervent love for God and our neighbour. Thus are we brought by them nearer to God, our Goal. May we, in discouragement reflect on the heroism of these holy men; and may thus obtain for us, by their intercession, an increase of courage, and perseverance to face the difficulties of every day and every hour, just as bravely as they did.

Sheila O'Neill, X,
Loretto Abbey.

Reading the lives of the Canadian Martyrs, one cannot but admire their dauntless, unflinching courage and burning zeal to gain souls for God.

"But after all," you say, "they lived three hundred years ago; nowadays Canada is Christian. Furthermore, I have no desire to be a missionary, and I am not likely to be a martyr. Then how can they mean any more to me than just long-ago heroes?"

But in their lives, I will answer you, they practised the very virtues that we need in our lives. Take for example John de Brebeuf. He was a model of obedience. We certainly need to learn to obey. Even a king has to obey. Obedience comes into our every day lives, and is important both in the spiritual and material sphere. The world would not be in such a sad state if it had not disobeyed the laws of God. Brebeuf held obedience in such esteem that he said, "May I be torn limb from limb rather than break a single rule".

Then there is their great love of their neighbour. Why? Because they realized God loved the Indian as much as He loved the French, and had proved it by dying for all. These great men burned so with a desire to convert the Indians that they gave up their lives for the work. No matter how the Indians tormented them, they managed to love, at least, their souls. With love of neighbour goes evenness of temper. Could people not work wonders today with these two virtues?

Catholics have some realization of the importance of being submissive to the Will of God. Chabanel is our greatest example here. Read how he stuck to his guns in spite of his great temptation to give up, and return to what the world would think his true vocation. With this virtue one can live in any surroundings and under any circumstances. Brebeuf too made a vow, "for the rest of his life to do and suffer whatever he knew was for the greater glory of God". Since we are in the world to serve God, what better way of doing it than to do what God wants us to do, and persevere in the doing of it as long as He wants it.

A virtue not practised in these days of self-glorification is voluntary mortification. Brebeuf had his share of it by merely enduring the Indian life, but he daily took on voluntary sacrifice, too, as did all the martyrs. Volun-

LORETTO ABBEY, GRADUATES 1949



Back Row: Jacqueline Wight, Clair Boyden, Frances Coffey, Jane Jaeger, Antoinette Seguin, Jane Timmins, Corleen Delaney, Joan Rosar, Mary Mahon

Front Row: Loretto Abbott, Elsie Moreno, Rose Valenti, Concepcion Solano, Jacqueline Lindenfield, Cecelia LaTour, Monica Wilson, Barbara Dillane, Jacqueline Miron, Monica O'Grady, Audrey Owen.

THE MARTYRS OF HURONIA

tary mortifications, then, that remit the temporal punishment due to our sins should be in every follower of the Master, Who said: "Take up your Cross and follow Me." And has not Our Lady come down from Heaven to emphasize the importance of penance.

You have no desire to be a missionary? You might at least admit with me that, nevertheless, the world needs missionaries. Canada needs them. And if you have not the desire to leave home and friends, you can be a missionary by praying for more vocations and more converts. Donating to the missions will also make you one.

Much of the world today is still pagan. Even the civilized nations would often make us think they have forgotten God. Inspired by the zeal of the Martyrs, and strengthened by their prayers for us, we, too, can try in our own small way to make the materialistic world conscious of God.

We do need, then, the Martyrs' inspiration, and we need the Martyrs' prayers, for we are called, without exception, to be home-front missionaries. We should begin now, and keep on until the end, to learn how to be worthwhile citizens of earth that one day Canada's fore-runners in the missions may recognize us as worthwhile citizens of Heaven.

Nancy Hogan, X, Loretto, Abbey.

MARY, IDEAL OF WOMANHOOD

Blessed Lady, let me be
An eager aspirant of thee.
Take my thoughts and make them thine.
Make my soul a dwelling fine
Enough for one so fair as He.

Holy Mary, let my goal
Be the saving of my soul.
Guard my steps which chance to stray
From my Master's Holy Way.

Shield me from sin's grievous toll.
Mary, Mother, be my guide;
Lead me to my Father's side.
When I stand before His throne,

Let Him claim me as His own
With a glance of loving pride.
Then, O Lady, let Him see
That I have tried my best to be
A humble replica of thee.

Joan Martinek, Loretto-Englewood, Senior.

As o'er Wye's waters sped the mission band,
Huronias vast expanse of mead and wood
Impressively unrolled: On every hand
The rugged dwelling of the Indian stood—
Log-hut, tepee blent with the wigwam crude.
Menaced by foes the adventurers made a stand:
Bastions of stone, their rough abode that bound,
Furnished protection from the torturer's
brand:—

There, teaching and converting, peace they
found.

Now many a Christian pilgrimage is made,
Observant of their fearless enterprise,
The lofty part in history that they played,
And how some merited the Martyrs' prize.
The while Wye mourns with avalanche of tears
For the heroic group who came and died;
While still Huronia primal grandeur wears,
And our Canadian hearts beat with intrinsic
pride!

Fred. B. Fenton.

CELEBRATION IN HEAVEN

Michael, Prince of Heaven,
Three hundred years ago,
Saw the souls of our great Martyrs soar
Upward, toward their final goal;
As each saint passed through the gates of gold,
Angel choirs, sweet and clear, chanted
"Welcome, welcome, men of God;
Today we rejoice in the glory
Of Him Whom you worked for, for Whom suffered and died;
But your pain is rewarded in this Paradise.
Today we rejoice in the glory of Him.
Alleluia, Alleluia!"

Saint Joseph, Saint Ignatius, Saint Mark and
Saint John
Stood there with a welcome as fair as the dawn,
Legions of saints and angels by score
Gave welcome, with joy celebrating, far more
Than we could ever dream of;
The glory and joy are still going on
As the angels above chant sweetly their song:
"Welcome, welcome, dear servants of God;
Today we rejoice in the glory of Him,
Him Whom you worked for,
For Whom suffered and died;
But your pain is rewarded in this Paradise.
Today we rejoice in the glory of Him.
Alleluia, Alleluia!"

Rose Marie Cruickshank, XII,
Loretto College School.

FELICITATIONS



On June 18 Monsignor John Francis Ryan celebrated his Golden Jubilee to the Holy Priesthood. During his thirty-two years as pastor of St. Bernard's in Chicago, the nuns have known a real friend. With gratitude they unite their prayers for him at this time of Golden Jubilee.

THANKS BE TO GOD

*How dare we speak of tribute
To Monsignor!*

Has not Christ with unction dread
Anointed him a priest forever
With a crown upon his head?

*Why must we sing a psalm
For Monsignor!*

For our King in raiment white,
With angel voices all exulting,
Signed his brow and dubbed him knight.

*O rather pray thanksgiving
For Monsignor.*

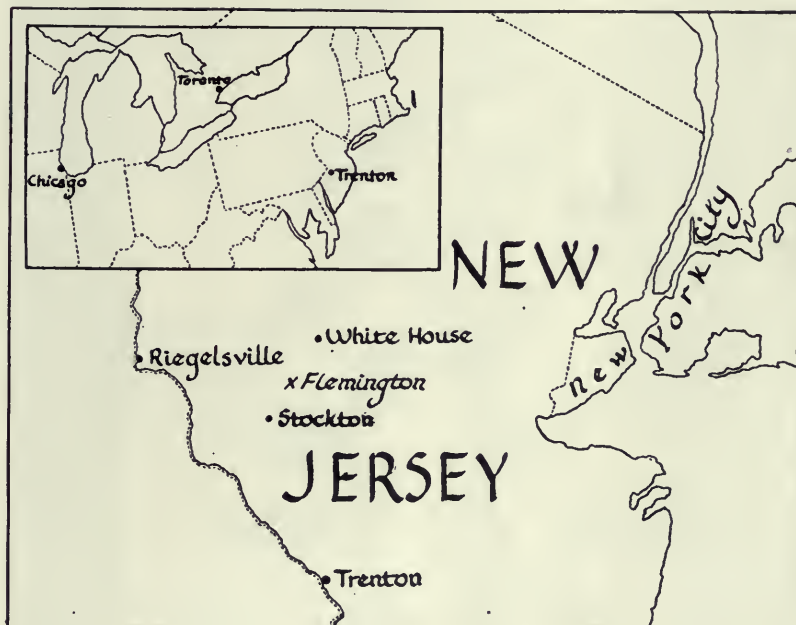
Thanks to God for graces lent,
For each noble aspiration
In a priestly life well spent.

FLEMINGTON

The Flemington Regional Catechetical Center is one of the many fostered by His Excellency, the Most Reverend William A Griffin, Bishop of Trenton, New Jersey. His Excellency is so keenly interested in the religious instruction of the Catholic children attending public school that he has brought into his diocese Sisters from many parts of the country. With generosity he has provided for their every need, even giving them cars to bring the children to class, and, when necessary, to return them to their homes.

Loretto's district in the Trenton diocese is, broadly speaking, a triangular area, (see map)

nuns call for them, and they begin on additional mileage to organize a catechism-class. The catechetical "classroom" may be a sacristy, the American Legion Hall, or a farm house, a fire-hall, or the home of one of the children. When the improvised classroom happens to be a home, then, not only one room, but all the rooms within range of Sister's voice, provide opportunity for an interested mother to learn something new about her religion, or for a non-Catholic parent to find her interest so aroused that she makes enquiries, often terminating in her own First Communion with that of her children.



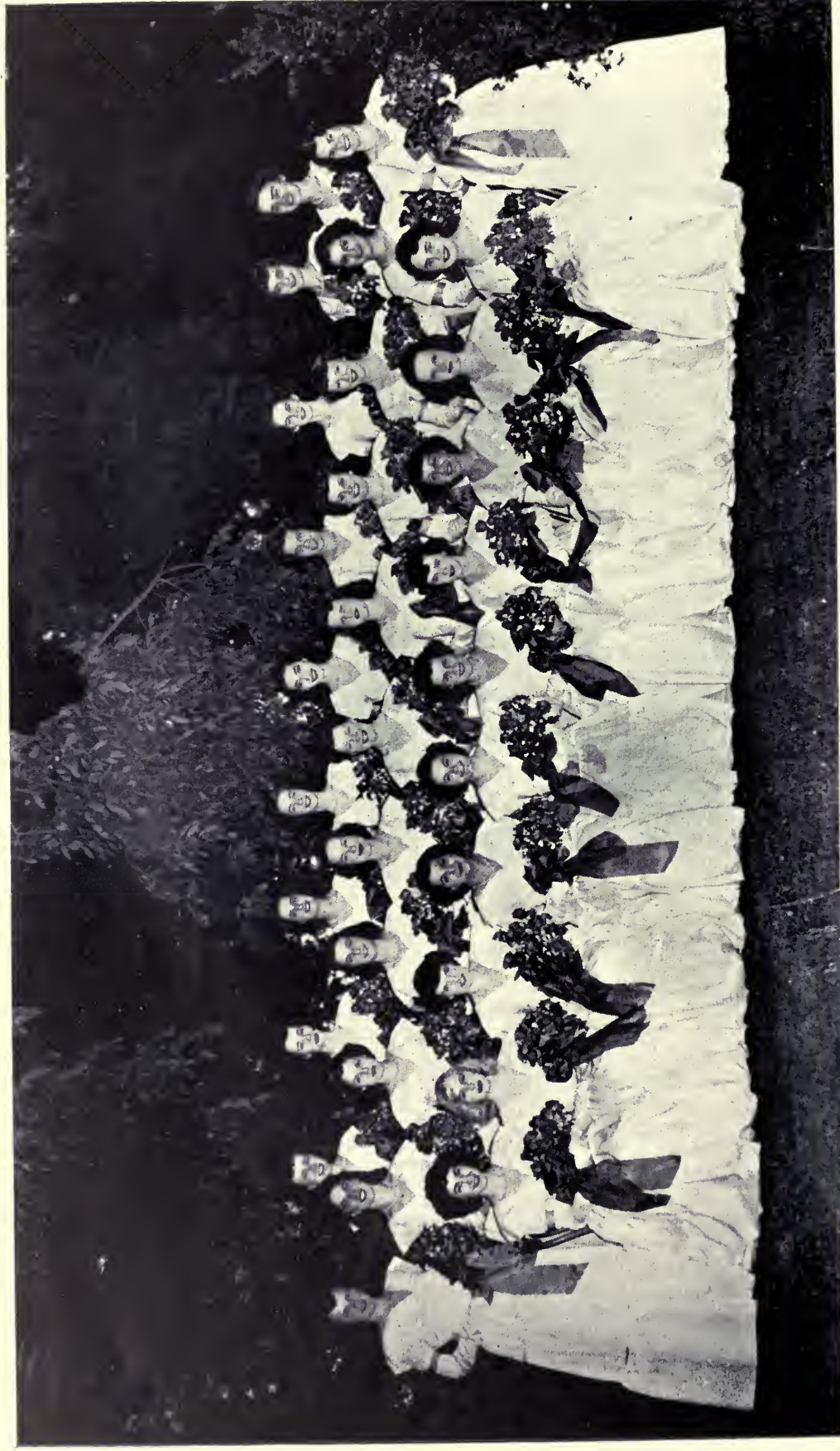
each side about thirty miles in length. The northern corner is Whitehouse, the southern Stockton, the western Finesville and Riegelsville, with Flemington somewhat east of the centre of the triangle. In this area we teach catechism to over four hundred children, visiting such places as Baptistown, Frenchtown, Croton, Milford and others mentioned on map.

Many of the children leave home as early as 7.30 or 8.00 o'clock for their regular school classes, travelling great distances on the school bus before the entire group is assembled and brought to class. By three o'clock one would think that they would be ready to go home, but it is gratifying to see their enthusiasm when the

Twice each year diocesan examinations are sent from the Confraternity Office. The first one, for Grades from Three to Eight, is presided over by the nuns; the second, at the close of the year, is held in designated districts to which each parish is requested to send a minimum of one and a maximum of three pupils from Grades Six, Seven and Eight. The Bishop himself awards the prizes for the highest marks in each of the three grades.

On Sundays radio is pressed into the service of religion when the Confraternity Office sponsors a program, somewhat like the "Quiz Kids" program, with one period for questions on the Catechism applied to life, a story period, and a

LORETTO ACADEMY, NIAGARA FALLS, GRADUATES 1949



Back Row: Jane Gallagher, Shella Read, Helena Saenz, Jean McGraw, Mary Sacco, Suzanne Lilker, Margaret Coyle, Anne Dodge, Anne Mahoney.
 Middle Row: Teresa McNulty, Lilly Taddel, Joan Hunter, Betty Ann Jamieson, Marianne Fennis, Anne Breaugh, Dorothy Barnett, Eleanor Donald, Joanne Curry, Phyllis Romano, Lela Vieira.
 Front Row: Mary Jane Quinn, Marilyn Robins, Marie Hannan, Lena Tortorella, Lorna Bunston, Margery Henderson, Marie Garrett, Barbara Caughill, Anne Stafford, Dolores Rotella.

question-of-the-week, sent in by the radio audience. A special feature of this radio program is that both participants and contestants receive prizes.

"Winter" School of Catechetics must be complemented by "Summer" School of twenty days of Christian Doctrine, manual arts, supervised recreation and liturgical singing. Toward the end of June, we begin to look forward to the "summer nuns" that summer school requires; then it is that our year-round community of four becomes one of twelve or thirteen. The newcomers are introduced to apostolic work which, though identical in essentials with that of Sisters all over the world, here differs considerably from classroom routine. The two cars, for example, are an innovation as necessary to the work as the ruff and farthingale of Mary Ward's England. Convert classes, visits to the homes, early morning trips along the Delaware and up into the mountains that terminate in Mass and Holy Communion with a group of children abound in opportunities for doing good. So great is the joy and peace of catechetical workers that an assignment to Flemington for summer school is a coveted opportunity.

CATHOLIC ACTIONIST

A prominent English Catholic woman, resident of Montreal, Mrs. J. Coffey, has been honored by receiving the "**Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice**" Medal for outstanding contributions in various phases of Catholic action.

Mrs. Coffey was educated at Loretto Abbey, Wellington Place, Toronto, and all her daughters have been Loretto pupils at Niagara. She was the former Fannie Penfold, and was a niece of Mother M. Febronie, I.B.V.M. (Bridget Drew).

Mrs. Coffey is the past national president of the Catholic Women's League and founded the League's national scholarship. She was also one of the two Catholic members on the Government Immigration Hostel Board.

Her activities are wide and varied, having served actively on the Catholic Girls' Club; The Catholic Extension Society; St. Mary's Hospital Auxiliary, The Montreal Convalescent Hospital, Manresa Guild. The Little Sisters of the Poor, as well as on the Quebec Provincial Council of Girl Guides, and the Sailors' Club of Montreal. Her husband, Mr. J. Coffey, we might add, was one of the founders of the Sailors' Club.

Other honors received by Mrs. Coffey for her worthwhile contributions to Canadian Catholic life include the **Bene Merenti** Medal from his Holiness, Pope Pius XI, the Jubilee Medal of King George V, and the Coronation Medal of King George VI.



Besides all these outstanding achievements, Mrs. Coffey is the mother of four daughters, and five sons, three of whom are living. She has 10 grandchildren and one great grandchild. A truly outstanding Catholic woman!

K. C. Adams.

ESSAY WINNERS

In the Essay Contest on the Tercentenary of the Martyrs, sponsored by the Jesuits in March, the following girls whose essays appear in this issue of the Rainbow merit mention: Nancy Hogan, second prize in the Grades IX and X group; Suzanne Murrey and Sheila O'Neill, honourable mention in the same group; and Jacqueline Clarke, third prize in the Grades XI and XII group.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

For permission to print "The Martyrs' Shrine" from **BREBEUF AND HIS BRETHREN** by Professor E. J. Pratt acknowledgment is due to the publishers, Macmillan and Company of Canada.



LORETTO COLLEGE

(In the University of Toronto)

STUDENTS' ADMINISTRATIVE COUNCIL LORETTO COLLEGE, 1949-1950

President—Helen Smyth
 Vice-President—Margaret Kearns
 Sodality Prefect—Mary Sheridan
 Head of House—Pamela Latour
 Torontonensis Representative—Joan Brown
 Dramatic Representative—Helen Armesto
 Debating Representative—Margaret Howe
 Athletic Representative—Frances O'Brien
 Social Representative—Helen Cannon
 Junior Representative—Suzanne McGrath
 Sophomore Representative—Dorothy Doran
 N.F.C.U.S. Representative to U. of T.—
 Joanne McWilliam

MILTON'S "SAMSON AGONISTES" AND ARISTOTLE'S IDEA OF TRAGEDY

"Tragedy as it was anciently composed, hath ever been held the gravest, moralest and most profitable of all other Poems; therefore said by Aristotle to be of power by raising pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of those and such like passions, that is to temper and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight, stirred up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own efforts to make good his assertion: for so in Physic things of melancholic hue and quality are used against melancholy, sour

against sour, salt to remove salt humours

It suffices if the whole Drama be found not produced beyond the fifth Act, of the style and uniformity and that commonly called the plot, whether intricate or explicit which is nothing indeed but such economy or disposition of the fable as may best stand with verisimilitude and decorum; they only will best judge who are not unacquainted with Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, the Three Tragic Poets unequalled yet by any and the best rule by all who endeavour to write Tragedy. The circumscription of time wherein the whole Drama begins and ends to according to ancient rule and test example within the space of 24 hours."

Milton: Preface to *Samson Agonistes*

Had Milton not invoked Aristotle so specifically in the preface to "*Samson Agonistes*", it would be evident at once from any examination of the play itself that he had taken for his models the theories propounded in the "Poetics" and the examples of the greatest of the Greek tragedians from which those theories were deduced, rather than the greatest of English tragedies—"Othello", "Macbeth", "Lear" and "Hamlet".

At the beginning of the play, Milton's blind hero is obviously in no physical, mental or spiritual condition for the task he must perform. Since the object of the action is to prepare him for the final catastrophe, his reconciliation with God is of primary importance. Doubts, questions, any form of disharmony with God's will must be successively removed before he can become a fit instrument for God's purpose. Since these impediments can only be removed gradually, the action will inevitably move slowly but everything that contributes to the development of Samson's mind will take on heightened relevance. The spiritual conflict begins with Samson's opening soliloquy:

O wherefore was my birth from Heaven
foretold

Twice by an angel . . .

As of a person separate to God
Designed for great exploits; if I must
die

Betrayed, captured, and both my eyes
put out

Made of My enemies the scorn and
gaze . . .

Eyeless in Gaza, at the mill with slaves.
(11. 23-42)

GRADUATES OF LORETTO COLLEGE 1949

Loretto College is a centre of higher learning for women students enrolled in St. Michael's, one of the four federated colleges of the University of Toronto. These students of Loretto College enjoy a most unique status. They may obtain a degree from one of the largest universities of the world and one of high international repute; and yet have the advantage of a corporate existence and spirit of their own; and of pursuing their studies in an atmosphere where Catholic thought and ideals are fostered. The opportunities afforded stu-

dents of attendance at daily Mass and of the frequent reception of the Sacraments and participation in the various efforts of Catholic action, establish the basis for genuinely Catholic habits of life and thought. There is to be enjoyed also a goodly measure of social activity within the college itself and also as a part of St. Michael's and the University. Thus these graduates of 1949 leave their Alma Mater with a wealth of hopes and memories, gathered during their College days.



**BRIDGET ELLEN (BETTY)
FLYNN, B.A.,
Belleville**

Pass Arts. Music and Drama I-III. Debating II. Newman I-III. Athletics II-III. Head of House III.



**DOREEN CULLEN, B.A.,
Toronto**

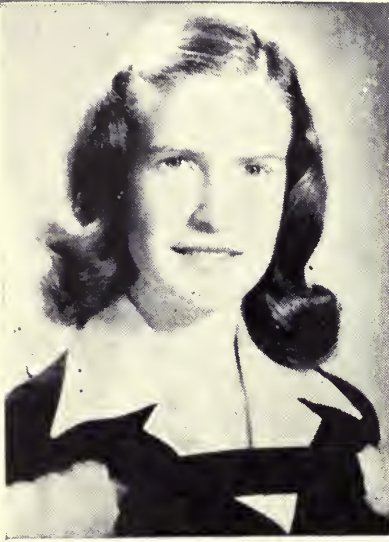
English Language and Literature. Junior Repres. S.A.C. III President S.A.C. IV; St. Michael's Women's Repres. to Univ. S.A.C. IV. Thomistic Society Executive III; Assoc. Editor "Forum" III-IV; Debating I-IV; Music and Drama I-IV.



**MARY JEAN O'SHAUGHNESSY,
B.A., Cobalt, Ont.**

Phil. (Eng. or Hist.) Newman I-III, IV. Newmanite Reporter III. Music and Drama I-IV. Secretary Music and Drama III. Class President II. Bowling I. Basketball I. Baseball III. F.C. C.F. I-III. Secretary III. Debating I-IV.

LORETTO COLLEGE GRADUATES 1949



RITA BAUER, B.A.
Waterloo, Ontario

Pass Arts. Athletics President II and III. St. Michael's Alumnae Award for best all Women's Athlete 1947-48. Senior "T" III. Music and Drama I-III.



TERESA FRANCES BENOIT, B.A., Ottawa

Latin (French or Greek). French Club I-IV. Lead in French plays III, IV. Newman I-IV. Music and Drama Society I-IV. I-IV. Quebec Bonne Entente Prize.



LAURINE BUREAU, B.A.
Cobalt

Pass Arts. Athletics I-III. Music and Drama I-III. Newman I-III.



GWEN COBHAM
Toronto

Pass Arts. Athletics I-III. Newman I-III. Music and Drama I-III.



JOAN COFFEY, B.A.
Toronto

Pass Arts. Debating I-III. Newman I-III. Music and Drama I-III.



MILDA DANDENEAU, B.A.
Belleville

Pass Arts. Newman I-III. Music
and Drama III. Athletics II.
Social Representative III

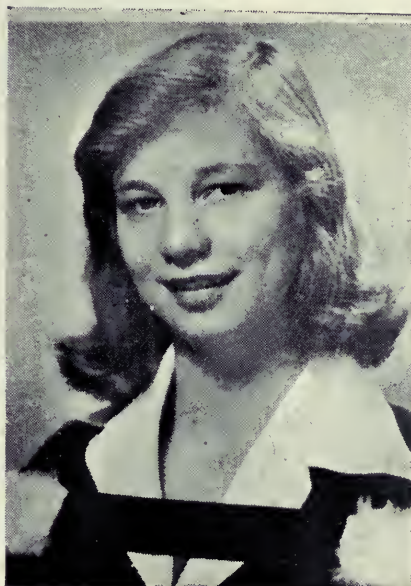


LORETTO COLLEGE GRADUATES 1949



MARY R. FLYNN
Belleville

Pass Arts. Athletics I-III. Class
President II. N.F.C.U.S. Repres.
III. Sodality



NANCY GOETZ, B. A.
Guelph

Pass Arts. Athletics I-III. Vice-
President Athletics II-III. Mu-
sic and Drama I-III.



KATHERINE HOEY, B.A.
North Bay, Ont.

Latin and English. Music and
Drama I-IV. Newman I-IV.
Classic Club I-IV.



PATRICIA RUTH KEARNS, B.A.
Copper Cliff

Pass Arts. Newman I-III. St.
Michael's Music and Drama So-
ciety I-III. Vice-Pres. Music
and Drama III. Loretto Debat-
ing Society I-III. Athletics I-III.

Each of his reactions to the various persons who come to taunt or tempt him in his weakened state, constitute successive stages in the advancement of the plot. His differences of opinion with them provide a definite conflict which is not resolved until Samson's calm dignified speech to the Chorus before leaving for the feast of the Philistines' god Dagan:

Happen what may, of me expect to hear
Nothing dishonourable, impure,
unworthy
Our God, our Law, My Nation or,
myself,
The last of me or no I cannot warrant
(11. 1422-6)

His doubts overcome, arrogance and anger past, he is once more worthy to be the agent of the Almighty and is intent upon action. By restricting that action to the small space before the Gaza prison and the few hours between sunrise and noon, all three unities have been strictly secured.

Simple vs. Complex Plot

In the **Poetics**, Aristotle preferred the complex to the simple plot, one in which change of fortune is accomplished by "peripeteia" or "discovery" or both. Milton's plot too is complex, and depends on "peripeteia", its essence being that nearly all the actions lead whither they had not seemed to lead. It would seem that every incident narrows Samson's prospects down to greater and greater chances of ignominy. He seems always to choose the course that will exaggerate his misery. Crushed by despair and shame for himself and Israel, he has rejected the proposal of Manoa to treat for his release, made the intercession of his Philistine wife Dalila impossible, and by his bitter defiance of the giant Harapha seems to have invited some crowning ignominy at the hands of his captors. The "peripeteia" consists of his choice of apparent ignominy leading to triumph. Peripeteia exists also in regard to the Philistines: in the fact that by calling in Samson to make them sport, they were really calling him in to destroy them.

There is a partial "recognition" of the peripeteia in Samson's mind when he first feels he is tending to something great and mysterious, though the actual recognition may be supposed to be delayed till after Samson has addressed the Philistines in the brief inter-

val between his tugging at the pillars and the final catastrophe. The broader recognition by the audience is effected by the speech of the messenger:

Inevitable cause

At once both to destroy and be destroyed:
The edifice where all were met to see him
Upon their heads and on his own he pulled.

(1586-90)

Emotional Purgation—through pity and fear

Pursuing Aristotle's definition further, we come to the problem of "catharsis": tragedy effects by pity and fear, the proper purgation of these emotions. From Milton's preface, one is lead to believe that he inclined to the prevailing interpretation of catharsis in terms of medicine, but had in mind Mediaeval rather than Modern Physic—the doctrine of the four "humours" according to which like was to be cured by like, "sanguine" or "hot" by hot applications, the "melancholic" of "moist" disposition by liquids, etc., applying this to the Aristelian doctrine of the "peculiar effect" of tragedy, it becomes apparent that Milton's concept was very close to Aristotle's. So, by imbibing a maximum dose of "pity and fear" the audience obtains a pleasant relief from these emotions which having accumulated trouble them.

The question arises, however, of whether Milton has effected a real "catharsis" in **Samson Agonistes**. "Pity" is said by Aristotle to be occasioned by the sight of undeserved misfortune. In **Samson Agonistes** the misfortune is the result not of depravity, but of a mistake—that of revealing his secret, God's secret; to a woman. Aristotle too distinguished between the hardened profligate and one who falls through weakness, and although Samson would seem to attribute all wickedness to weakness, the distinction remains, in the mind of the theatre audience, between a flaw, weakness, mistake, error—call it what you will—and that hardened vice we call depravity. Throughout the play, the "error" motif receives much emphasis.

"Fear" is occasioned "by the misfortune of one like ourselves" Aristotle affirms. Samson is so marvellous a figure that he might seem impossibly unlike us, had Milton not insisted so strongly that his preeminence is wholly God's gift in view of his Divine Mission. The reflection that any one of us however weak,

LORETTO COLLEGE GRADUATES 1949



ANN MARY MALCOLM, B.A.
Montreal, Que.

Pass Arts. President University Swimming Club III. Intercollegiate Swimming Team II-III. Softball, Hockey I-III. Newman Club I-III. Loretto Athletic Directorate II-III.



TERESA MULLOY, B.A.
Toronto

Moderns. Art, Music and Drama I-IV. University Symphony Orchestra I-IV; Concert Mistress III-IV; Soloist IV. French Club I-IV. Gold Key Award from U. of T.



PEGGY M. McCLELLAN, B.A.
South Porcupine, Ont.

Pass Arts. Tennis I-III. St. Michael's Music and Drama I-III. Newman I-II.



ROSEMARIE MURPHY, B.A.
Barrie, Ont.

Pass Arts. Newman I



HELEN ROSE O'CONNOR, B.A.
Pickering, Ont.

Pass Arts. Newman I-III. Music and Drama I-III. Torontonensis Rep. III. Softball, Volleyball I-III.

may be used by God to accomplish a great end (for God uses the weak things of the world to confound the strong) stirs in us, to some extent at least, "fear" lest we should fail to execute God's designs in our regard. We may in the case of so heroic a figure as Samson, still be permitted, however, to question whether the epic might not have been a more suitable medium for the theme.

Despite the final words of the chorus expressing the calming and ennobling effect the witnessing of such an event might be expected to have on the minds of the spectators:—

His servants he with new acquist
Of true experience from the great event
With peace and consolation has dismissed,
And calm of mind all passion spent.

—nevertheless it seems that no really great catharsis has been effected. Aristotle implied that the more tragic the ending the better. Here the personal tragedy is completely lost in the triumph of God's cause. Samson commits no error within the play but advances step by step according to the Divine plan. It is in obedience to the same Divine prompting that he goes to his glorious death and the really tragic portion of the action has taken place before the initial curtain. The only "error" within the play is the pride of the Philistines, which is indeed brought low, but our sympathies were not with them anyway.

Samson, a passive not an active hero

Samson's character, while certainly of tragic proportions is perhaps too colossal. He succeeds, however, in eliciting our sympathies because of what he represents—the down-trodden race of Israel—and because his sufferings seem incommensurate with the extent of his guilt. He seems perhaps too good a character for tragedy. More like Oedipus and Prometheus than like Othello, Hamlet or Lear, he is somewhat between a type and a person—a superlatively well-chiselled piece of sculpture which at times would almost persuade one that it is human.

So completely does the figure of the protagonist dominate the scene that the remaining figures are known only in relation to him and never in relation to each other. Manoa is the weaker father of a stronger son—stubborn, patriotic, loquacious—whose motives are beyond reproach and whose common sense forms a vivid contrast to Samson's exaggerated

sense of guilt. Dramatically he serves the function of providing Samson's strongest temptation to despair.

The portrait of Dalila is subtle and complex. As a woman impelled by cruelty and curiosity to visit her former husband in his misery, she is credible. Her power may be sensed from the abrupt finality with which Samson rejects her every plea without trusting himself to the slightest initial hesitation. Aristotle would probably have condoned her unscrupulous cleverness as a legitimate use of womanly wiles to accomplish her purpose, though he would also have applauded the fact that her second attempt was foiled. Like Manoa she has the dramatic function of providing Samson with an occasion for fortitude and regaining self-confidence.

Harapha is a bully, a coward, and little else, and by his masking his cowardice with rhetoric, merits the title Samson gives him of "tongue-doubtful giant". He is important, however, in the furtherance of the action for the easy victory over him provides Samson with just the encouragement he needs to confirm his growing sense of being rechosen by God to execute His purposes.

The rôle of the Chorus

The chorus, which as Aristotle had approved, plays the rôle of both actor and observer, is assigned one quarter of the total number of lines and is intimately tied up with the future of Samson. Made up of a group of friends and co-religionists who come to comfort Samson and to echo his despair, his imprisonment was their loss, his death their release, and although they are denied any conspicuous share in the action, almost everything they say increases our sympathy for Samson by rounding out the story of his past, interpreting the emotions appropriate to the successive moments of the action and, though they see no more clearly than the rest, pointing to the larger significance of the whole. The choral odes generally consists of reflections and abstractions on the events of the drama which makes a powerful contribution to the total effect:

"All is best though we oft doubt
What th' unsearchable dispose
Of highest wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close
Oft he seems to hide his face,
But unexpectedly returns
And to his faithful Champion hath in place



S. DARYL ROSS, B.A.
Port Arthur, Ont.

Household Economics Newman
I-IV. Music and Drama I-IV.
Hous. Ec. Club I-IV. Honour
Science Club I-IV



JOAN MacDONALD SMITH, B.A.
London, Ontario

Phil. I-II. (E. or H.) III. Pass
Arts. President of Loretto De-
bating Society II-III. Secretary
St. Michael's College Coopera-
tive II-III. University Debating
Union; Publicity; Y.C.S. I-IV.
Music and Drama I-IV; New-
man I-IV.



LORETTO COLLEGE GRADUATES 1949



MARY CLAIRE SNETSINGER,
B.A., Toronto

General. Newman I-IV. Music
and Drama I-IV. Debating II.



MURIEL SMITH, B.A.
Toronto

Pass Arts. Newman, Music and
Drama Society I-III. Debating
II.

Bore witness gloriously; whence Gaza
mourns
And all that band them to resist
His uncontrollable intent,
His servants he with new acquist
Of true experience from this great event
With peace and consolation hath dismiss,
And calm of mind all passion spent.—
1745-1757

Dramatic Spectacle

"Spectacle", we do not find in Milton's drama even to the minor extent accorded it by Aristotle, since **Samson Agonistes** was not written for actual presentation. Yet Dalila's entrance, accompanied by her damsel train "Like a stately ship of Tarsus, bound for th' Isles of Javan or Gadier with all her bravery on and tackle trim" 11. 710, seems surely to have the stage in mind. Because it would detract from the main interest, Milton has spared us the spectacle of the falling temple; (its actual presentation would have offered no more difficulty to stage managers like Inigo Jones than to Hollywood today). Samson's death was really glorious, and too much spectacle, especially repulsive spectacle, would have detracted from its dramatic significance.

Considered as a whole then, **Samson Agonistes** is a most successful recreation of the Greek dramatic mode, and while not entirely in harmony with Aristotle, is fit to stand with **Oedipus** and **Lear** as a sublime expression of the greatness and misery of man.

Katherine Hoey,

IV Honour (Latin & English)

AN EARNEST DESIRE FOR A PRIEST BROTHER

Lord, show him the way,
Tell him what he should know—
Hold from him, also, lest too much knowledge
Of worldly pleasures show,
And lure him from thoughts of You
In whom his future lies.

It is with deep desire, Lord,
That we come to you today;
Let him not be discouraged, God;
Be near him on the way,
Till one day upon the holy altar
He offers you his life
To bring other souls with him to Heaven
On pathways fraught with strife.

Virginia Sweeney, III,
Loretto-Englewood

GOD'S UNDERGROUND. by Gretta Palmer,
Published by Appleton - Century - Crofts,
Inc.

So much is being said and written about Russia and Communism, that it takes a remarkable book on these subjects to reach the best-seller lists. Such a book is "GOD'S UNDERGROUND", by Gretta Palmer. A foreword by Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen adds to the interest of the book, and is an assurance of the credibility of the central character, who must for security be known simply as "Father George".

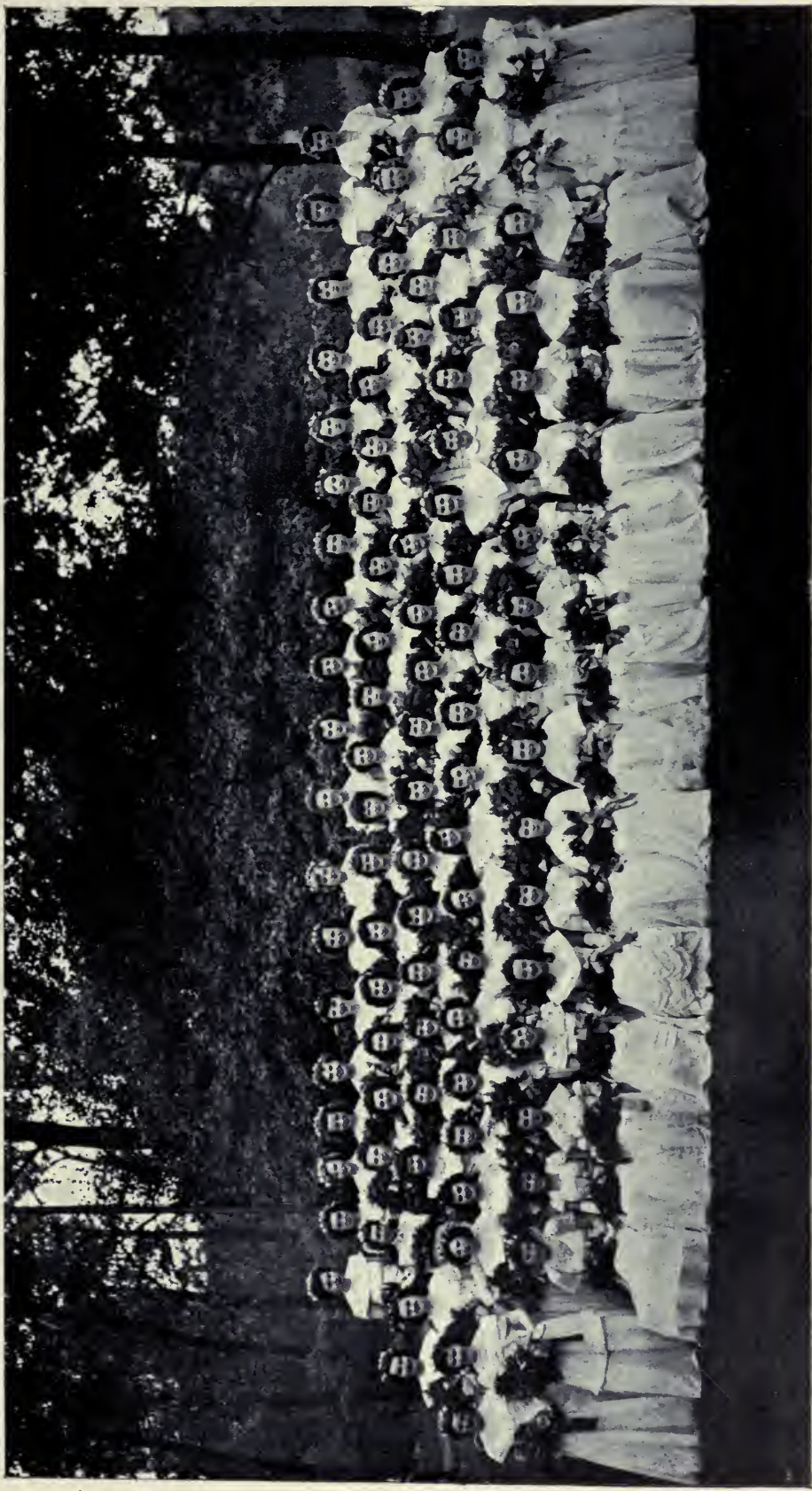
Father George was first a doctor, then a professor of sociology who had made a special study of the Soviet experiment. Not finding complete fulfillment in either profession, he became a priest. At the time the book opens, he is priest, editor and professor in his native Czechoslovakia. In the years chronicled in "God's Underground" his identity is shifted as often as his safety demands.

Ironically enough, the first enemies Father George encountered were the Germans and Italians, and his first allies the Communist Russians. After Czechoslovakia fell to the Germans, Father George served as a medical officer, his priesthood completely unsuspected by the Russians whom he joined. He followed the army to Poland, and crossed the Russian border untold times. As an army doctor, he was approached to perform abortions, and treated venereal disease as matter-of-factly as minor injuries of battle.

Everywhere he went, he established contact with God's underground, and found the majority of people secretly against Communism. His allies were not always Catholics. There were Protestant groups, meeting like the early Christians in catacombs of their own contriving. There were Jewish and Moslem believers who kept their religions alive in spite of Communist threats and reprisals. To all these faithful, and to countless millions of sympathizers throughout the world, Father George sends this appeal: Pray without ceasing, "Savior of the World, save Russia."

There is no one in whom men confide so willingly as a priest or a doctor. Father George was both, and a teacher as well. That explains why he made converts even in the stronghold of the Secret Police.

One theory advanced by Father George— an interesting and logical theory — is that



Seated L to R—Helen Brennan, Jane Eade, Jean Jersey, Catharine Murphy, Nancy Conlon, Margie Tiernan, Roberta O'Donnell, Carol Dustin, Rita Fullen, Patricia Elliott, Mary Louise Pauwels, Joan Wilson, Sharon Takash, Lois West, Dolores Thomas.

Standing first row L to R—Susan Schuman, Mary Catherine Griffin, Virginia Kelly, Helen McNally, Loretta Pletsch, Davida Perry, Barbara Hogan, Betty Ruth Ahern, Patricia Pendleton, Barbara Ratkowski, Ann Gallagher, Peggy Mae Munnely, Joan Cicero, Maureen Riley, Betty Jean Dugan, Margaret Conboy, Mary Del Bissonnette, Mary Evelyn McCloskey, Helen Thorn, Constance Canty, Marian Wheelan.

Second row L to R—Peggy Fox, Grace Hegarty, Dolores Kennedy, Kathleen Scales, Evelyn Walker, Patricia Sweeney, Sally Rabideau, Rita Sweeney, Nancy Shanley, Mary Therese Ward, Dolores Coyne, Marcela Carey, Betty Yeakums, Louise Kuehn, Nancy Kelly, Jean Mitchell, Dolores Synek.

Third row L to R—Doris Ducett, Marijo Gerding, Joanne Moyer, Alice Ferguson, Joan Conlan, Bernadine Baley, Mary Marren, Dolores Kugel, Marie Summers, Jane Flood, Bessie Kliros, Mary Louise Ward, Joan Davis, Jean Leonard, Patricia Polk, Patricia McGuire, Beverly Best.

Fourth row L to R—Mary Therese McNamara, Nora Lou Fanning, Marilyn Courtney, Mary Crelighton, Barbara Whipkus, Betty Finnegan, Phyllis Christensen, Nancy Kerr, Lorraine Harrington, Katherine Madden, Rose Ann Murphy, Nona Carens, Nancy Fitzgerald, Renée Chatlos, Genevieve O'Donahue, Marie Mirabella, Joan Smith, Elaine Peterka, Mary Donnelly.

LORETTO ACADEMY HAMILTON GRADUATES 1949



Left to Right: Marvel Rosart, Anne Goetz, Marjorie Baldassari, Ethelmae O'Reilly,
Juanita Cancuill, Jeanne Wadel, Mary Jane McTay, Patricia Turner,
Mary Masi, Norma Crawford, Nancy O'Shaughnessy Maureen Walsh.

Communism, being the product of Marx, a German, is not the natural conviction of the Russian mind. This artificial, this **grafted** philosophy will wither on the staunchly spiritual temperament of the Russian.

For over five suspense-filled years we follow Father George in his various roles: priest, Partisan, Russian Army Major, once more for a short time a priest, and at last a prisoner of the Communists in his pitiful homeland. We see him finally go free into a world where man may pray or not, as he pleases.

Any number of things in this book impressed me. One is the Christlike love and understanding for all mankind that inspire Father George's actions. Another is the truly objective way he treats the most shocking events, completely disassociating the sin from the sinner. The greatest force in the book, however, is his confidence, confidence in the charity of the western world, confidence in the courage of millions of tortured little people of Russia, and sublime confidence that the goodness of God will bring this crisis to a happy conclusion.

Margaret Hughes Bowman,
Alumna, Detroit-Windsor Circle.

"THE CHESTRY OAK"—A Book Review

THE CHESTRY OAK—By Kate Seredy.
Macmillan Company of Canada Limited

"The year of 1936 was old, as was the waning moon shaped like a sharp, keen sickle, a silver letter C over Chestry Valley" when Michael, Prince of Chestry, was born in the five-hundred-year-old castle, in Hungary. When, on his seventh birthday, he was to have planted an acorn from the famous Chestry Oak, the dark shadow of war "lay over the castle, the valley, the world", and God had ordained that Michael's acorn would perpetuate the memory of his royal family, it is true, but in a way he little dreamed.

The Chestry motto "Fear none but the Lord; harm none but evil", embroidered into the coverlet on Michael's bed, came to be worked into the very fibre of his character by Maria Vitez, his "Nana", making him for her, a "child of the earth", for his father, "Knight Michael", for the Browns of Sugarloaf Valley "the right kind of guy", and for everyone who reads the

book an unforgettable character. Nana, while Michael was still very young, told him of that night of stars and moon, clear as crystal, when he was born. "That hour," she said, "you were the weakling lamb to every shepherd of the valley; you were the tottering new foal to every herdsman; to orchardmen, you were the freshly grafted young scion on the last living limb of a proud old tree, the age-old tree of noble Chestrys....and for all of us who are with the earth, you, yet tightly folded bud as you were, held within yourself the seed of tomorrow, promise of continuance of all we love." And from the recital, Michael grew into the nobility of character that was expected of him.

While Michael dominates the story, it is Michael in the setting of his beautiful valley-home, in companionship with his indomitable father, on the back of Midnight, his prancing black stallion, and lastly in the warm encircling love of Mom and Pop Brown that we will always remember him.

Kate Seredy who wrote and herself illustrated THE CHESTRY OAK was born in Budapest, Hungary, but later came to a farm in New York State, a farm that had proven eminently fruitful, for from her beauty-sensitive pen have come seven books, among them, "The White Stag," "The Singing Tree" and "The Good Master", all published by The Viking Press, (Macmillans in Canada), and the illustrations for some fifteen educational books.

It is interesting to note that Miss Seredy's personal enemies are authors "who talk down to children". Perhaps this is one reason why "The Chestry Oak" is a rare book, unbearably beautiful to both old and young alike.

THE MODERN MOTHER

How tenderly she holds her first born child,
As in a stable long ago
A mother held her babe and smiled;
Upon her face there shone a glow.
What is this glory that all mothers know?
This miracle beyond all common measure?
I look with joy upon this beautiful tableau—
The modern mother with her infant treasure.
And there I see more than a baby sleeping,
More than a girl to womanhood grown;
This is a worthy moment made for keeping,
For, in the sight, my heart has known
The pity of Love, and understood.
The ageless SANCTITY OF MOTHERHOOD.

Lois Chapski, III,
Loretto-Englewood.

SHELTER FOR THE NIGHT



Bleak were the hills of Judea
Desolate and chill was the night
When Joseph, Mary and Jesus
From Herod, the tyrant, took flight.

Into the land of Egypt
Far from the land of their birth
Far from the sword of Herod
Whose oppressions fouled the earth;

Over the hills of Judea
Into the valley they fled,
Mourning the Holy Innocents,
Mourning the Holy babes dead.

Near the border of Egypt,
Traveling by night's darkened shade,
They met with a brigand chieftain,
Ruthless in plundering trade.

So strangely on sainted Joseph
His rough brown hand he laid
That Joseph feared for the Infant,
And with Mary was dismayed.

He feared for the mother Mary
With the Christ child at her breast;
But the robber offered shelter
And his desert cave for rest.

He bade his men attend them,
For Joseph, Mary and Child
Made the heart of the robber
Tender and gracious and mild.

To his rude fortress he led them,
The holy exiles three;
At his crude table fed them
In strange humility.

The chieftain's wife with her infant,
A boy so wan and pale,
Gazed on the comely Jesus,
Wept on her child so frail.

The slim young wife of the chieftain,
Tearful concern in her eyes,
Appealed to the Christ child's mother—
The tranquil mother wise.

Mary, the mother, remembered
The robber's kindness that night;
She took their child to her bosom
And hushed his cries of fright.

She nursed their crying infant
There by the flickering light;
She nursed the dying infant
Until he was quick and bright.

* * *

Thirty and three years after
As Christ hung high on the tree
He heard mid jibes and laughter,
The Words, "Remember me!"

As Christ hung high on Calvary
He heard from the thief on his right
The cry, "O Lord, remember me
When thou enter thy Father's sight."

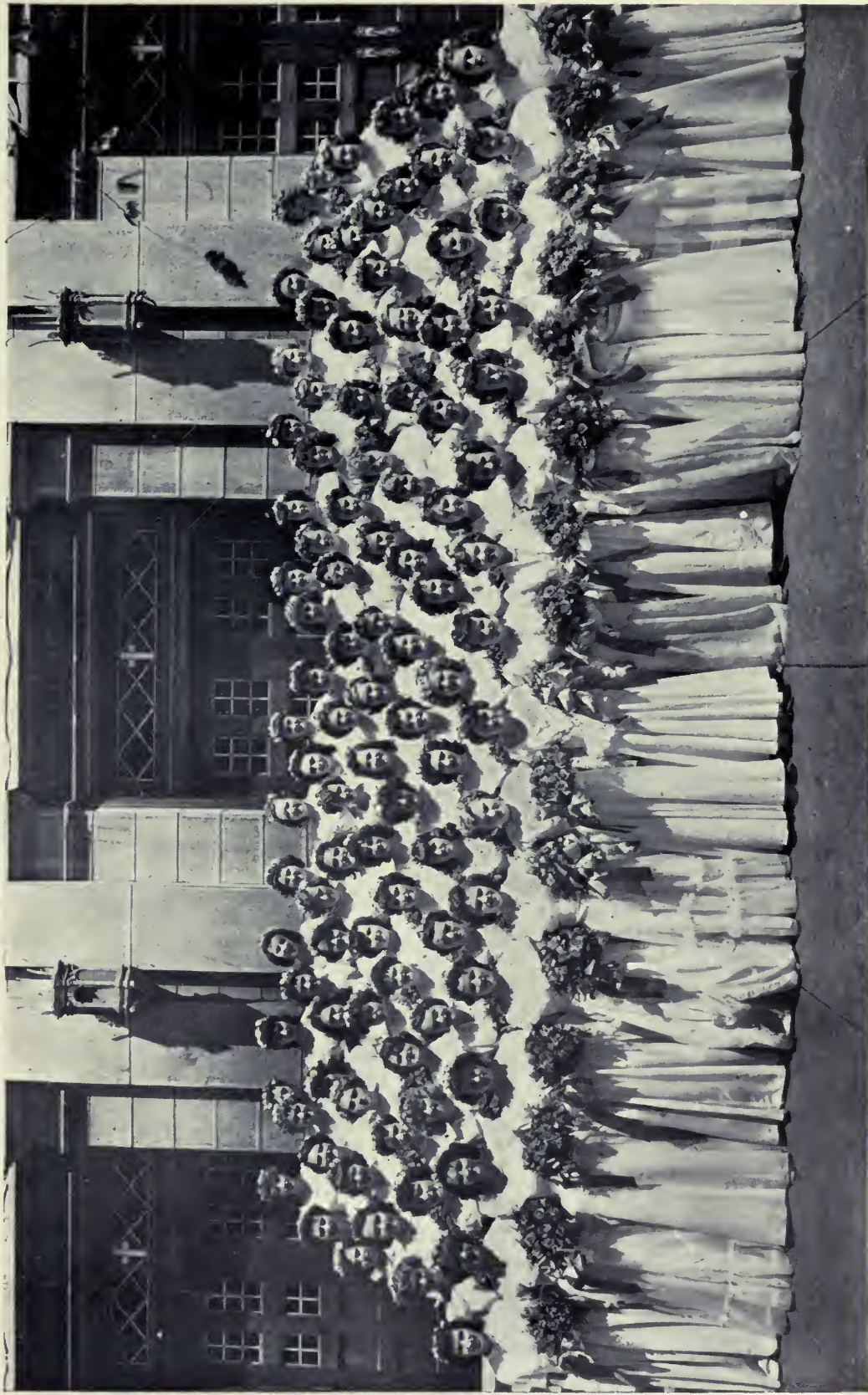
And Christ looked down at his Mother
There sorrowing in her grief,
And He remembered another,
The grieved mother of this thief.

He turned to the contrite robber
Long steeped in the sins of his trade,
In infancy nursed by Mother
Mary, the immaculate maid.

He met the eyes of the robber
Saw repentance in those eyes;
And spoke these words to his brother,
"Thou shalt see me in Paradise."

Kathleen Markle,
Alumna, Detroit-Windsor Circle.

LORETTO-ENGLEWOOD GRADUATES, 1949



VIRGIN MOST POWERFUL



"I will put enmities between thee and the woman, between thy seed and her seed; and she shall crush thy head and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel."

Great was God's wrath when He drove Adam from Paradise, but infinite was His mercy when He gave man a most powerful Protectress who was to defend him from the powers of Satan throughout the centuries.

Thus, in his darkest hours, man has always found his strength in this all-powerful "woman". When, nineteen hundred years later, God sent His son as the Redeemer, man "found the child with Mary, His Mother". When, at the Council of Ephesus in 431, Mary was proclaimed the Mother of God, and not merely the Mother of Christ, the Man, as Nestorinus maintained, the people rejoiced exceedingly, and all through the night torch-light processions illumined the city. It was through her intercession that the terrible threat of Mohammedanism was overcome in the sixteenth century. In the next century the sudden flight of the Turks a few hours before their certain victory at Vienna in 1683 seems strange to modern man. So sad his plight; he does not know of her power.

Now, in the twentieth century man supposes that alone he can overcome the forces of evil. Placing all hope in material strength he soon finds himself lost amid the unstableness and falseness of his beliefs. Present common phrases as "We have the Atom Bomb" and "We live in America" are poor substitutes for true battle cries as these "Mary Queen of Heaven, protect us and save us," "Virgin most powerful, be thou our strength."

Yes, we know beyond a doubt that through Mary alone lie the way and the means of deliverance. She is the God-given leader the Christian world so urgently needs. Today Mary is constantly appearing to man warning him that he may no longer bide his time. She

pleads with him to follow her commands. At Fatima as Virgin most powerful she performed "the Miracle of the Sun" for unbelievers. Mary has given us the means: devotion to her Immaculate Heart; through it shall we come to her Son.

Joanna Watson

Virgin Most Powerful Pray For Us

As a mother beast defends her young, and a mother bird protects the nest which houses her little ones, so does Mary protect us. This power to protect us She obtains from her Son, Jesus, who because She is His mother refuses Her nothing.

Many holy people have said that were it not for the Blessed Virgin's intercession, God would destroy the world. Mary is making herself known in every part of the world, so that in time all the world will know her plea. Many, of course, know her already. Many too, have seen her use her power, for instance, in "the Miracle of the Sun" at Fatima. Through her intercession sinners have been converted, sick have been cured and many favours both big and small have been granted. For as we daily pray, "never was it known that anyone who fled to thy protection, implored thy help or sought thy intercession was left unaided," so do we believe.

From the time 1208, when Our Lady appeared to St. Dominic and gave him the Rosary, thousands of miracles have been wrought through it. The first was the triumphant success of the Christians over the Albigenses in 1213. Up to that time St. Dominic and his followers had tried everything to win the Albigensians to the Faith but, after every attempt had failed, the Pope ordered Christian nobles to form a crusade against these heretics. In the battle at Muret it seemed at first as if the Christians were going to be defeated, but the tide turned and the Albigenses were scattered like chaff before a wind. So remarkable was this victory that Simon de Montford regarded it as a miracle and attributed it to the Rosary. In thanksgiving for this miracle the crusaders built a chapel and dedicated it to Our Lady of the Rosary. Thus Mary, Queen of Peace, early made known to the world Her power.

Ann Hamilton

Virgin Most Powerful Pray For Us



LORETTO ACADEMY, STRATFORD, GRADUATES 1949—Left to Right—Marian Buscher, Eileen Herron, Rita Stock, Lois Vere.

If the world of today would only understand and firmly believe the power of the Mother of God, we could still be saved from the evils that oppress us. But, people are blind to the miracles which Christ performs to make us know His Blessed Mother, to whom, He has said over and over again, He could deny nothing. It seems impossible that there are people who do not love Her with their whole hearts, when nothing can compare to the love of such a Mother for her children; yet, humanity is full of ingratitude, and her plea for us to love her are unknown to some, a matter of indifference to others; but happily, a source of love to a few, who are right in believing that she is the sweetest and gentlest of Mothers.

In 1531, when she appeared in Mexico to a Mexican Indian her sweetness made her become the beautiful Indian maiden, to be more pleasing to him. Here are the words by which the simple Juan Diego has tried to describe her;

"She was small-boned and not tall. Yet she was utterly noble. How smoothly the dark hair outlined her forehead and cheek at the edge of the fold of her draped green-blue mantle! Her tunic gathered into pleats at the base of Her dark throat, fell in rich folds to her feet, covering them. It was delicate pink—the color of dawn's earliest roses. She was the Queen of Heaven, and looked it. But she was also a woman, compassionate and understanding, like a sister, like a mother. The expression of her dark eyes, her beautiful dark countenance, softened awe into filial reverence."

Her voice when she spoke was enchanting music which made Juan Diego remain in ecstasy.

"I want a church built here, little son. My desire is to show myself a mother to you and your people. No one who seeks me here with genuine need or affliction will turn away unconsolated. No tear will escape my pity. No smallest sigh will go unheard . . ."

The Church was built and the Queen of Heaven kept her promise, for many Mexicans have gone to her heart-broken by sorrow and she has consoled them.

Since that hot summer day in Mexico's December, she has come many other times to ask our prayers and our love, because she wishes to save us, and at the end take us all to that kingdom where she is Queen.

Lupita Rubio

Virgin Most Powerful Pray For Us

In the same century, forty-one years later, a fleet of one hundred and one galleys lay at anchor near Lepanto in the Mediterranean. There was no noisy babble of tongues from these ships of the combined forces of Venice, Spain and Austria, only a quiet murmur of voices, raised in entreaty to their glorious Queen for victory on the morrow when they were to face the Turkish fleet of two hundred and eight galleys. Our Lady must aid them for, without her, the tyranny of the Turk would destroy Christianity.

Dawn the next day found the two navies sparring for battle positions, with the wind off Cyprus decidedly in the Turk's favour. The men under Don John of Austria knelt for a moment in prayer. Then as the order to take battle stations was given, the crews determined to receive the crushing force of the enemy fleet as true soldiers of Christ. But suddenly the wind died; the sea became calm. The Christians had the advantage, an advantage that dealt death to the enemy.

In the Vatican Pius V rose from prayer, where it had been revealed to him that the Christian forces had decisively routed the infidels at Lepanto, hundreds of miles away. Mary had triumphed.

In our own day, the thought that one so powerful is willing to help us is consoling. The Turks of yesterday have become the Communists of today. But when the world is darkest, Marv's power is greatest. The Lady who could still the winds for Lepanto's victory has no need of guns, planes, and atom bombs. These do not compare in power with the slightest word from her blessed lips.

However she makes demands in return for her help. And for the modern world, she made them clear at Fatima. She will not deceive us!

If, in 1571, Our Lady had gained a sea victory for the Christians at Lepanto, would she not help them to break the Turkish power on land? She did help them and John Sobieski, King of Poland, led the rescuing army into Austria. Making forced marches to Vienna, from whence he had received the frantic appeal, he visited a shrine of Our Lady en route, to ask a blessing on his troops. He crossed the Danube early in September, and was at Kahlenburg, September eleventh. On the twelfth of September, the Feast of the Holy Name of Marv, the united Poles, Germans and Austrians defeated the Turks to save Christianity on land. Once more she had crushed the head of the serpent-devil in the form of

LORETTO ACADEMY, HAMILTON



the Turks, seeking to destroy Christendom.

Today, as always, Our Lady most powerful can and will crush communism, as she did the Turks, if we pray to her through the Rosary as she herself has requested we should.

Justine O'Brien

Virgin Most Powerful Pray For Us

The power of Our Lady to heal both soul and body is evident at Lourdes.

Lourdes is a small town of France with a glorious history, a history which began in the spring of the year 1858. Then it was that Bernadette Soubirous, a pious little shepherdess, was out in the country, collecting driftwood with her companions.

After the three children had walked for quite awhile, they arrived at a little niche where they were to begin their work. Bernadette saw her companions throw off their sabots and cross the stream safely to the other bank. A delicate child, she sat there debating whether to cross through the cold water, when suddenly a strong wind arose, moving only the branches of the trees near the natural grotto. As Bernadette marvelled, she beheld a beautiful lady standing amidst the rocks. Falling to her knees Bernadette took her rosary from her pocket with trembling fingers, and there remained in ecstasy until her companion returned.

Thus began her visits with the Lady which were to last for a fortnight, each one bringing more people to the grotto, curious to learn the Lady's name.

On the 25th of March thousands of people flocked there long before the ordinary hour of the Lady's visits. After Bernadette had spent some time in ecstasy, she said,

"Madame, will you have the goodness to tell me who you are?"

Our Lady only smiled at first, but then joining her hands on her breast, and raising her eyes, she said,

"I am the Immaculate Conception."

She bade Bernadette scrape the dry ground and immediately a trickle of water flowed through her obedient fingers. This is the spring of miraculous healing to which thousands of people have flocked, though only a small percentage are cured of bodily ills. Many more gain the healing of their souls, and leave to bear their suffering for the love of God.

On the feast of the Annunciation, then, Our Lady had announced to Bernadette and to the world the fact of her spotless purity. The little rose-bush near the Grotto began that day to "breathe forth the fragrance of the Mystic Rose, the Mother of God."

Tessa Wight

Virgin Most Powerful Pray For Us

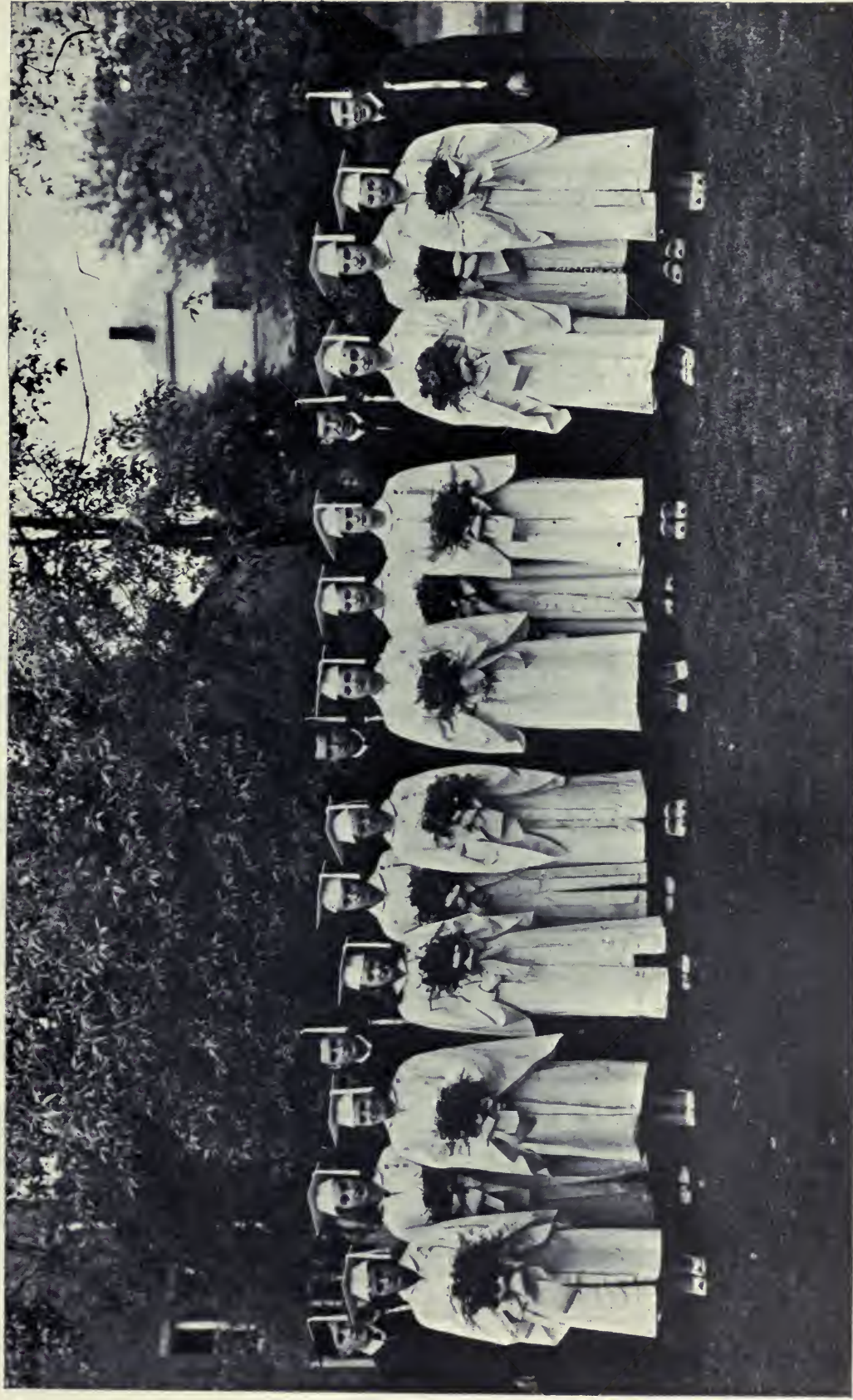
A lady who could take the sun, source of all power and hurl it around the sky like a little plaything, make it follow a dizzy course in the heavens, hurl it at the earth and, just before it struck, put it back into its place, she, indeed, is all powerful. This all-powerful Lady is no other than Mary, our Mother, who wants to save us from the modern disaster of the atomic warfare.

This "miracle of the sun", as it is called, took place at Fatima about thirty years ago on the occasion of Our Lady's last visit to the three shepherd children. She appeared to them several times before, and during each apparition told them some terrible things, but others also that were consoling. Mary asked them to spread devotion to her Immaculate Heart, and to this end, she asked them to set aside the first Saturday of each month. She asked them too, for prayer and penance. She wished that Russia be consecrated to her Immaculate Heart, and in 1942 Pope Pius XII fulfilled her wish by consecrating the whole world, a consecration, however, that carries with it responsibilities.

Never before in all the history of our little world has there been a more threatening crisis for Christians. Communism is all but engulfing us. What a symbol of its strength was the "trial" of Cardinal Mindszenty! If there had been the "converted Russia" Our Lady asked for, there would not have been this cruel spectacle of communism; in other words, if we had prayed.

Over one hundred years ago Our Lady appeared at La Salette to two shepherd children, and weeping bitterly, said to them "If I would not have my Son abandon you, I am compelled to pray to Him without ceasing and as for you, you take no heed of it. However much you pray, however much you do, you will never recompense the pains I have taken for you". Could anyone resist such love? Could anyone not be touched by the tears of this Lady, our

LORETTO-SAULT STE. MARIE GRADUATES, 1949



Left to Right—Milton Menard, Beverley LeLievre, Mary McKinney, Beverley Martin, James Ware, Sada Jane Blain, Geraldine Krol, Anne Sherry, Kenneth Shannon, Laura La Plaut, Lena Guenther, Dolores Willette, Michael Gillotte, Kathleen James, Lenore Krell, Gertrude Guillard, Albert Massey.

[illegible]

tender Mother? What was so terrible then? Today Christians are being persecuted all over the world; people are not living up to their religious teachings, others deny there is a God; all kinds of sins are committed every minute

of the day. If in 1846 Our Lady held God's hands, how she must be pleading now with all her strength for us. Denise du Gardein

Virgin Most Powerful Pray For Us



MAY PROCESSION IN HAMILTON



FIRST NIGHT

It was raining. It had threatened all day, and just as the long line of girls walked into camp, the sky opened. The mad scramble to get the luggage in out of the wet began, and two counselors, already exhausted, stood in their raincoats directing operations by flashlight. The trees sheltered them a little, but still the rain beat upon them with an insistence that was rivalled by the cries of the children in the four cabins.

"Miss, I can't get my trunk open. Please, can you help me?"

"When do we get our sheets?"

"My key broke in the lock, and everything's in that trunk."

"I want to go home. Please can't I go home, Miss? I want my mother. Oh, please, can I go home?"

Grace, the short stocky program director, was trying to fix the fuse box, while Janie, the Art counselor, was trying to open a trunk, with an expression on her face that said plainly that she was not used to this, while a small girl stood weeping desolately by her side. In the midst of the confusion, Alice was trying to line up the girls to be checked in at the nurse's. Finally, she got them into raincoats and rubbers, and shepherding them through the drenching rain, saw them safely into the Infirmary. Calling to the nurse that she would return in half an hour, she walked through the rain to the "baby" cabin to see if she could help.

As she opened the door she heard Helen call out, "Alice, come here and help me. This girl has no baggage. We don't know **what** to do with her. She's tired and frightened, and I have ten beds to make."

Alice slipped out of her long rain cape, and forcing a calm expression onto her pale, tired face, entered the long room filled with confusion, boxes, and tired counselors trying to get even more tired children into bed.

On an empty cot sat a small girl with tangled blond hair, and a sleepy, sullen face. Alice walked over, and sitting next to the child said, in a voice much more cheerful than she felt, "Now, Honey, try to remember. Did your mother send a box?"

"Yes."

"Do you remember when? Was it Friday?" Silence.

"Please now—Oh, what's your name, dear?"

"Jean."

"Please, Jean, try to remember."

"I don't want to remember. I want to go home."

"Now, you don't want to go home, Jeanny. Think of all the good times you'll have. Now don't you worry; I'll be back in a jiffy and we'll have you all fixed up." Grabbing her raincoat, she hurried out into the rain.

Ten minutes later Alice was back with a towel, wash cloth, and pajama top belonging to herself, and camp sheets and blankets. In a few minutes she had the tired child settled in bed, and was rewarded with words that warmed her tired heart, "I don't think I want to go home now. I like you."

She smiled down at the child and said quietly, "I like you too, Jean. Now try to go to sleep."

Two hours later, she sat dully on her cot in the bleak little room that she shared with two other counselors. She had spent a day unlike any other in her entire life. She was more fatigued than she had thought it possible to be. Her face ached from smiling at nervous parents and frightened children; her throat was hoarse from reassuring what had seemed like thousands of people that: yes, the water was pure; no, they did not offer tennis; yes, the food was good; no, they could **not** have visitors every Sunday, and on and on and on. Her feet hurt from walking the camp grounds a million times, her clothes were wet from the rain, and her head ached from exhaustion and nervousness.

She picked up a small framed snapshot from the orange crate that served as a table. She looked at the couple in the picture. She thought that the girl with the carefully curled hair and lovely formal could not be Alice Kelly. No, Alice Kelly was a girl in wrinkled slacks and mussed white blouse with hair drawn severely back from her face. Surely she was not the girl who, six months ago, had worried about a date and of what he'd think of her. No, she was worried whether any of the children had colds or many would get homesick.

Suddenly she hated it. It wasn't fair. She snatched her pen and stationery from the table and began to write

Dear Mother,

I hate it here. I want to go home. Those words struck a chord in her memory. She again saw the sullen little face relax, and saw

TWO FINE SCHOLARS



RUTH RENWICK



BARBARA MORAN

Three young mathematicians from Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, won first honors in the second annual Mathematics tournament at Mundelein College in April. Ninety students representing thirty girl's high schools competed in eight rounds of problems. The Loretto team composed of three Juniors: Barbara Moran, Ruth Renwick, and Patricia Efroymson, not only merited the coveted First Award for highest team score, but also captured the first and second prizes for highest individual scores. Barbara Moran received a gold pin with pearl inset, and Ruth Renwick an identical pin with emerald inset.

a small girl look trustingly up at her and say, "I think I don't want to go home now. I like you."

Then Alice realized that this was her place. A duty and an opportunity to help others was before her and she must not shirk it. She smiled at the little picture, and said to the girl and boy who looked out at her, "There'll be plenty of time for you later," and slipped it under her pillow. "I think I don't want to go home now. I like it here."

Ann O'Hara, XI, Loretto-Woodlawn

TO OUR LADY

Mary, our Queen, our Mother,
Our Refuge, our Port of Rest
To thee, as to none other,
We came for help in our quest.
We know that you are sorrowful
When we, your children, sin.
Please, dear Mother, be merciful
Help us, Heaven to win!

Theresa Henning, Grade XI,
Loretto-Niagara.

ST. BERNARD'S SCHOOL



CATHOLIC GIRL SCOUTS

A new troop of Girl Scouts was invested on May 8 in St. Bernard's Church. This is the first Scout activity ever sponsored by St. Bernard's School.

After we stood and said our promises, Father Boyle gave us a fine talk. Then there was the Rosary and Benediction. We went up to the altar and Father put our investiture pins on.

There were refreshments in the lyceum afterwards. It was an opportunity to introduce our mothers and fathers to our scout leaders, Miss Margaret Weikel and Miss Patricia O'Neill.

Geraldine Schmeltzer, Grade 5.



The sun shines so brightly,
The flowers are blooming,
It would seem that
God planned it so nicely,
Because it is the month
Of His Mother.
We bring flowers to lay at her feet.
We sing the hymns of our Lady.
We love her with every heart beat.
We are glad that she is
Our Mother.

Martin Perlongo, 7.

* * *

I saw a little flower
Dancing on a hill.
This little flower was
A daffodil.

Donna Evans, 6.

* * *

The crack of the bat....
The whiz of the ball....
The roar of the crowd....
The big nine inning....
A foul to the kiddies in the grandstand....
A foul to the man in the hot-dog stand....
And the shout of the Umpire....
S-t-r-i-k-e t-h-r-e-e....
The boo of the crowd....
That's Baseball.

Tom Harrington, 6.

* * *

I tried to write a little poem
About our Blessed Mother,
But nothing I could ever say
Would tell how much I love her.

Betty Wills, 7.

Have you a heart? That's a good question. I think sometimes people have no heart, at least they don't show it. Because souls are waiting in Purgatory for some one to come along and pray for them. You think of that question; "Have you a heart?"

Ella Kirkland, Grade 6.

ALUMNAE NOTES

LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

Loretto Abbey, Toronto

Patroness

REVEREND MOTHER GENERAL M. VICTORINE, I.B.V.M.

Past President MRS. J. REEVES
President MRS. W. SMYTHE
Vice-President MISS MARGARET WILSON
Corresponding Secretary MRS. J. F. BRENNAN
Recording Secretary MRS. WARD MARKLE
Treasurer MISS CATHERINE MACKLIN
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Publicity Convener MRS. M. J. COSENTINO
Tea Hostess MRS. HERBERT KENNEDY
Entertainment Convener MRS. HUBERT TEOLIS

LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

The third quarterly meeting of the Loretto Alumnae Association was held on Sunday, April 24th, at Loretto College School.

This meeting was preceded by our annual Communion breakfast, and approximately one hundred were present.

Special thanks were extended to the Sisters for the lovely breakfast they had prepared, by the president.

The treasurer's report indicated a bank balance of \$1,488.09, which was very gratifying.

The speaker on this occasion was Reverend Father Sheridan, S.J., and he was introduced by Miss Mona Clark. Father Sheridan who had chosen for his subject, "The Implications of the Wedding Feast", said there was so much contained in the theology of marriage that it was unfortunate it was wasted on priests. Because the spiritual value of marriage was not sufficiently understood and appreciated, many marriages were failures, at least to the extent that they did not bring happiness. The Christian views of marriage take away the worldly views. God created the Sacrament of Matrimony, giving it an austere beauty, to make it wholly desirable.

Mrs. MacKenzie thanked Father Sheridan, on behalf of those present, for his instructive talk.

The Meeting was then adjourned to enable all to renew acquaintances.

The Annual Bridge and Fashion Show of the Loretto Alumnae Association was held at Simpson's Areadian Court on Saturday afternoon, May 14th.

Over three hundred and fifty friends of

Loretto attended, and were welcomed by Mrs. Ward Markle, the Convener.

Following the bridge game, a delightful preview was given of the latest fashions. These included what should be worn morning, afternoon and evening, especially during the approaching summer weather.

Special thanks should be given to those who so generously donated the many beautiful prizes. Congratulations to the winners!

Much time and effort were expended by the convener and her committee towards the success of this function, and it was gratifying to hear the comments "the nicest bridge and fashion show I was ever at".

C.M.

DETROIT-WINDSOR CIRCLE

Our hostesses for the March Luncheon meeting were Kathleen Culliton Farquharson, Violet Culliton Lordan, Catherine Maher Doherty, Cynthia O'Donnell O'Connell, Emma Seiferle Roe and Miss Mary Woods. Reverend Fr. William Scherzer, son of our Margaret Hassett Scherzer, spoke on The Lay Apostolate. At this meeting it was moved and seconded to defray the expenses of two Loretto nuns attending summer school at the University of Detroit. Motion carried.

Our April meeting was held in the home of Kathleen McEveney Markle, 475 Fiske Drive, Detroit. It was moved and seconded to invite two Loretto nuns from Canada to attend the Summer School of Catholic Action to be held in Detroit, August 8th to the 13th. All expenses will be assumed by our Circle. Motion carried.

Marguerite Gilpin Gage (Woodlawn) was hostess to our Circle in her home, 34000 Braeberry Ridge, Farmington, May 14th., when our annual meeting and election of officers were held. Corresponding Secretary reported 800 monthly notices sent during the previous year; Chairman of the Detroit Foundation Fund reported \$700. in U.S. Savings Bonds for the Loretto nuns.

Officers to serve for the coming year will be Iris Sullivan. President; Mary Galley. 1st Vice-President; Mrs. Jack Adams, 2nd Vice-President; Claire Smythe, Recording Secretary; Mary Woods, Corresponding Secretary; Eileen Harding Jankowski, Treasurer; Lenore Sullivan Smith, Financial Secretary.

I.D.P.



Committee members of the Toronto Loretto Alumnae planning the Bridge and Fashion Show at Simpson's Arcadian Court, May 14, include Miss Elia Herbert, Miss Dorothy Latchford, Mrs. Ward Markle, Miss Catherine Macklin, and Mrs. R. B. Rankin.

MONTREAL CIRCLE

A very enjoyable meeting was held at the home of our President, Mrs. C. C. Lindsay, Westmount, on April 26th. The guest speaker was Rev. Eric O'Connor, S.J., dean of The Thomas More Institute of Montreal. Father O'Connor is in charge of adult education at the Institute, and this was the subject of his discourse to the alumnae members. He explained fully the courses offered to adults; these cover a wide variety of subjects suitable for the adult mind. Tea was later served, and we all came away with the knowledge (as we always do from Mrs. Lindsay's home) that the time was profitably and delightfully spent.

Our annual meeting was held at the Business and Professional Women's Club, Crescent St., on Monday, May 16th. Election of officers took

place and the new slate is as follows:— President: Miss Helen Brennan (Abbey); 1st. Vice-president: Mrs. Royal Le Sage (Sadie Ronan, Hamilton); 2nd. Vice-president: Mrs. A. J. Murray (Vera Haffey, Abbey); Treasurer: Mrs. John Leslie (Cecile Barry, Hamilton); Recording Secretary: Miss Cecile Paul, (Guelph & Abbey); Corresponding Secretary: Mrs. W. F. O'Dea (Helena Tevelin, Abbey); Councillors: Mrs. J. H. Wakely (Shiela Bates, Lueknow, India); Mrs. Paul Dostert (Daisy Dooley, Hamilton), Miss Jean Bereau (Sedley). Our retiring president, Mrs. C. C. Lindsay (Mary Hearn, Abbey), was presented with a Royal Daulton statue of The Madonna of the Square in lovely pastel shades. The presentation was made by Mrs. R. E. Kennedy (Edith Smith, Abbey) who spoke feelingly of the retiring executive's association with Mrs. Lind-

say, and expressed the cooperation and pleasantness of everyone concerned. Tea was served after the meeting, which broke up with keen regret that we would not meet again until October.

Our Alumnae members are all very happy to know that one of our members, Mrs. J. Coffey, has received signal honors from His Holiness,—the “Pro Ecclesia” Medal. Mrs. Coffey was the founder of our alumnae and our first President. We all offer her our sincerest congratulations.

K.C.A.

CONGRATULATIONS

To Mr. and Mrs. Jack Connor on the birth of a son, Robert David, on June 11, a grand-nephew of Mother Carmelita, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Brown (Anita Goggio, Loretto Abbey and College) on the birth of a son, Paul Michael, on May 16.

To Mr. and Mrs. John O'Reilly (Adelaide Clark, Loretto-Hamilton) on the birth of a daughter, Mary Jane, on May 9.

To Mr. and Mrs. D. J. McIntyre on the birth of a daughter, a niece of Mother St. Magdalen, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Ridley (Joyce Flynn, Loretto College) on the birth of a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. Errol Jordan (Stella Murray, Loretto College) on the birth of a daughter.

MARRIAGES

Miss Rita Karnes (Loretto-Hamilton) was married April 30 to Mr. Joseph Gasslein.

Miss Estelle Pappas (Loretto-Hamilton) was married on May 12 to Mr. Albert Colantino.

Miss Edna-Mae Meyers was married on May 7 to Mr. Paul Guttman. The bride is a sister of Mother Mary Gertrude, I.B.V.M.

Miss Mary Allen (Loretto-Niagara) was married on June 28 to Mr. John Sullivan.

Miss Marie Kirby (Loretto College) was married on May 14 to Mr. Raymond Midghall.

Miss Ruth O'Shaughnessy (Loretto College) was married on June 7 to Mr. Desmond Moleski.

Miss Marilyn Barry was married on June 11 to Mr. Jack Marta.

SYMPATHY

To the family of the late Mrs. Michael O'Brien who died on April 13, the Rev. Justin O'Brien, C.S.P., Mother Gerarda, I.B.V.M., Mother St. Justin, I.B.V.M., John, Lawrence, Thomas, Gratton, Lillian and Loretto.

To the Rev. Leonard Rush, C.S.B., on the death of his mother, Mrs. E. F. Rush.

To the children of the late Mrs. Gertrude O'Donnell, Ralph, Margaret, Patricia and Joanne.

To Mrs. W. J. Lyons on the death of her mother, Mrs. Mary Carroll, on April 12.

To Mrs. R. J. Lynett on the death of her husband on April 12; and to the Reverend Richard Lynett, and other children.

To Mrs. Edward Devine and Miss Hannah O'Leary on the death of their sister Miss Elizabeth O'Leary on April 12.

To Mrs. W. L. Vale and Miss Mary Power on the death of their mother on April 16.

To Misses Sheldon and Gloris Childerhouse on the death of their father on April 14.

To Mrs. Paul Seiferling on the death of her husband on April 15, and to Mr. Seiferling's children, Rev. Fathers Fred, Michael Joseph, O.F.M., Canisius, O.F.M., Mother Herman, I.B.V.M., Mother Louisa, I.B.V.M., Peter, Mike, Andrew, Joseph, Clara, Felicia, Anne, Pauline and Mary.

To Mrs. S. R. Polley on the death of her husband on May 28; and to Mr. Polley's children Doctor Robert, Fred and Sister M. Mona, I.B.V.M.

To Miss Grace Ann Twohey on the death of her mother, Mrs. P. A. Twohey.

To Mrs. G. Hewson on the death of her mother, Mrs. E. H. Predhomme.

To Mrs. Buch (Millwood), Mrs. Moleski (Ruth) and Jean on the death of their father, Mr. John O'Shaughnessy.

To the family of the late Mr. William Nolan who died on March 4, the Rev. Aloysius Nolan, Sister St. Benedict, C.S.J., Mother Mary Leo, I.B.V.M., John, William, Vincent and Charles.

To Miss H. A. Blair and Miss M. Blair of Stratford on the death of their sister, Mrs. Grace Stock, on April 8.

MY FUTURE HUSBAND

I want to marry a man who knows exactly what these words mean: “Matrimony is a sacrament which unites a baptized man and woman as husband and wife and gives them the graces to fulfill the duties of the married life”. He has to prove his love towards me, not with pleasant words but with deeds. This love does not only demands mutual help but must have as its primary purpose the improvement and formation of the interior life, so that through our partnership in life we may advance ever more and more in virtue, and above all that we may grow in true love toward God.

My future husband does not necessarily have to be a genius, but I would like him to be intelligent in order to face with fact the numerous problems of this life of trial. He must be able to rule his home with delicacy of manner but at the same time with energy of action. He must have a well-formed character because in life it is not intellect that tells as much as character, not brains as much as heart, not genius as much as self-control, patience and discipline regulated by good sense and right judgment.

I hope that my dream will come true and that God really sends me a husband like this, so that at the end of our days we may say to our Eternal Father, “we have been able with the help of Thy grace to accomplish what Thou intended us to do.” Helena Saenz, Grade XII.

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ARTICLES BY:—

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POETRY BY:—

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The "Loretto Rainbow" is the publication of the Loretto Schools in Canada and the United States. Its object is to cultivate the literary taste of the pupils, to exchange news between the Schools, and to keep former pupils and friends in touch with Loretto activities. You will enjoy it, and by subscribing to it you will not only give yourself pleasure, but will help the cause of Christian education.

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St. Luke's Madonna



HAIL, AUGUST QUEEN OF PEACE!

In what is said to be the richest and most beautiful chapel in Rome, the Borghese Chapel of St. Mary Major Basilica, is one of Rome's greatest treasures, the "Madonna di San Luca," a miraculous painting of Our Lady, attributed to St. Luke. It was this picture which St. Gregory the Great ordered to be carried in procession to stay the raging plague of 590. As it passed along, from St. Mary Major to St. Peter's, he heard the angels in Heaven singing the "Regina Coeli". When the Holy Door of St. Mary Major was opened for the inauguration ceremony of the Holy Year of 1625, Mary Ward and her companions were there, and sought amid anxiety and suffering, in the successive days of that favoured time the abundant graces they needed. Often it was before St. Luke's Madonna that they knelt, taking and renewing their vows under the patronage of Our Lady of the Snows. Before copies of it, brought in former days from Rome, the nuns of the older houses of the Institute still renew their daily consecration to their Lady. May that gracious Mother petition her Son that the Holy Year of 1950 likewise may be "for all a year of purification and of sanctification, interior life and reparation, a year of great return and great forgiveness."

VOCATION TO THE MISSIONS

by The Rev. L. Voisin, S.J.

On December 7 and 8 occurred, three hundred years ago, the martyrdom of those great missionaries, St. Charles Garnier and St. Noel Chabanel. This article on the contrast of their vocations is an extract from the author's recently published pamphlet on St. Garnier, "Stronger than Death" and from that on St. Chabanel, "Dark as the Night," still to be published.

ST. CHARLES GARNIER

By 1624 Charles Garnier had come to the momentous decision that he had a vocation to the priesthood and to the Society of Jesus. He was nineteen then, his beardless, cherubic face that of a boy, but his mind mature as a man's. His judgment, too, was sound, his keen intellect well trained, his will strong and unyielding as steel.

He needed a resolute will, for his father did not approve of his choice. His voice, firm and calm, his gaze unwavering, Charles explained that he had given the matter long and careful consideration, that he had discussed it with his confessor and had prayed over it many a time. Love of God and zeal for souls burned deep in his heart. His own sanctification and the salvation of others were all that mattered to him. Nothing would turn him from his goal.

There was no answering enthusiasm in the eyes that met his. With the empty, desperate feeling of one who has missed irrevocably a golden opportunity, Charles' father saw now that he had been too preoccupied with business to concern himself properly with his family. True, he had always been generous to them. A wealthy lawyer, he had been able to raise his three sons in luxury. He had provided them with the best home, food and clothes he could obtain. Their schooling he had entrusted to the Jesuits, the foremost educators in the country.

He had not realized that Charles, his youngest son, had grown up. Nor had he noticed any signs of a vocation to the priesthood. But little incidents, seemingly insignificant at the time, recurred to him now and assumed larger proportions.

He had been told that Charles frequently put his pocket money in the poor box instead of spending it for games. And more than one person related how one day the boy's sharp eyes detected an indecent novel in the book-

stall. Charles had bought the book and destroyed it, lest perhaps it cause someone to sin and God would be offended.

Then, too, the boy had always loved to pray. Prayer was as natural to him as eating and sleeping. He would sometimes slip away from his playmates to make visits to the Blessed Sacrament. He was humble with a modesty that hid his remarkable talents. Moreover the father could boast that his son had never been guilty of a single act of disobedience, not once had he caused the family the least displeasure.

By the end of that summer of 1624 the father had reconciled himself to the separation. It was not easy to crush his selfishness, his excessive attachment to his son, but his great esteem for the Jesuits overcame the last shreds of opposition. "If I did not love your Society above all others," he told one of the Fathers, "I would not give you my son."

In the scholasticate Charles' love of God and zeal for souls were especially stimulated by three of his companions who ardently longed for the foreign missions. Francis Le Mercier was one of them, a man who seemed to have borne a charmed life. During his fifteen years in the mission of Huronia he missed a martyr's death more than once. Much later, when he was eighty-six years old and wasted with hardship and suffering, he died on the island of Martinique in the West Indies.

Another was René Menard, destined to be Charles' companion at the Huron mission station of Teanaostaye. After nine years in Huronia and twenty in Quebec, Menard met his death, abandoned and alone, while searching for a band of Huron Christians in the wilderness swamps of Wisconsin.

Third in the group was Peter Chastelain, a missionary among the Hurons for fourteen years. He was Charles' closest friend in the Society of Jesus. "You will always have an intention in your prayers for Father Chastelain, if you don't forget me," Charles wrote to his brother Henry, a Carmelite priest, "because he and I are one." In Chastelain he found sympathy and understanding joined with rare prudence and sure judgment that made him an invaluable confidant. When discouraged, Charles was assured a consoling word, in his anxieties over the future he received sound advice; in his ardent pursuit of perfection he was saved from rash excesses.

Shortly after his entrance into the novitiate Charles heard rumors of the opening of a mis-

sion among the Indians of far-away New France. The mission became a reality when Father John de Brébeuf, Enemond Massé and Charles Lalemant, the vanguard for many more to follow, sailed for Canada the following Spring.

The zealous novice was fired with enthusiasm. Eagerly he read the accounts of the work of that stalwart hero of the missions, Father Brébeuf, the pioneer of the Jesuit missionaries in Huronia.

All through the years of study Charles kept the missions in mind as a stimulus to his zeal. Soon after his ordination to the priesthood in 1635, his Superior gave him permission to embark for the new world with Fathers Le Mercier and Peter Pijart. . . .

ST. NOEL CHABANEL

"None but bodies of bronze can endure the hardships of the savages." All France read these words, for in the 1630's the Jesuit Relations were the nation's best seller. All France read the stern challenge that Father Le Jeune, missionary among Canada's Hurons, flung across the sea at his selfish, ambitious, luxury-loving Fatherland.

"None but bodies of bronze can endure the hardships of the savages," wrote Father Le Jeune to discourage the faint-hearted. Missionaries were desperately needed to harvest the crop untouched for centuries, but there was no room in Huronia for the weak.

"Many persons would prefer a hatchet blow upon the head to enduring the life that we must lead every day here," wrote Father Jerome Lalemant to disillusion the romantic-minded.

"Could we wish a nobler opportunity to exercise charity," Father John de Brébeuf appealed to the generous, "than amid the roughness and discomfort of a new world where no human art or industry has yet provided any convenience?"

All France read and thrilled to the heroism of her famous missionaries. The response was gratifying. There were eager volunteers, men willing to exchange the comforts and plenty of France for the hardships and famine of Huronia.

Deep in the south of France a young Jesuit was teaching in the college of Toulouse. He was a specialist in the classics, this Jesuit, Noel Chabanel. His classroom rang with the speeches of Cicero and Demosthenes. Latin and Greek rolled off his tongue as easily as

did his native French. His talents commanded respect from his pupils, his devotedness and sincerity earned their affection.

Successful rhetorician though he was, Noel Chabanel was not content. There were times when his work seemed hopelessly barren, the days empty with monotony, the years ahead futile and unreal. His soul was restless as the sea, filled with strange longings and unsatisfied, holy ambitions. Only sanctity earned at the price of hardship and suffering would satisfy him.

The spell of the Relations bound him fast, the zeal of the missionary burned strong within him. Across the sea work awaited him, important work, the bringing of the Gospel, the glad tidings, to a vast continent of heathens.

Yet the prospect was far from pleasant. "The Relations" had just published one of Father Brébeuf's letters. With sledge-hammer blows that stalwart giant smashed the last vestiges of the prejudices of the ignorant and the fancies of the dreamers. Let there be no misconceptions. Let those who came to New France know what lay ahead of them.

"You will have to live in a hut," he wrote, "so wretched that I doubt if I have seen any in France that can be compared to it.

"You will be utterly worn-out, but we shall not be able to give you anything but a poor mat, or at most a skin, to serve as a bed.

"Instead of being a great professor and a great theologian, as in France, you must be content to be a humble scholar, and with what teachers!—women, children, savages,—exposed to their laughter.

"All the fine qualities which might make you loved and respected in France are like pearls trampled under the feet of swine, or rather mules, which utterly despise you when they see that you are not as good pack animals as they are."

Page after page, relentless as a tide, rolled on the merciless recital of hardships. Was there no end to it? Was there no ray of sunshine in that darkness? Could anything more be added to the terrifying picture?

"Add to all this," continued Brébeuf, "the fact that our lives hang upon a single thread. First of all, your cabin might be set on fire at any moment. Or a malecontent in some lonely spot might cleave your head open. You are responsible for the harvest under penalty of your life. You are the cause of droughts; if you cannot produce rain they threaten to kill you. In addition there is the danger from the Iroquois. I leave you to imagine if we have any reason to feel safe."

HIS CALL

As he read, fear froze the heart of Noel Chabanel and drained the color from his cheeks. As far back as his memory could reach he had dreaded pain, feared and fled it as a burnt child shuns the fire. The smallest hardship was torture to him, the slightest inconvenience hurt his delicate body, the least ill-word rasped his hyper-sensitive heart, the tiniest discouragement lay on his fragile spirit like an unsupportable weight.

But if his body was weak, his heart was brave, his courage unbounded. His body could be broken, but nothing could break his will.

He read Brébeuf's letter to the end. "If you still say in answer to all this, 'Your arguments cannot lessen even a little the zeal I have for the conversion of these people' then I say to you, 'Come!' It is men such as you that we ask for here. It is to souls like yours that God has appointed the conquest of so many other souls whom the devil now holds in his power."

When he began his theology in 1639, he pondered long what he should do. His humility and timidity made him hesitate but his generosity and zeal were stronger than nature. Early, the next year he wrote to Father Vitelleschi, General of the Society of Jesus, for permission to join the Huron missions.

The reply was prompt and encouraging. The volunteer was commended for his zeal, but most needs finish his theology and tertianship. Chabanel read the letter with glowing heart and turned to his studies with fresh ardor.

In January, 1641, France was shocked with the news of the heroic death of St. Francis Regis amid the snows of Vivarais' mountains. This apostle had volunteered for the Huron missions, had hoped to die a martyr there, but Providence had ordained otherwise.

To Noel Chabanel the death of Regis was a sign of God's providence in his regard. Surely God wished him to take the place of the Apostle of Velay, on the Canadian mission.

He wrote again to the General, in his impatient zeal, asking that his course of theology be shortened. The reply was again encouraging, but gently pointed out that no exceptions could be made in the necessary studies of the Society and that missionaries to the arduous Canadian missions needed the full formation. "Wait and pray" was the final order.

By May 8th, 1643, his days of waiting were over . . .

I dreamt I heard my Master's voice,
"Come," it said, "come follow Me,
Lay aside your worldly cares,
And come; I wait for thee."

My Saviour's love then cleansed my heart;
My Saviour's peace then filled my soul;
He placed my feet upon His path;
He set them towards His goal.

And never had I felt such joy,
Never known such bliss,
For my life was His—My Lord's alone—
He sealed it with His kiss.

Then I awoke; the voice was gone,
My peace and joy had fled,
I knew not how to find my way
For Christ no longer led.

So full of fear and doubt was I,
I knelt and humbly prayed;
My heart was sick with doubt and pain;
My cares on Christ I laid.

"I fain would come, O dearest Lord,
Alas, I am too weak.
I fear to give my life to God
And yet His love I seek."

But then I heard His voice again,
A faint call from above;
He bade me come and follow Him,
Surrender to His love.

And when I heard the Master's voice
No more was I confused,
No more did I desire to flee;
His call was not refused.

His peace again fell over me;
In joy my spirit soared
For I had found Christ gives His strength
To those who seek the Lord.

And now at last I am at rest,
Secure at my Saviour's side,
Safe in the love of My Lord and God
Because I am His bride.

Ann O'Hara, XII,
Loretto—Woodlawn

ROSARY SUNDAY



Students of Loretto Abbey and Loretto College School before the grandstand at the Exhibition Park for the Holy Name Rosary Holy Hour

IN MEMORIAM

MOTHER M. SABA DOYLE, I.B.V.M.

A few months after her ninetieth birthday, after sixty-one years in religious life, and while still active and in full vigor of her faculties, Mother Saba received the heavenly summons by an attack of illness on the evening of June 20, and having answered it with divine help of the Last Sacraments, had gone to her reward in three hours.

Mother Saba was remarkable for cheerful industry and charity all through some forty years of teaching life in Toronto, Hamilton and Niagara Falls, and equally so in household and garden occupations after her superannuation from the school. It was her custom, moreover, to pray assiduously now for one person, now for another, religious or pupil or relative, or even some in distress not known to her personally. Fervent, confident prayer had carried her through all the crosses of a long life, and the last years found her lighthearted and interested wherever and whenever she could help.

The funeral took place from Loretto Abbey on June 23. The Requien Mass was sung by Reverend Michael McKeown, C.P., with Reverend William Fraser, Abbey Chaplain, and Reverend Ferdinand Brown, C.P., present. Her neices, Miss Loretto Closs of Fort William and Miss Stanton of Detroit attended the funeral, and accompanying the former were Sister Mary and Sister Johanna, Sisters of Social Service, of Hamilton. Miss Mary Gallagher and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gallagher, Toronto friends, were also present at the Mass, and at Mount Hope Cemetery where she was laid to rest.

R.I.P.

* * *

MOTHER M. FIDELIS, I.B.V.M.

Mother M. Fidelis Brown was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Brown of Kinkora, where she was born over 75 years ago. She entered religious life at Loretto Abbey in 1900, and had thus nearly completed the fifty golden years of a jubilarian.

Quiet, gentle and prayerful, she spent her life in the daily duties of the convent and met its trials perseveringly. After receiving Extreme Unction and Holy Viaticum in full consciousness, she breathed her last in the early evening of June 22, the day on which her companion, Mother Saba, was buried.

The funeral Mass was sung by Reverend Thomas Wardell, S.J., with Reverend William Fraser, Reverend Ferdinand Brown, C.P. and

Reverend J. Corrigan S.J., also in the sanctuary. Attending the funeral Mass were her sisters, Sister Lawrence, with her companion, Sister St. Leonard, both from St. Mary's, Ontario. Miss Agnes Brown and her brother, Mr. Thomas Brown of Kinkora, and her cousins, Miss Mary Brown and Messrs. Thomas, Basil and Cyril Brown. Other surviving members of her immediate family are Miss Katie Brown and Mr. Ed. Brown, also of Kinkora. Interment was made in the Loretto community plot in Mount Hope Cemetery.

R.I.P.

* * *

MOTHER M. BERTRAND, I.B.V.M.

Mother M. Bertrand, I.B.V.M., died on August 5, the Feast of Our Lady of Snows, in the fifty-third year of her religious life. Formerly Emma Waite, daughter of James Waite and Rose Heffernan, she was born in Guelph in 1873. She was a music teacher, very industrious and faithful, both as a teacher and as a religious. She taught in Guelph and Hamilton, Sault Ste. Marie and Toronto, where she was Superior at St. Cecilia's Convent from 1932-1935. She was living at Loretto College School at the time of her death. A heart attack in the early morning hours of August 5 led to her being anointed about eleven a.m., though the danger did not seem immediate. She was happy to follow the prayers, fully conscious. In the early afternoon, another heart attack led in a few minutes to a sweet and holy death, a quick home-coming that made a deep impression on the community at Loretto College School. Of her immediate family there remain two nieces, Misses Frances and Ida McQuillan of Guelph. The Funeral Mass was sung on August 8 by the Reverend William McWalter, S.J., with the Reverend H. J. Cormier, S.J., and the Reverend M. McGuire, C.Ss.R., in the Sanctuary.

R.I.P.

* * *

ST. LUKE'S MADONNA (See Frontispiece)

Between the copper plaques which covered St. Luke's Madonna was found this prayer. Pope Paul V, whose devotion for the Madonna led him to build for it the Borghese Chapel, first had it distributed. Later Pope Gregory XVI enriched it with indulgences:

"Hail August Queen of Peace, most Holy Mother of God! Through the most Sacred Heart of thy Son Jesus, Prince of Peace, grant that His anger be appeased, and that He may reign over us in peace. Amen."

"LORETTO OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT"



Canada House, first Falls' Convent

Scarce five score years ago there stood on a rugged cliff overlooking the mighty cataract of Niagara, a small frame tavern called "The Canada House." It was a warm and friendly place, they tell us, and worn travellers journeying along the rough and uneven Portage Road paused to refresh themselves at this small and hospitable haven of rest. The genial host kindly dispensed food and lodging to all who crossed the threshold of his humble inn, in sight and sound of the roaring waters.

Numbered among its travel-stained guests one day was a venerable man of God, John Joseph Lynch, of the Congregation of the Mission, a Prince of the Church, for he was by the grace of God, the then reigning bishop of Toronto. Greatly pleased with the location of the simple tavern, where continuously the delicate mist could be seen rising from the mighty falls, as the incense of prayer to its Creator, His Lordship wished to reconstruct the hostel of the weary into a hostel of the Most Blessed Sacrament; and so in 1860, he purchased the tavern and its adjoining frame building that in this new spiritual home, prayer might indeed rise to mingle with the spray of the cataract and ascend to the throne of the Most High.

Thus on June 6th, 1861, Mother Joachim Murray at the head of five other courageous sisters arrived to take possession of the newly renovated tavern. The convent then consisted of the inn with its adjoining frame building which contained a classroom and a dormitory. It probably was a most discouraging sight after the well established convents of Europe, but the undaunted Sisters worked hard, and

prayed, leaving their difficulties in Our Lady's hands; in February a separate school was started. By September the zealous nuns were able to start a small boarding school for pioneer pupils of the surrounding districts. Such was the humble birth of Loretto Academy of the Blessed Sacrament.

In 1864, Mother Regis Harris became superior, and in 1870, with six hundred dollars in hand she began the construction of the first stone building. God blessed her laborious efforts towards the improvement of His special hostel, and in the following years many boarders from various parts of the United States and Canada attended the small convent.

As the years passed new buildings replaced the old, and in 1880, the second wing was built extending to the present-day front entrance.

Shortly after the Silver Jubilee celebration in 1886, a new life and prosperity began, which seemed like the light of a new day after the long dark night of the depression. There were now ninety boarders, under Mother Mary Gonzaga's administration, and in 1893 the third wing was constructed.

In 1911, the first Alumnae organization was formed as a fitting celebration for the Golden Jubilee of God's Hostel.

The fourth wing, which gave our school its first gymnasium, swimming pool, beautiful study hall, modern classrooms, and two floors of private and semi-private rooms, was constructed in 1926. How different it now was, developed, by prayer and hard work from an insignificant frame building to a stately stone structure of five floors!

In this brief outline of our school's history, much has been left untold. The early annals give an account, shortly after the new school opened, of a reception accorded to Lord Dufferin, Governor-General of Canada, our first distinguished guest. A long list of famous personages, belonging to the Church and State, among whom were the late King George V of England and Queen Mary, have been entertained. And again at the close of our seventy-fifth year Loretto-Niagara had the privilege of receiving the newly appointed Governor-General and his wife, Lord and Lady Tweedsmuir.

In June, 1936, both alumnae and friends of the community flocked in attendance at the celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of Loretto

FELICITATIONS

Niagara. This was the glorious day to which Mother Joachim and her courageous sisters in religion had looked. This was the realization of their dream. But what of the future!

Disaster fell upon this beautiful convent on a cold wintry night in January, 1938. On this tenth day of the first month of a new year, the new wing, built in 1926 was destroyed by fire. It was a devastating sight, but thanks to the generosity of the innumerable friends of Loretto, it was replaced by September of the same year. A new fire-resistant wing was ready for the opening of the new school year.

Though the years, devoted sisters have given generously of their services in the training of the mind, heart and soul of each and every child placed in their care and it is through their impartiality, and loving care, that Loretto Niagara will live forever in the hearts of her children.

Loretto—Niagara
Betsie Fernandes, Grade XII,



"Beside Niagara's sounding deep . . ."

This is a year of jubilation and thanksgiving for the congregation of St. Joseph's Church, Stratford, which has the honour of joining with its pastor, the Very Reverend Dean D. J. Egan, D.D., V.F., in the commemoration of his Golden Jubilee.

The great part of the priestly life of Dean Egan has been spent in Stratford, first as pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, and for more than twenty years in the pastorate of St. Joseph's Church, and Dean of the Deanery of Stratford in the Diocese of London.

Festivities in honour of the Jubilee were inaugurated on November 13, when St. Michael's Cathedral Schola Cantorum presented a program of sacred music at the Avon Theatre, during which a presentation was made to the jubilarian.

On November 16, solemn High Mass was sung by the Dean in St. Joseph's Church at which the Most Reverend John T. Kidd, Bishop of London, and the Most Reverend John C. Cody, Coadjutor Bishop of London, were present, and at which the Right Reverend L. M. Forristal, D.P., preached the sermon. Following the Mass, members of the clergy and relatives of the Dean were guests at a Jubilee dinner.

The members of the Kilroy Council, Knights of Columbus, in which Dean Egan holds the office of chaplain, honoured the celebrant at a banquet on November 21, in the hall of the Church of the Immaculate Conception.

A zealous priest of God, the jubilarian has played a magnificent part in the community, where his attainments as a scholar, and his sympathetic attitudes towards city affairs have won for him the affection and esteem of the citizens of Stratford.

Miss Teresa Macklin in
The Stratford Beacon-Herald.

* * *

TREES

As I look out from my window,
I see gently swaying trees,
And hear the wind playing
With their many little leaves.
But when winter comes commanding.
They shed their leaves and stand
Deep in new-falling snow,
As Mother Nature planned.

Helen Markum, XII,
Loretto College School.

To the farmer it is the Promised Land, where a man, by clever irrigation can make the desert yield three crops a year. To the sick it is the Holy Land, where God makes the sun to shine down health and healing. But to three Loretto nuns, Phoenix is St. Gregory's, where little children hurry every day to school, to a beautiful dream come true.

Since the beginning of the parish, not quite two years ago, parents and children had talked about a school with Sisters. Last spring when a school actually began to rise, the children's hopes rose, too. Would it, could it be ready for September? Would Sisters really come here? Would it be a nice school, even half as nice as the public school?

August 13 brought the Sisters. One little boy ran all the way home, breathless, to tell the big news.

"Mother, the Sisters came, three of them, and they're all young and pretty." The welcome given to us was so lavish and so real that we spent our first weeks marvelling at it. We will always remember that first Sunday at the Church. What a wonderful sight to see—a whole parish smiling as we approached.

Father Bernard Gordon, a Loretto alumnus from St. Bernard's in Chicago, founded St. Gregory's and brought Loretto nuns into his school. He is the one who fostered the beautiful spirit so remarkable at St. Gregory's. With the able and generous assistance of Father William Collins, he has drawn the people to their parish with strong devotion. All that has been accomplished in these two years gives evidence of that devotion. And even now the plans go forward for the completion of the school by next fall.

St. Gregory's, like all of Phoenix, is a cross section of the whole country. People from every state have come here to live. Canada has her representatives, too. Listening to the variety of accents is interesting and delighting. But teaching long and short vowels to these "accented" youngsters is one of the major problems we must face.

All the buildings are built long and low. A two-story house is usually an exhibit. Our school, then, is all on the ground floor. When the bell rings each class lines up outside the door until the teacher comes out to scoop up her fledglings. The children love their pretty school, equipped with all the latest improve-

ments in lighting, in heating, and, what is so necessary here, in cooling. Sunday is inspection day. After Mass the youngsters lure their parents into the classrooms to see the new work hanging around. Nobody tires of admiring the bright classrooms with their light green boards and Venetian blinds.

The book has only opened for Loretto-Phoenix. Who can tell what the following pages will hold? As the school grows, more activities will follow. At one end of the parish is a Mexican settlement waiting for Sisters, too.

Just as the Phoenix farmer looks out over his threefold crops, we, too, can see fields ready for harvest. Pray God to send more laborers into this vineyard.

* * *



In a Canadian Catholic Students' Mission Crusade procession held in Blessed Sacrament Church on the Feast of Christ the King, Mary Knowlton of Loretto Abbey, in armour, with helmet and white plume, and carrying the Fleur-de-Lis, represented Saint Joan of Arc.

LORETTO - PHOENIX



ST. GREGORY'S CHURCH (*with school attached*)



PLAYING JACKS ON THE
PATIO



GRADES 3 and 4

IN ST. GREGORY'S PARISH



FIRST GRADE AT
RECESS ON THE PATIO



GRADE 2



FOOTBALL ON THE PLAYGROUND

OUR LADY OF FATIMA



The proceession of High School Students, led by the Graduates, on its way to the Shrine of Our Lady of Fatima.

The Statue, erected on the ground of Loretto-Guelph, was blessed and crowned on June 12.



THE HOLY HILL

It is more than a pretty fancy; it is a lovely reality: the fact throughout this wide world of God's creation His Providence has selected places that are especially set apart for His sweet Mother. There are countless shrines to Mary; some like Lourdes and Fatima consecrated by her coming to show herself to earth's children. All of them are scenes of miracles: graces of healing for body or for soul, miracles that manifest Our Lady's great power as Mother of God, Queen of Heaven, the Help of Christians.

When Sir John Galt gave Bishop Macdonnell "the beautiful central hill reserved for the Catholics" he was all unwittingly giving the site for a shrine to Mary that would one day, dedicated under her favourite title of the Immaculate Conception, be known affectionately by her children as "The Holy Hill."

The recent gift of a pure white statue of Our Lady of Fatima placed in the convent grounds marks a new emphasis on an old devotion. The statue, lovely in its grace and proportion, stands amid "the terraced lawns and stately trees" just high enough to draw eyes to look up to Our Lady's face and see beyond, the blue of Heaven's skies.

For the countless children who come here to pray there is a profound lesson taught by the prayerful posture of the little Luey, Jacinta, and Francisco. Young and old alike find inspiration in the sweet compassion in the face of Our Lady of Fatima.

O Mary, from our "Holy Hill" we pray in union with the loving hearts raised to thee from all earth's shrines:

"Through thee the opened gate, the weak one's aid,
May we Heaven's King behold, and saints be made."

M. E.



The Pure White Statue of our Lady of Fatima with the three Children.



CHRISTMAS EVE

On Christmas Eve I like to think
Our Lady takes her way
To the nursery of Heaven
Where the children are at play.

And as she smiles upon them
And pats a curly head,
Her eyes look back o'er centuries
To a small, bare manger-bed.

She tells them of her little Boy
And captures then the bliss
Of that first joyous Christmas morn
And the joy of her Babe's first kiss.

Iris Sullivan.

LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL, REGINA



The Most Reverend Michael O'Neill, Archbishop of Regina, the Reverend S. Leibel, pastor of Little Flower Church, and his curate, the Reverend Jack Mulloy, with the students of Loretto High School, Regina.



FLOS CARMELI, ORA PRO NOBIS

A Ballad in Brown and White



Oh, the brown-robed brothers of Mary
Have come from far away,
From a mountain whose name is Carmel
To teach and preach and pray,
For the brown-robed brothers are legion,
The world, their feet have trod.
Their mantle is Mary's protection;
Their scapular, the shield of God.

In the years before our Savior came,
When the world did not know the Word,
Spoke a prophet, whose name was Elias,
To young men who listened and heard.
And they came to dwell with Elias,
On Carmel's mountain high,
To live a life of work and prayer
Where centuries, nine, went by.

The Redeemer Christ had come at last;
His saving Word was spread,
And the Monks of Carmel flourished
Until from the Turks they fled;
And forced by this foe of Christendom,
They went from their mountain home,
To labor and pray in strange new lands.
In countries new to roam.

Nurtured by holy bishops and kings
Who Carmel's vine then tended
In Cyprus, England, Holland, France,
Its harvest rich extended.
Then wicked men came into power
And Carmel, sought to mock,
Then Mary gave the scapular
To holy Simon Stock.

The scapular was a mighty shield
Against the devil's power,
The world to shelter by Mary's hand
Unto this very hour.
This shield has brought to Carmel's monks
An everlasting fame.
Thus doth Mary in her mercy
Reward those who bless her name.



But as each succeeding year went by
Changes sad were made,
The rule grown lax, the spirit lost
Carmel's flame began to fade.
But Mary helped again her children
And saved the Church from loss:
From Avila came, Teresa.
And with her, John of the Cross.

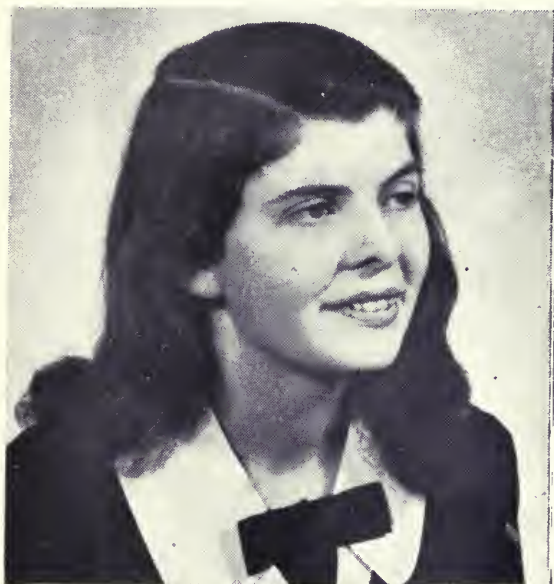
Again Carmel grew in glory,
Again her flame burned bright.
Again Mary's scapular-standard flew
The splendor of brown and white.
And Carmel spread to new lands
And to each new place, it brought
The gospel and teaching of Jesus Christ,
And the fame of Mary taught.

The story of Carmel goes ever on;
Its splendor ever grows;
Giving holy men to the Church
Gallantly to fight her foes.
In Thérèse and Albert, many more,
Lies Carmel's glorious right
To claim the honor which ever belongs
To Mary's brown and white.

For the brown-robed disciples are legion
The world, their feet have trod;
Their mantle is Mary's protection;
Their scapular, the shield of God.

Ann O'Hara, IV-A,
Loretto-Woodlawn.

SODALITY PREFECTS, 1949-1950



MARY FRENCH
Loretto Academy, Guelph



LOUISE D'ANNA
Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls



HARRIET BEDORE
Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie



THE SODALITY OF OUR LADY

"The Sodality correctly understood is an organization devoted to a full Catholic life. It is concerned first and foremost with the personal holiness of its members. Then it demands of its members lives of apostolic zeal.

"Personal holiness is essential. Everything that brings the Sodality into closer touch with the person of Christ is stressed by the Sodality. The Sodality is Christ-centric. Then as the Sodalist looks through the world to find the one person who perfectly served Christ, his eyes fall upon Mary. He determines to serve Christ as Mary did."—"Acies Ordinata."

AD JESUM PER MARIAM



CATHERINE STARRS
Loretto Abbey



VIRGINIA MORGAN
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn



ANN MARSHALL
Loretto Academy, Hamilton



PIUS XII: A SODALIST

Pope Pius XII on the occasion of his fiftieth anniversary in the Sodality succinctly sketches the Sodality ideal: Consecration to the Mother of God in the Sodality is an entire gift of oneself throughout life and for all eternity; it is not a gift of mere sentiment; it is not a mere formality; but it is operative, consummated in the intensity of the life of Christ and of Mary, in the apostolic life which makes the Sodalist the minister of Mary and, so to speak, her visible hands upon earth in the spontaneous overflowing of a superabundant interior life, which pours itself out in all the exterior works of solid devotion, of worship, of charity, and of zeal.

SODALITY PREFECTS, 1949-1950



MARGARET VOGT
Loretto High School, Englewood



GERTRUDE McCARTHY
Loretto College School, Toronto



BERNADETTE DUCHARME
Loretto Academy, Stratford



ACT OF CONSECRATION OF ST. JOHN BERCHMANS

Holy Mary, Virgin Mother of God, I choose thee this day to be my Queen, my Patroness and my Advocate, and I firmly purpose never to desert thee, and never to say or do anything against thee, and never permit others to do anything against thy honour. Receive me, then, I pray thee, for thy servant forever; aid me in every action, and desert me not at the hour of death. Amen.

LORETTO - HAMILTON



INTER - LORETTO



Loretto—Guelph and Stratford Cheer Leaders: Back, Jacqueline Hebert, Margaret Ferringo, Joan Lohan, Denise Routhier, Carol Roth, Barbara Shea, Patricia Nunn, Stella Alviano, Angela Antonelli; Front: Pauline Pards and Doreen McKinnon.

Guelph Loretto Academy girls defeated girls from the Loretto Abbey, Toronto, and Loretto Academy, Stratford, in an inter-Loretto track and field meet at Exhibition Park. The Guelph school scored 93 points in the meet, sponsored by the Knights of Columbus Field Day Committee.

Joan Keating, of Guelph, captured the senior championship, Phyllis Whetstone, of Guelph, the intermediate championship, and Barbara Schooly, of Stratford, took the junior title.

RESULTS OF THE EVENTS:

JUNIORS

100 Yard Dash — Marilyn Halliburton, Guelph; Barbara Schooly, Stratford; Margaret Lester, Guelph; 14 seconds.

220 Yard Dash—Denyce Johnson, Abbey; Frances Hewitt, Guelph; Margaret Lester, Guelph; 31.2 seconds.

Relay Race—Stratford: Kathleen Campbell, Margaret Merkel, Eleanor Bollard, Irene Whaling. Time, 1 min. 8 secs.

High Jump—Sandra McGough, Abbey; Joy Krusky, Guelph; Marilyn Halliburton, Guelph; Four feet, one inch.

Broad Jump—Barbara Schooly, Stratford; Elizabeth Gratton, Abbey; Kathleen Milligan, Stratford, tie; 12 feet, 9 inches.

Hop, Step and Jump—Barbara Schooly, Stratford; Doreen Hickey, Abbey; Margaret Lester, Guelph; 26 feet, 5 inches.

INTERMEDIATES

100 Yard Dash—Phyllis Whetstone, Guelph; Jacqueline Mace, Stratford; Lenore Sullivan Abbey; 12.2 seconds.

220 Yard Dash—Phyllis Whetstone, Guelph; Mary Kirkpatrick, Abbey; Marion Woods, Guelph; 30.2 seconds.

Relay Race, Guelph, names of four members of winning team — Iris Brown, Eleanor Valeroite, Marion Woods, Josephine Zamin. Time—1 min., 2.4 sec.

High Jump—Phyllis Whetstone, Guelph; Theresa Rivard, Guelph; Marjorie Gaffney, Stratford; 4 feet, 5 inches.



Jacqueline Hebert, Margaret Ferringo, Joan Lorhan, Carol Roth, Patricia Nunn, Stella Alviano, Angela Antonelli of Loretto-Guelph.

Broad Jump—Theresa Rivard, Guelph; Mary Kirkpatrick, Abbey; Josepha McPhee, Guelph; 12 feet, 11 inches.

Hop Step and Jump—Mary Kirkpatrick, Abbey; Josepha McPhee, Eleanor Valeroite, Guelph; 27 feet, 5 inches.

100 Yard Dash—Helen Brohman, Guelph; Joan Keating, Guelph; Maxine Mace, Stratford; 12.4 seconds.

SENIORS

220 Yard Dash—Mary Lister, Guelph; Carmen Rivard, Guelph; Joy Torrance, Stratford; 31 seconds.

Relay Race, Guelph, names of four members of winning teams—Helen Brohman, Mary Lister, Carmen Rivard, Judy McGibbon. Time—1 min., 4 sec.

High Jump—Joan Keating, Guelph; Mary Lester, Guelph; 4 feet, 6 inches.

Broad Jump—Judy McGibbon, Guelph; Marjorie Learmonth, Abbey; Joy Peckett, Stratford; 12 feet, 9 inches.

Hop, Step and Jump—Joan Keating, Guelph; Judy McGibbon, Guelph; Mary C. Rogers, Abbey; 30 feet, 8 inches.—“The Guelph Mercury.”

MERRY-GO-ROUND OF THE MONTHS

Those good old April showers
Will always bring May flowers;
So be cheerful in your ways
When come those rainy days,
For soon you'll see June brides
With flowers that bloomed in May.
And then along comes hot July,
With its Celebration Day.
Now warns August, “Summer's o'er.”
September, school begins once more.
Harvest moon of bright October
Brings November to your door.
Already we have white December
With holidays so gay,
And His Birthday we remember
To keep on Christmas Day.
January comes with snows;
February brings them, too.
Soon you'll feel the winds of March,
Blowing things hullabaloo,
Sending you another year,
And little April showers,
Whose tiny crystal drops of rain
Always bring May flowers.

Virginia Morgan, XII,
Loretto-Woodlawn.

I SPEAK FOR DEMOCRACY

In the "I Speak for Democracy" contest held in Sault Ste Marie, Michigan, four boys of Loretto High School won standing: Fred Lalonde, first place; Gordon Macmaster, second; Toni Fazi, third, and Bill Ayers, fifth. Fred Lalonde became eligible for the State contest, in which he stood third among 1500 contestants.

Before one can speak for Democracy, he must first give some thought to the true meaning of the word. From my review and study, I feel that the term "Democracy" as used in the world today—is that form of government in which the supreme power rests with the people, ruling themselves either directly or indirectly through representatives. Many formal definitions of Democracy have been made, but we shall never have a full and satisfactory understanding of Democracy until we have a complete manual of all the ideals and hopes of man.

There are three definite parts to the democratic idea and I shall attempt to list them in the order of their importance. We cannot define Democracy on one idea alone, or even two, but all three **must** be incorporated to accomplish one coherent idea. These three coordinating ideas are:

FIRST: Freedom of religion, the spiritual connection on which Democracy rests—the right of man to look after himself and his family adequately without being forced into a slave relationship to enjoy the privilege of worshipping God as his conscience dictates and to apply the phrase that the Fathers of the Constitution employed—"All men are created equal."

SECOND: The relationship of capital and labor which Democracy demands. It demands that men shall not be personal slaves or wage slaves; that labor shall enjoy the opportunities for advancement and a fair standard of living; and that management shall expect in return a fair and just day's work.

THIRD: The political machinery upon which Democracy operates. This political machinery, which puts Democracy into effect, will enable the free man, who is neither spiritually nor economically enslaved, to express his will, and to have his way when he is in a minority. This free man also has a duty to exercise by casting his democratic form of vote for his delegate to city, state and Federal positions.

We have many men of authority in political positions who are considered to be brilliant and capable persons but to me the genius of the United States is found mostly in the common people.

We are beginning to see that Democracy will not satisfy us until everyone in our country appreciates it. We have to build up a Democracy of responsibility in which everyone of us will have the satisfaction of doing his share to promote the general welfare.

If Democracy is to survive, it is the task of men of thought, as well as of men of action, to put aside pride and prejudice, and, with courage and single-minded devotion, to find the truth and teach the truth that shall keep men free.

By Fred Lalonde, Grade XI,
Loretto High School.

* * *

One of the great leaders of our country perhaps best expressed the much-sought secret of American solidarity when he said, "... Underlying ... all, giving ... strength, substance and power, is the spirit and morale of a free people."

The men and women who formed this country were refugees—refugees from tyranny. They braved a turbulent ocean, the poverty and hardships of the frontier to find fulfillment of a Dream; religious freedom, political freedom, the right and opportunity to lead honest, decent, respectable lives. Even today America is the harboring place of people from oppressed lands. History shows that Democracy has its roots deep in our National Life.

Democracy; that state of life which offers "unalienable rights" to all, pleads a cause for "equality" among men, and gives to them a "government for the people, of the people, and by the people." This is our American heritage with which we have been so fortunately endowed.

As never before Democracy is threatened by forces at home and abroad. While many nations have constitutions stating a plan of democratic principles, conformity to this plan is often subordinated, and oppression is suffered by their people. In other nations, including America, democracy is being destroyed from within, until it becomes a field for competing pressure groups and factions.

America is the hope of liberty and the basis of government to many foreign lands; we have yet to master successfully a war of ideas

to extend the inspired ideology of America to the world; the principles of our Founding Fathers.

The ideology is more than documents, or even principles. It is the people and their sentiments. This is best shown by those who have learned to live together, moved by a great ideal. The hope of democracy is that her advocates are instilled by the movement of positive ideas. We must extend to the needy nations the ideas that motivated us, as well as the framework of a free government.

The birth of our country was in revolution, her great leaders were revolutionary leaders, likewise her ideas were great revolutionary ideas.

Our leaders had a tremendous belief in the average man, and in his capacity to grow and take responsibility. They foresaw that, if Democracy was to be successful, the people must have backbone. Their aim? A nation based on integrity. This can be demonstrated by Jefferson's statement when he said: "Truth can stand by itself." Hence our Democratic ideal was elevated as the national standard.

The concepts of liberty have been developing from all ages, since the early Chinese philosophers, and when the Jews escaped slavery in Egypt, the hope of liberty has given meaning to life. Liberty, we know, is gained only by struggle and it can be kept only by everlasting vigilance. Many great leaders—Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon, and Hitler—were given the delusion of world-supremacy, though all ended in failure, for the people they subjugated rebelled. They overreached themselves trying to establish by force a world-government which denied human freedom. The leaders of such movements became known as History's Mistaken Men. The ideals of freedom and democracy have established an aggressive force against such movements. Our Democracy has been founded on noble principles, and "we, the people" have acted accordingly. We do not pretend to be perfect, yet, in spite of our faults we, through hard work and many sacrifices, have built up a strong and rich nation based on ideals of equality, justice, and tolerance.

The late President Roosevelt has enumerated the "basic things" expected by our people of their government. They are, as he stated, "equality of opportunity to youth and others, jobs for those who can work, security for those who need it, the ending of special privileges for the few, the preservation of civil liberties for all, the enjoyment of the fruits of scientific

progress for a wider and constantly rising standard of living."

If a progressive direction and a national freedom are propagated, the greatness of this country and the happiness of the people able to defend, strengthen, and live under the American Plan, is unlimited. The good that our forefathers did lives after them; their example and ideals are not buried with them. So let it be with Democracy in this dark night of present day problems, and, by the words of the song made popular by Kate Smith, let us pray

"God bless America, land that I love,
Stand beside her, and guide her
Through the night with a light from above."

By Gordon MacMaster, Gr. XII,
Loretto High School,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

* * *

GOSSIP

Just what is gossip? Perhaps you may know—but if not, take down the dusty old dictionary from the top shelf and find out how Noah Webster defines it. Ah yes, here it is. "Gossip—familiar, as idle talk, scandal." You may not find the next meaning credible but there it is in bold, black type—"formerly, a neighbour or friend."

Perhaps you have often wondered why gossip is called Lady Gossip. Don't men gossip? You don't know anything about men if you say they don't. Step into the smoker on a Pullman and just listen—you probably will hear more here than you ever dreamed of hearing over the back fence on wash day. Gossip is neither a Lady nor a Gentleman. It doesn't even rate a name, much less a title.

Gossip may be compared to an evil little germ, which, when left to do its work, can spread destruction through the world.

A gossiping person can do more harm than a nest of liars. Of course, the gossip doesn't realize what he or she is doing. Just the casual mention of a name can blacken another's name and reputation for life. You would not want to be responsible for anything like that, would you? Refrain from gossip and remind your friends of its evils also. In this way gossip, the public pest and nuisance, will be eliminated from the society of all respectable and honest people.

Joanne Merry, XII,
Loretto-Niagara.

BIG LEAGUE

The 1949 major league baseball campaign saw two of the closest finishes in history. The pennant in both the American and National leagues was decided on the last day of the season. The Brooklyn Dodgers came out on top in the National, and the New York Yanks in the American. The Dodgers, a young hustling ball club, was one of the favorites, but only a sudden foldup of the Cardinals let them in.

In the American League it was a different story. The Yankees were not supposed to win, but from opening day they were out of first place only once, that being in the last week of the season. The Yanks did it with over seventy injuries, some major ones. Going into the World Series New York was a favorite by 2-1. They won the first one, lost the second, then won three straight, and the series. Each player on the Yankees collected close to \$6,000.

The Dodgers' share was a little over \$5,000. The series showed fine pitching and a minimum of hitting except for the final game. It was not one of the best series but it had its share of thrills.

Jim Jabour, XII.
Loretto-Sault.

* * *

A ROOKIE

The train was speeding across the plains, but not fast enough for Jerry Brown. Only last Thursday, three days ago, Jerry had received the letter carrying that wonderful message, "Report on Monday." He was going to the Major Leagues, the big time, something every ball player looks forward to.

Then Jerry began to wonder if he'd make the grade. How long would he stay up there? What would the other clubs do to his pitching? Would he be sent back to the minors? It was almost the end of the season and he'd have to play good ball for at least a couple of weeks. But would he? Well, no use worrying, just wait and see.

At last he reached his destination and a couple of other players met him. They went right to the hotel where Jerry got a good night's sleep before reporting for duty the next morning.

Jerry didn't get a chance to play in the next few games. During batting practice he took his turn at the plate with the rest of the fellows. There the coach watched for any weakness and helped to iron it out. Among

other things Jerry got a better grip on his fast ball and made that curve ball really curve.

Then on Sunday, a week later, he got his chance. The team was on the road and they'd lost five straight. Before game time Big Ed, the manager, went over the good and bad points of the opposing team: how to pitch to this batter, how to field that one.

The game was off to a merry start. Their star pitcher was knocked out of the box after letting five runs come in. As the game progressed, things looked worse. Three more runs came in before Big Ed sent Jerry, the fourth pitcher, in the seventh, to try his luck. He walked slowly to the mound with a smile on his face. After a few warm-up throws, Jerry Brown, the new rookie just up from the Class A league, was ready to make his Major League debut.

The first man struck out on five pitches. The next one "fled" deep to center. Jerry was sailing along and the funny feeling in his stomach began to disappear. But the third batter hit a line single to left which the left fielder fumbled, enabling the runner to go to second with a dangerous batter up. Ronnie Simmons, the star short-stop and Jerry's roommate, came in to talk to him.

"Make 'im hit to me, Jerry!"

"Just one more out, boy!"

"Come on, kid, make 'im hit to me!" His fellow players were hollering at him.

He pitched, ball one. He threw again, ball two. Then ball three. Jerry kicked the dirt around with his spikes, got the sign from the catcher, his foot on the rubber, he wound up and threw, STRIKE! Right in there! The batter went clear around on the next one, strike two! Now that three to two, three balls, two strikes.

"Come on, boy, get that ball over!"

"Make 'im hit to me, Jerry, make 'im hit this way!"

Jerry threw, heard the ball and bat connect. But Ronnie was right in there, caught the ball, threw to first and retired the side. So ended Jerry's first inning in big league ball. No runs, no hits, one error, and one man left on.

The eighth inning didn't go so well. The first man up singled, but was out on a double play, second to short to first. But trouble bloomed as the next batter hit Jerry's first pitch clear over the right field wall. That funny feeling came back and it made him

nervous. He walked the next man on four pitches but the fifth batter grounded from third to first to retire the side.

The final score was 9-2, Ronnie hitting a homer with one on in the ninth. Jerry didn't get a chance to bat, so this ended the first appearance of a rookie, Jerry Brown.

Big Ed gave him a pat on the back.

"You did O.K., kid. Just have confidence in yourself; the rest of the team have confidence in you. You've got a lot to learn, but you'll be a great pitcher some day."

Jerry had that confidence, and as he walked up the ramp to the dressing room, he felt sure, with Big Ed's help, "he'd make the grade."

Virginia Morgan, XII,
Loretto-Woodlawn.

* * *

LOST BET

I sat gripping the edge of my chair, so tense that my nails dug into the wood. My knuckles were white and my face ashen. I looked around the room and beheld all my companions around the radio in just as tense an attitude. The only noise was the sound of the radio. Kay, who sat opposite me, was praying silently. I, too, was praying—praying that God wouldn't hear her prayers, for if He did all I had at stake would be lost.

But God didn't hear my prayer—the only reason I could figure out was because He didn't want me to bet so heavily (a whole week's allowance). Yes, New York took the series by winning that fifth game and so did Kay when her prayers proved efficacious. No, sir, you just can't win when Kay prays on the other side.

Dolores Schmidt, Gr. X,
Loretto-Regina.

* * *

LEAVES

The leaves go dancing to the ground,
Swirling, whirling, round and round,
There they lie in mournful silence,
Not a movement nor a sound.

Till the wind, in playful gusto,
Stirs them from their final sleep,
And scatters them o'er field and meadow
There they lie in mournful silence,

Alice Langmuir, Grade 10.
Loretto-Niagara.



Theresa Henning, a student at Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, is the winner of the Silver Medal presented by the Royal Conservatory of Music to the pupil in Grade X Piano with highest standing in Ontario for 1949.

Theresa is fifteen-years-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Henning, 37 McGlashen Road, Toronto, Ontario.

A TRIBUTE

The month of October belongs to you,
O Blessed Mother so gracious and true.
With loyal hearts and banners grand
We offer praise throughout the land.
The Rosary is the greatest way
To prove we love you everyday.

Virginia DeMarchi, Grade X,
Loretto-Niagara.

A MIGHTY BATTLE



An assembly had been called in the heavens; and among those hurrying to it was the Angel Rossenta. As he drifted through the heavenly abyss, he wondered at the suddenness of the summons.

Now this was during the time allotted to the heavenly hosts to prove themselves worthy of the infinite reward intended for them.

Rossenta reached the assembly ground, and realizing that the meeting was already in progress, he cautiously pressed his way into the group.

A hushed silence settled over the throng as the angels listened intently to the Divine Word. Rossenta saw, along with his companions, a cold hillside cave wherein knelt an exquisitely beautiful Mother in adoration before her newborn Babe. Almighty God was asking them, too, to adore Him.

Suddenly the vision disappeared. Almost immediately someone rose to speak. Rossenta recog-

nized the speaker at once as Lucifer, the Light-Bearer, the admired of all for his beauty and strength. And now before the Great White Throne, Lucifer flung the challenge: "Non serviam!"

The meeting broke up amid suppressed excitement. Rossenta realized that Lucifer's declaration would result in war; but to Rossenta, it would mean much more than war: he would have to choose between his God and his friend, the great friend, Lucifer.

To Michael, coming up just then, he put his problem.

Michael replied, not unkindly, "Rossenta, do you value that which has been created above He Who created it?" With this, he left.

As preparations for the mighty battle neared completion, Lucifer with his legions of proud angels advanced to the Great White Throne. Lucifer noticed Rossenta in the field, "With whom will you serve?" he asked.

Rossenta raised his head, and in a voice, vibrant with love, he answered: "Quis ut Deus!" and sprang to His defence.

Frances Maxwell, XI,
Loretto Abbey

* * *

REWARD

One cool December night at twilight, two angels sat on a rug before an old fireplace in which crackled and sputtered the flaming logs. As they reminisced in unheard whispers, their charges sat reading in nearby chairs. These two they had guarded from infancy.

One angel spoke of the time when the husband, out of work, was forced to endure weeks of discomfiture at the hands of his misunderstanding in-laws who unpleasantly insisted on supporting them. But he had prayed earnestly, and his guardian angel had prayed for him, and offered his prayers to God. The man had found employment.

The other spoke of the birth of David, their first child, in a one-room apartment, in a locality unfit for growing youngsters. The young mother was sorely afraid, but the angel guardian had watched over her, and all had turned out for the best.

They both remembered with joy this son. After high school and Medical College, during which time his parents scrimped and saved to

A CROONER'S ANGEL

educate him, he had finally received his doctor's diploma, well at the head of his class. Oh, the happiness he had brought his parents!

The messengers of God silently agreed that it had been a pleasure to guard this old couple, now in the sunset of a good life.

Mary Kirkpatrick, XI,
Loretto Abbey

* * *

ARCHIBALD

Angel Angelo rose from the star-strewn floor of heaven, and floated gently down to earth, stopping here and there to rest on a cloud.

Arriving at St. Michael's Hospital, he found in the white-walled nursery, his charge for, say, the next eighty years. He looked at the small sleeping bit of humanity, whom he knew to be Master Patton, with an inward hope that he would not prove too mischievous.

On a memorable day eight years later, Angelo faithful as ever to his charge, heard him complain bitterly to his mother:

"Archibald! Oh, gee, Mom, do I ever hate that name! You just should hear the kids on it!"

"That's enough young man," came the reply; "your father and I thought it a beautiful name. He would be most displeased if he even thought you didn't like it."

With a heavy heart the eight-year-old trudged off.

With one eye on the lad, Angelo reached for his CELESTIAL BOOK OF RULES, and read: "In ease of dire necessity, an Angel Guardian is permitted to appear to earthlings."

Thus bolstered by instruction, and as quick as a flash, Angelo walked beside young Archibald as he kicked rebellious little feet through the dead leaves.

"Archibald, you may not like your name, but say nothing of it. I will tell you a secret. In the penance of carrying it, of putting up with the teasing, will lie your greatest chance of Heaven."

When, about sixty years later, Archibald, the boy now grown man, and turned saint, met Angelo in Heaven he thanked him with a grateful heart.

"I think," said he, "that 'Archibald' worn as a penance, most merited me Heaven!"

Patricia Slattery, XI,
Loretto Abbey.

It was past six o'clock. As I watched the passing travellers on Golden Street in Heaven, I noticed a worn little angel, dragging his feet and mopping his weary brow. Since he was going my way, I walked quickly and caught up with him.

"I say, sir," I said, "have you very far to go?"

"Not much farther, if I can make it!"

"May I be so bold as to ask your destination?" I asked interestedly.

"Home and bed! I am done out, and it is no consolation to think of another heavy day ahead. You see," he explained, "I'm a guardian angel. My charge is a young crooner named Sinatra, Frank Sinatra, ever heard of him?"

"Why, yes; who hasn't?" I answered enthusiastically.

"Well," he said, less enthusiastically, "did you ever think of his guardian angel?"

"I guess not; can you sing, too?"

"No, I haven't time. He's a fine boy, honest and sincere, but fame does go to the head, you know. Living in Hollywood means several things: gaiety, including cocktail-parties—oh my heart!—night clubs, beautiful stars, praise and fortune."

"What more could a person want?" I had begun to dream.

"What more could a guardian angel not want!" he broke in vehemently.

Glancing at his worried expression, I felt I did not understand, but he needed sympathy. "I see," I nodded. "Too bad. Do you think he'll get through?"

"I think so," he said, "but when he does, I think I'll go to Florida for a couple of months to recuperate before my next job."

"Well, goodby; this is where I leave you," I said.

Poor Guardian Angels, I thought, as I sat up in bed.

Sheila Murphy, XI,
Loretto Abbey

* * *

MY IDEAL

She was a mirror of truth and modesty,
Distinguished in her piety.

A virgin was she in body and mind,
A model for me and all mankind.

Pat Quigley, XII,
Loretto College School.

LATE NO MORE

"Jeepers, G. A., we're late again! I rolled out five minutes earlier this morning, and we still have to run to make Mass on time. It just doesn't seem like we'll ever get to walk." Thus Patti lamented as she flew down the street.

In the quiet of the Church, Patti firmly resolved that before this week came to an end she and G. A. were going to walk, and be on time.

Every morning Patti rose a little earlier, yet every morning you might see her flying down the street explaining to G. A. how sorry she was to make her run, too.

By Friday Patti had just about given up. After school, she and G. A. stopped at the Church. All was silent, and it gave Patti a feeling of warmth—a closeness to the supernatural. She was awed by the magnificence of the dim and silent Church. She knelt down and decided to talk out her problem in the presence of the Divine Listener. She drew the attention of the Poor Souls, and then proceeded.

"Now," she said, "this is my problem. I am going to need a tremendous amount of help, but I'm sure I came to the right place for it. It seems that every morning G. A. and I have to run so that we'll be on time for the seven o'clock Mass. Every morning I rise a little earlier but we still have to run. I think I owe at least one day of walking to G. A., if not every day. That's it! I surely hope you can find a solution. And, by the way, Poor Souls, G. A. and I wonder if you cared, please, try out the solution tomorrow. I'll try to give my full co-operation, and if it works I shall say an extra rosary a day for you."

Next morning the Poor Souls went into action, and with G. A., who joined their forces, they descended upon Patti and diligently kept right on her heels. At six forty-five she was ready, with fifteen minutes to accomplish an eight-minute walk.

What a happy couple they were; that is, Patti and her Guardian Angel! Of course, to mortal eyes like ours the Guardian Angel could not be seen, but Patti knew she was there, strolling leisurely beside her.

"Feels wonderful walking nice and slow down the street with you, Guardian Angel. It gives me a good feeling, perks me up and makes the world look all sunshiny. Those Poor Souls really keep a bargain, don't they? We'll have to keep ours too with an extra

rosary every day. That's not much to pay for the privilege I receive in return. Yes, it certainly is nice strolling along with you."

Barbara Brookman, XII,
Loretto—Woodlawn

* * *

THE CONFERENCE

Archangel St. Michael, acting chairman of the conference, rose splendidly to remark in princely tones, "Since mortals have dedicated October to us, will each Guardian Angel be good enough to report as to how his charge is showing signs of such devotion."

Guardian Angel Angelistus began to worry. Why, his charge did not pay any attention to him.

As if reading his thought, St. Michael turned to him: "What is your charge doing for us, Angelistus?"

"Well, St. Michael, to tell the truth, my charge hasn't any time for me or us."

"We must look into this," St. Michael remarked quietly.

"He's a politician, St. Michael, with so many things on his mind that he just doesn't have any room for us," explained Angelistus. "Every time I try to inspire him, I know he's thinking of a conference or a campaign."

When many, many explanations like Angelistus' were forthcoming, St. Gabriel rose to move that a whole cohort of Angels be sent to earth to prick men's minds and make them angel-thinking.

Amidst approving voices, St. Raphael seconded the motion.

Accordingly, St. Michael appointed several brilliant Angels with the task of inspiring men with a devotion to the Angels.

Down to earth they went. During this month grown-ups feel inclined to think more of their Angels, and little children sing with all their hearts:

"Dear Angel ever at my side,
How loving must thou be,
To leave thy home in Heav'n to guard
A sinful child like me."

Elaine McGuire, XI,
Loretto Abbey.



Lynanne McKinnon of Loretto College School kneels at the City Hall cenotaph where she remembered her father an R.C.A.F. casualty of the last war, in a Remembrance Day Service.

THE SEASONS

The Host in the anointed hands
Is Christ, dying on the tree;
The substance in the golden cup
Is the Blood He shed for me;
The White Host placed upon my tongue,
To Him my heart is sworn.
The Host within the monstrance gold
Is Christ on Easter Morn.

Mary Mills, XII,
Loretto College School.

FAITH

There's not a voice so easily heard
As the changing of a season;
The falling of snow, the note of a bird,
And the crackling of leaves are the reason.
Like a whisper the seasons come and go,
Showing by their silent beauty
How God must love us so.

Beverley Burch, XII,
Loretto College School.

ALUMNAE NOTES

LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

Loretto Abbey, Toronto

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* * *

LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

The first quarterly meeting of the Loretto Alumnae Association was held at Loretto College, on Sunday afternoon, Oct. 16th. The President, Mrs. W. A. Smyth, opened the meeting with prayer. Mrs. Smyth welcomed the members on behalf of the new executive. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted. Miss Catherine Macklin, treasurer, gave her report. Mrs. J. F. Brennan read the correspondence, which included a letter of appreciation from Mother St. Margaret, Dean of Loretto College, for the assistance which had been extended by the Alumnae; a thank-you letter from Mother St. Claude, of Loretto Business College; and a letter from Mrs. D. Rae McKenzie, secretary of the Library fund, expressing her thanks for a cheque for \$130.00 which she received from the Alumnae. The President informed the meeting that Mrs. Neil McCabe Smith and Mrs. Gertrude O'Connor had been appointed auditors of the Association.

Mrs. W. Delorma Brown, convener of the annual Loretto At-Home, to be held in the Royal York Hotel, on Friday, Oct. 21st, gave her report, stating that all arrangements had been completed. Miss Shirley Ann Rosar, ticket convener, appealed for the co-operation of all members, in the sale of tickets. Mrs. M. V. Cosentino, programme convener, reported that she succeeded in acquiring more advertisements than previous years, at an increased rate.

Mrs. D. A. Balfour, representative on the Local Council of Women, gave her report and urged the attendance of all members at a meet-

ing to be held in Massey Hall, on Thursday, Nov. 3rd.

The guest speaker of the afternoon, His Honour, Judge Frank G. J. McDonagh, was introduced by Mis Doreen Cullen. His Honour spoke on Canadian citizenship and stressed the fact that as Catholics we must be good citizens. From the time of our Lord until to-day, Holy Mother Church has emphasized good citizenship, which is not just a matter of laws, or obedience, but an active participation in the affairs of state. In closing His Honour suggested that a committee be formed to visit the patients at Sunnybrook Hospital.

Mrs. Donald Parkes moved a vote of thanks to the guest speaker. Mrs. D. A. Balfour rose to propose a motion that a committee be formed for the purpose of visiting Sunnybrook Hospital; Miss Catherine Macklin seconded the motion.

After the adjournment of the meeting, Mrs. Herbert Kennedy, tea hostess, entertained at a delightful tea.

* * *

Over 800 dancers enjoyed the music of Frank Bogart's orchestra on Friday evening, October 21st, in the Banquet Hall of the Royal York Hotel, when girls of the three Loretto schools, the Abbey, College and College Schools, together with graduates of several years past, met to celebrate at their annual At-Home. Receiving the guests with the Patrons and Patronesses were the Alumnae president Mrs. W. A. Smyth; the dance convener, Mrs. W. Delorma Brown; and her co-convener, Miss Shirley Ann Rosar. The Patrons and Patronesses were—President Sidney Smith and Mrs. Smith, the Very Reverend L. J. Bondy, the Reverend J. E. McHenry, the Reverend J. Austin Sweeney, Reverend Brother Wilfred, the Honourable Mr. Justice Le Bel and Mrs. Le Bel, Controller D. A. Balfour and Mrs. Balfour, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Reeves, Mr. and Mrs. Harry T. Roesler, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Heck, Mr. and Mrs. James Carson, and Dr. D. S. Hoare and Mrs. Hoare.

Among the dancers were several of the committee members who worked so diligently to make this event a success. Noticed with their escorts were, Joanne McEachren, Ruth MacDonald, Jon McLean, Catherine Hoare, Helen Smyth, Doreen Cullen, Patricia Dignan, Rosemary Roesler, Audrey Shortt, Ella Herbert, Joan Conway, Margaret Donohue, Eleanor Foster and several others.



Mrs. Durocher (formerly Grace Hay, Loretto-Stratford.) was re-elected National President of the Catholic Women's League at the annual convention held in Windsor in October.

DETROIT-WINDSOR CIRCLE

Miss Iris Sullivan was hostess for the September meeting held at her home, 1510 Bewick Avenue, Detroit. Twenty members enjoyed a delicious buffet luncheon preceding the meeting. Miss Sullivan reported that two Loretto nuns from Guelph attended the Summer School of Catholic Action held in Detroit in August; also that three Loretto nuns from Sault Ste. Marie attended a summer session of study at the University of Detroit. Since there is no institution of higher learning in Sault Ste. Marie, it has been the custom of the Loretto Circle in Detroit to invite Loretto nuns from Sault Ste. Marie to take advantage of the Summer School Scholarship offered annually at the University of Detroit.

Mrs. J. J. Stanton (Mary Dolan, Stratford) and Miss Margaret Moriarity (Stratford) were hostesses to the October meeting held at the Oakland Hills Country Club in Birmingham. Twenty-four members attended. Our visiting member for the meeting was Mrs. H. E. Beatty (Agnes Torpey, Abbey) from

Saginaw, Mich. Miss Sullivan asked that the members consider a revision to the By-Laws to the effect that our regular meetings be confined to quarterly or bi-monthly ones, members to vote on the proposal at the Annual meeting in May. A lovely Tea, with autumn flowers in profusion, brought the meeting to a close.

The Michigan State Chapter of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae held its thirteenth convention at St. Mary's Academy, Monroe, Mich., October 21st-23rd, with Kathleen McEveney Markle (Sault), Coletta Galvin Timpy (Sault), Helen Trimble Adams (Brunswick), and Miss Loretto Dupuis (Sault), representing our Loretto Alumnae Circle. We are very happy to extend congratulations to Miss Dupuis on the occasion of her being honoured by special mention, at the Banquet of the Convention, in connection with her work in the Catholic Field of Social Service in Detroit. Miss Dupuis is also honoured as the organizer of the Michigan State Chapter of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae in January, 1924, as well as the Convener of the organizing committee of our Loretto Alumnae Circle at the Statler Hotel in Detroit, January, 1924.

I.D.P.

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MONTREAL CIRCLE

A general meeting of the Loretto Alumnae of Montreal, at which twenty-eight members were present, was held at the Business and Professional Women's Club, Crescent Street, Monday evening, October 17th.

After matters of business had been attended to and the activities for the coming year decided upon, the president, Miss Helen Brennan, introduced Father Costello, Procurator of the Jesuit Missions, who gave a brief but most interesting talk on the Darjeeling Missions. As time did not permit the showing of coloured slides in illustration of his account of life in the mission field in India, Father Costello agreed to meet the group on another occasion. On motion, it was unanimously decided to invite the Reverend Father to be present at the January meeting of the society, making the occasion 'Darjeeling Night'. In accepting the invitation Father Costello asked the members to bring to the meeting small articles, inexpensive in themselves, but of tremendous value to the Mission—rosaries, whole or in part, crucifixes, medals, old copies of Catholic magazines, small tools, articles of clothing. He suggested that the clothing might be used as packing, thus keeping down the weight and, in con-

sequence, the transport charges of the parcels on the long journey to the far East.

Mrs. C. C. Lindsay, past president, thanked Father Costello and presented him with the sum of \$8.05, voluntary contributions offered by the members present.

* * *

CONGRATULATIONS

To Mr. and Mrs. James Simpson (Nancy Chad, Loretto-Niagara) on the birth of a son, Thomas William, on June 17.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Lahey (Mary Brennan, Loretto-Niagara) on the birth of a son, James Edward, on August 20, a grand-nephew of Mother Hyacinth and Mother Radegonde, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. Lucian Masur (Christine Giampolo, Loretto-Niagara) on the birth of a daughter, Cheryl Ann, on Sept. 4.

To Mr. and Mrs. James Marlow (Marion May, Loretto-Niagara) on the birth of a daughter, Marilyn Jane, on August 27.

To Mr. and Mrs. Ceeil Grant (Adeline Doucette, Loretto-Niagara) on the birth of a daughter on August 23.

To Mr. and Mrs. William Broderiek (Helen Frombgen, Loretto-Niagara) on the birth of a daughter recently.

To Mr. and Mrs. Edward Collee (Gertrude Bruening, Loretto-Niagara) on the birth of a daughter, Teresa, on October 15.

To Mr. and Mrs. Henry Jankowski (Eileen Harding, Loretto College) on the birth of a son, Steven Robert, on August 10.

To Mr. and Mrs. McLarty (Hope McSloy, Loretto College) on the birth of a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. H. Lunn (Vinetta Burke, Loretto College) on the birth of a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. J. Carson (Patricia Leonard, Loretto College) on the birth of a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. C. Bireh (Milwood O'Shaughnessy, Loretto College) on the birth of a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. T. Berrigan (Florence Glynn, Loretto-Niagara) on the birth of a daughter Mary.

To Mr. and Mrs. Paul E. Beehard (Gilberte Beehard, Loretto-Sedley) on the birth of twin boys on September 20.

To Mr. and Mrs. Leo R. Gignae on the birth of a daughter Marie Edna, niece of Mother Romana, I.B.V.M., on October 2.

To Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred McCracken (Pat Barry, Loretto College School) on the birth of a daughter, Linda Anne, on October 25.

To Mr. and Mrs. Michael Lucchetta (Mary Romita, Loretto College School) on the birth of a daughter, Loretto Marie, on September 4.

MARRIAGES

Miss Mary Coreoran (Loretto-Niagara) was married on August 27 to Mr. Gordon Scott.

Miss Isabel Beger (Loretto-Niagara) was married on July 14 to Mr. William Williams.

Miss Phyllis Clark, (Loretto-Niagara) was married recently to Mr. Milton Butler.

Miss Helen Sheppard (Loretto-Niagara) was married on October 15 to Mr. Joseph Broderiek.

Miss Joan Cockburn (Loretto-Niagara) was married on June 19 to Mr. Lloyd Wright.

Miss Patricia O'Brian (Loretto-Niagara) was married on May 17 to Mr. Raymond Cahill.

Miss Eleanor Donald (Loretto-Niagara) was married on August 20 to Mr. Traven Reed.

Miss Bina Fell (Loretto-Niagara) was married on September 8 to Mr. John R. Schreiber.

Miss Doreen Glynn (Loretto-Niagara) was married recently to Mr. Joseph Meischeld.

Miss Enid Glynn (Loretto-Niagara) was married recently to Mr. Clayton Hildebrand.

Miss Mary Ellen Meade (Loretto Abbey) was married on September 10 to Mr. Robert Bradley.

Miss Mary Frances Seguin (Loretto Abbey) was married on September 24 to Mr. Robert Fitzpatrick.

Miss Patricia Dewan was married on August 27 to Doctor John K. Wilson, brother of Mother Pauline, I.B.V.M.

Miss Sally Anne Chiovetti (Loretto-College) was married on October 24 to Mr. Joseph Nunn.

Miss Reta Morris (Loretto-Stratford) was married on October 22 to Mr. Martin McCauley.

Miss Margaret Huntley (Loretto College) was married to Mr. Thomas Francis Byrne recently.

Miss Lillian Callaghan (Loretto College) was married to Mr. John J. McGee.

Miss Margaret Mary Dandeneau (Loretto College) was married to Mr. William Lyon.

Miss Betty Reinhart (Loretto College) was married recently to Mr. Thomas Higgins.

Miss Frances Bruder (Loretto-Niagara) was married recently to Mr. Simon Reinhart.

Miss Mary Cunningham (Loretto College) was married to Mr. James Redmond.

Miss Caroline Solie (Loretto-Sedley) was married on October 8 to Mr. Bernard Borowski.

Miss Maragaret Drew was married on October 22 to Erie Novak.

Miss Loretta Fahlman (Loretto-Regina) was married on July 30 to Gordon Uhren.

Miss Margaret Wrobel was married on July 16 to Mr. Lawrence Krattenthaler, (Loretto-Regina.)

Miss Mary Lehockey (Loretto College School) was married to Mr. Timothy Doyle on September 10.

Miss Marian Townsend (Loretto-Hamilton) was married on September 10 to Mr. Wilfred Reding.

Miss Marie Doyle (Loretto College School) was married on October 24 to Mr. John McCann.

Miss Rita Bauer (Loretto College) was married recently to Mr. James Huck.

* * *

SYMPATHY

To the Brothers of the Christian Schools on the death of Brother Matthew, and to Brother Matthew's sister, Mother Elizabeth, I.B.V.M., Mrs. Keating and Mrs. Foley, and to his brothers, Frank and Leo, and to his nieces and nephews.

To Reverend H. Theunissen on the death of his father in Holland on October 16.

To the Rev. John B. O'Reilly, S.T.L., on the death of his mother, Mrs. Ellen Jane O'Reilly.

To Sally (Mrs. Nunn) on the death of her father, Mr. Chioveti.

To Nona MacDonald (Loretto College) on the death of her father, Doctor R. H. MacDonald, Saskatoon.

To Mary Bruder and Frances (Mrs. Reinhart) on the death of their father, Mr. Bruder.

To Mr. Bampfield on the death of his wife, and to Mrs. Bampfield's children.

To Dr. H. Orton Howitt of Guelph on the death of his brother John Ranson Howitt, K.C., on October 21.

To the brothers and sisters of Mrs. Mark Murray who died on August 22.

To Mrs. William Shea (Helen Golden, Loretto, Stratford) on the death of her husband and to Mr. Shea's children, Patricia and Barbara, and to Mrs. James Coughlin (Hilda), his sister.

To Mrs. John Mahon on the death of her husband on October 12, and to Mr. Mahon's children, Mary, Shiela, Bridget and John.

To Mother Jerome, I.B.V.M., on the death of her sister, Mary Agnes Cogan on July 16.

To Mrs. Thomas Doucette on the death of her husband on October 22, and to his children, the Reverend Aurel Doucett, O.Carm., Mrs. Grant (Adeleine, Loretto-Niagara) and Muriel.

To Mrs. Reginald Beney on the death of her husband, and to Margaret.

To Mr. and Mrs. J. Doyle on the death of their son, Francis, and to Mrs. Patrick Kerwin (Gert-rude, Loretto-Niagara).

To Mr. Ford on the death of his wife (Mary McDonald, Loretto-Niagara) on October 1.

To Miss Iris Sullivan and her brothers on the death of their mother in March.

To Mrs. McDonald on the death of her husband, Mr. Joseph McDonald, on October 14, and to his children.

To Mrs. John Brown (Jane Williamson, Loretto-Hamilton) on the death of her husband on October 9, to his children, Michael, David, Jananne, Susan; to his mother Mrs. Brown, and to sisters, and brothers Muriel, Mrs. Laferte, Arthur and James.

To Mr. and Mrs. Brisbois (Margaret Parnell, Loretto College) on the death of their little son.

To Elsie (Mrs. William Carroll) and Sheila Irvine on the death of their father.

To Margaret (Mrs. Byrne) and Anne Huntly on the death of their father.

To Mrs. J. E. Le Moyne (Kathleen), Mother St. Brendan, I.B.V.M., and John on the death of their mother, Mrs. Michael O'Meara, on September 24.

To Mr. Michael Boland on the death of his wife on September 24; to Mrs. Boland's family, and to Mother M. Gonzales, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. Sampson on the death of his wife, Mrs. Hilda Mullin Sampson; and to Mrs. Sampson's family.

To Mrs. Grady on the death of her husband; to his daughters, Catherine, Marion, Loretto and Betty, and to his son, William.

To Mrs. Joseph Bertram Kearns on the death of her husband on September 18; to his children, his mother, brothers and sisters.

To Mr. Karl Burkhardt and to Misses Elva and Ella, Mrs. McGowan, and Mrs. Margaret Coffey, on the death of their mother, Mrs. Mary Burkhardt.

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The "Loretto Rainbow" is the publication of the Loretto Schools in Canada and the United States. Its object is to cultivate the literary taste of the pupils, to exchange news between the Schools, and to keep former pupils and friends in touch with Loretto activities. You will enjoy it, and by subscribing to it you will not only give yourself pleasure, but will help the cause of Christian education.

Published at Toronto
Three Times a Year

Subscription, \$1.00 per year



MOTHER MARY WARD, 1585-1645
Foundress of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary

“Love Verity . . .”

“But to attain perfection, knowledge of Verity is necessary, to love it and affect it. But that you may not err, I beseech you all to understand and note well, for this will be necessary for some of you, wherefore you are to seek this knowledge, not for content and satisfaction it bringeth, though it be exceeding great, but that which knowledge brings us unto, for if you seek knowledge for itself, it is unprofitable, though pleasing, and a lie. Love Verity, seek knowledge not for knowledge, but for the end which it bringeth you unto, which is God, then you will be happy and able to profit yourselves and others. Without it you shall never be fit for anything. Seek it for Him that is Verity; the other is a lie. Remember that He be the end of all your actions and therein you will find great satisfaction and think all things easy and profitable.”

A Forerunner in Education



MOTHER MARY WARD

EVERY man's life is a series of problems, and living is merely the act of solving each one of these in the best way possible. There is a Providence that decrees to what man will come what problems, and that same Providence has armed each person with a will, a mind and a conscience that each may discover within his own heart the will of his Lord, and discovering it, obey. In every century there have been those singled out, and particularly blessed, by the Hand of God to act as His instruments.

Three hundred years ago in England, Elizabeth was queen, and the land groaned under the sway of her indomitable will that was both strong and powerful; as only evil can be strong, as only the devil can be powerful. As far as Catholicity was

**Being a forerunner is a dangerous and costly privilege, and Mary Ward, whom God elected for the role, paid the price in full.*—JAMES BRODERICK, S.J.

concerned, England was at that time its graveyard. Death claimed the faithful and the brave, and life claimed the deserters. But the white wing of the Holy Ghost still casts its shadow over the Church, and to balance events, if for no other reason, the Counter-Reformation had risen, and one of its greatest warriors, although not then realized, was the English woman, Mary Ward.

No Active Apostolate for Religious Women

Destined by God for greatness, it was Mary's plan to organize a new order of women whose work lay, not behind cloistered walls, but out in the world, and among its people. She sought to bring wisdom, and religion, and new hope to the suppressed lower classes of her day, to the poor, and to the ignorant. It was a great plan — so great, in fact, that nearly every one was afraid to believe in it, and the Church, that she hoped would have been her greatest ally, became for a time, her seemingly bitterest enemy. And therein was the almost insurmountable problem that stayed with her all the days of her life. But she was young then, and fighting was in her blood from the beginning. And deeply, and forever carved in her memory were the squalid dens and wretched hovels of the London slums, alive and crawling with rats and with vermin; homes that bred death as they bred life; houses in which the very air was pregnant with the promised plague yet to be born in its own destructive time. Mary was high-born and beautiful when she left the home of her father to work among the poor, a woman with a great message of charity and love, and she knew she would never forget that way of life that had thrived in the slums, just as she would never forget the tower of London, doubly horrible in that it loomed, a sinister reproduction, in the yellow waters of the Thames as well as on the land; nor would she ever forget the Triple-Tree of Tyburn, that other Calvary, that still sprinkled English blood on English soil, that still kindled hatred for England in English hearts.

But since England had yet to suffer, and was not ready for Mary Ward, she left her native land, and in the company of six of her closest, and most trusting friends; among them her own sister and her cousin, she faced Europe, to conquer, or to be conquered.

Supernatural Foresight

Mary believed that in her own time, and in a future time, there were women, and there would be women who wished to serve God among His people, even as Christ before them had served Him; who wished to touch the cold and neglected hearts of humanity not by prayer alone, but by action; to teach the greatness of His love by themselves loving, to teach the greatness of His sacrifice by the sacrifice in their own lives. And Mary was not wrong in believing this.

Within two years time, fifty young ladies, inspired by something of her great faith, and much of her great courage, established day-schools throughout the farreaching continent of Europe, at St. Omer, Liege, Rome, Naples and Perugia, and across the Alps, at Vienna, Pressburg, and Munich. Little girls were taught reading, and writing and sewing, and all for the love and greater glory of God. They were to be the mothers of the future generation, and they would bring their great lesson of goodness and truth and beauty out into the world, and teach it even as it had been taught to them, perhaps not even remembering that somewhere in their youth was a woman named Mary Ward, a lovely and gracious woman, who had foreseen a great need, and had lived to remedy that need.

Heroic Perseverance

In the interim, as the success of Mary's new idea flourished, so also flourished the opposition against it. People began to wonder, and then to talk about these strange women in strange garb who went about the streets alone, or in the company of children. Mary's enemies, who had once called her the "runaway nun" and the "false prophetess," now chose to call her followers the Jesuitesses, who, they said, "gad about the country with the object of preaching the Gospel to persons of their own sex."

At least three times Mary had trod the path to Rome in order to receive the Papal approval that would establish her communities as an institute; and as many times the representative of Peter listened without being able to really hear her message. He was impressed by her plan, but more so by Mary. Who could fail to be impressed by a woman, who, having drawn up her apologia with learned logic and in faultless Latin, then, went straight to the heart of the matter with the request: "Holy Father, I ask you to confirm on earth what has already been confirmed in Heaven from all eternity." Confirmation in Heaven takes no time; Rome generally takes plenty, and Urban

VIII was in no hurry. Neither was Mary; had she not been warned on the road to Rome what awful privations she would suffer for this work, and those chiefly from the Pope himself? Her answer is sublime: "What is not done in one year can be done in another. I can attend Almighty God His time and leisure, for man has to follow, not go before Him."

Terrible Disappointments

And then came the fatal day of her imprisonment, when two servants of the Inquisition, blushing before her indescribable charm, and her almost unearthly eyes that had long ago fixed their gaze on another world, read aloud in hesitant tones the order for her imprisonment. And when she listened to those words, "You are to arrest the person of Mary Ward as a heretic and schismatic, and an instigator of revolt against the Holy See," afterwards in the deep confines of her cell, she must have wondered in her darkest hours whether it had really been the will of God, her great Ideal; or whether somewhere along the path she had taken a wrong turning, and somehow all these years she had been mistaken, and her time had been wasted time, and her work had been wasted work, and they who were her enemies had been right from the beginning.

But sorrow without sin was, for Mary, one of God's greatest gifts to man, the sacred seal by which He marks a soul to be His Own; and so she rejoiced in her imprisonment. After a short interval she was released, and instinctively knowing that there was not much time, she went again to Rome, and what had been the scene of her great defeat became the scene of her triumph. Pope Urban VIII lifted forever all obstacles, hidden and visible, that had made so difficult her path to victory.

She was permitted to return to her beloved, native land, if not in safety, at least in peace. How changed was her England then! The proud queen was dead, and so was the king who had succeeded her. The time when every man had either to be a great saint or a great sinner was passing. And Mary was no longer a young woman. She went back to her convent in York, and a few months later died there as she had lived, with the Name of Jesus on her lips, and the love of Him in her heart.

But people like Mary Ward do not really die. Their spirit dissolves itself in the beating pulse of humanity, and there, generates some of that great courage and wisdom that was with them while they lived, and that remains with us after they are gone.

Mary Ward and Today

"Therefore of All Apostolates"

THREE hundred years have passed since Mary Ward re-affirmed the doctrine of the Gospel. In that three hundred years the world has laid an increasing burden on the spirit of man. Everywhere the structure of society has grown more complicated, the interweaving of economics interests more tangled and more troublesome, the confusion of values more misleading and dangerous. As the time has passed, the body, which has been given much, has required more and more. The whole world has been exploited to ease the existence of man. The air and water have been conquered that his satisfactions may be as swift as his desires; and his explorations of his own nature and history have been utilized to prove that his God should be his belly and his glory in his shame.

The breathless competition for material satisfactions has cast discord among nations. The seed of the inordinate desire of possessions has been sown broadcast in every people and, like the dragon's teeth in the fable, it has sprung up armed men. As long ago as 1929 Pius XI had already realized the corruption that this craze for exterior goods had brought into human society. Intoxicated by his new possessions and powers, modern man has learned to regard such powers and possessions as the chief things in life. Nations and individuals alike have directed their policies to the acquisition, by whatever means, of ever larger quantities of these things and, as children quarrel over an apple, they have quarrelled over the world.

The restoration of the right sense of values is the only chance of a sane society and that peace which is the tranquillity of order. To know that wealth and prosperity are not such good things as truth and honesty; to know that suffering is infinitely less bad a thing than sin; to know what shall it profit a man—or a nation—if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul; this is the lesson for modern man to learn if he would not sink still further into the abyss. Therefore, of all apostolates that may be at this moment, that of education is the most important.

THE SPIRIT OF MARY WARD
by Mother Pauline Parker, I.B.V.M.



The Training of Her Nuns



The Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, a Congregation of Pontifical Right, the special end of which is the training and education of youth, has for its special Patroness and Mother the most glorious Queen of Heaven whose name the Institute is privileged to bear.

As Mary was chosen to co-operate with God in the work of Redemption and the dispensation of His graces, so every member of the Institute shall consider it her greatest honour that, intimately united with Christ as the humble handmaid of God, she has been made worthy to serve the Catholic Church in leading the souls of girls to eternal salvation.

The mixed life of the Institute, by which the members according to the will of their Foundress, should unite the zeal of apostles with the recollection of hermits, requires that, unless activity is to be futile, it must proceed from a heart filled with the love of God, a heart kept alive in the love of God.

In the novitiate, then, each Sister learns to seek God in all things, and act in everything for His greater glory, and to strive daily after familiarity with Him.





The Training

In the Novitiate young girls, whose special vocation now requires them to labour zealously for the salvation of their neighbour, chiefly by the education and training of girls in the principles of a truly Christian life, are offered an opportunity of fitting themselves for this glorious work.

A part of each day is set aside for

- ✧ Religious instruction in preparation for the taking of the three vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience.
- ✧ The acquisition of knowledge, primarily for the classroom, though the Institute has great need of those whose aptitudes lie in other fields, such as nursing, office, domestic and social work.
- ✧ Recreation, whereby health is preserved, and energies and spirits renewed.



of Her Nuns



- ✧ Training in household tasks. If education has for its purpose to guide the young girl to the path by the following of which she will achieve a true pattern of womanhood, the educator must be convinced that home-making is a vocation surpassing in dignity and importance all others, the priesthood and religious life alone excepted. To be a successful homemaker it is necessary to be an efficient housekeeper.



The Education of Her Children



The work of the school in the process of education is to supplement the important roles played by the home and the Church. In the principles, methods and materials of school education from the lowest to the highest grade the purpose is always the same, the forming of a mind specifically Christian. This is what Pius XI meant when he defined education as consisting essentially "in preparing man for what he must be and what he must do here below in order to attain the sublime end for which he was created."

The double process of perfecting the intelligence and training the will must, over the years, enter into every aspect of human life, physical and spiritual, individual, domestic and social. There is nothing that is taught, says Edward Leen in *WHAT IS EDUCATION*, that cannot, in its subject matter and in the mode of teaching it, be made an occasion for insinuating into the minds of the pupils a Christian evaluation of all things that bear upon, or are concerned with, the drama of human life. To make this educational procedure possible, "it is necessary that all the teaching and the whole organization of the school, and its teachers, syllabus and text-books in every branch, be regulated by the Christian spirit . . . so that religion may be in very truth, the foundation and crown of the youth's entire training; and this in every grade of school, not only the elementary, but the intermediate and higher institutions of learning as well; it is necessary that religious instruction be given to the young at certain fixed times, but also that every subject taught be permeated with Christian piety."

This development of the natural faculties by coordination with the supernatural Mary Ward realized in the seventeenth century when she taught reading, writing and sewing to little girls, and all for the love and greater glory of God. Today, her children living in a world, which can be saved from disaster only by the Christian education of its youth, continue to be taught to live spiritually, culturally, socially and practically for the greater glory of God.

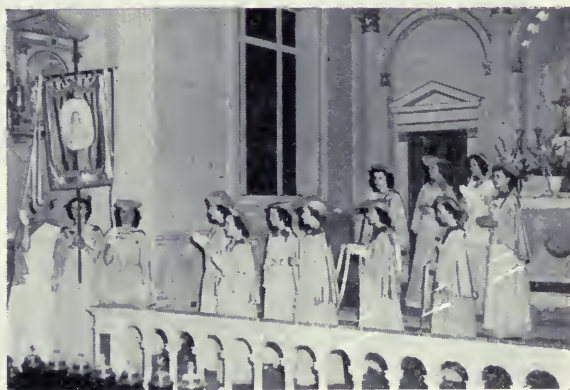


Spiritually . . .

The educational system of the I.B.V.M. is designed to develop in girls the gentleness and blessing in any surroundings in which they may be placed.



To this end, students must be brought up in habit of making daily prayer, of attending daily Mass whenever possible, of frequently renewing their good intention and of approaching the Sacraments in a worthy manner. Above all, they must be inspired with the greatest devotion to the Sacred Heart and the most tender allegiance to Our Lady.





Culturally
Practically



This educational system comprises the complete range of University, High School, Conservatory of Music, Commercial and Domestic Science Courses, with a view to the various certificates issued by Departments of Education and State Universities.

Dramatics, orchestra, glee club provide for the intelligent and fruitful use of leisure time.





and
Socially



Initiative and character are fostered no less in dancing and athletics which provide as well for the proper development of the physical being of the student.



The Houses of Her Institute in America



MARY WARD'S nuns of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, or the Ladies of Loretto, have completed one hundred years in the apostolate of Catholic education in America. At the time of her death in 1645 there were three houses of her Institute: York, Rome and Munich, each of which has proven the fruitful mother of many children.

In 1821 the community at York made a foundation in Dublin, which, in turn, twenty-six years later, provided the five young nuns for the Canadian foundation in the Archdiocese of Toronto.

From the Feast of St. Michael, September 29, 1847, when the nuns began their first classes, until the present day, means and methods of education have changed considerably, but the aim remains the same: "education consists essentially in preparing man for what he must be and for what he was created." It is possible, then, to have comfortable school buildings, teachers qualified in their subjects, well-equipped laboratories and spacious playgrounds, and yet not have the essentials of education. And moreover, while girls may have the same other worldly end as boys, those dedicated to their training, while granting that a modified orientation of girls' education is required in view of modern conditions, must maintain that this modification be not a breaking away from the characteristic graces of womanhood.





Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto 12, Ontario

Loretto Abbey (of the Holy Family), Motherhouse and Novitiate of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in America, is likewise a Preparatory and Secondary School for resident and non-resident pupils, providing a complete course from Kindergarten to Entrance to Normal and Honour Matriculation, with special courses in music, home economics, dramatic art and commercial subjects. It is the residence for Sisters teaching in the parochial schools of Blessed Sacrament, Our Lady of Perpetual Help, St. Anselm's, St. Monica's, St. Thomas Aquinas', and St. Edward's, Our Lady of Fatima and St. John's.



THE BRANCH NOVITIATE



The Loretto Branch Novitiate, which opened in Chicago in 1927, moved in 1946 to a beautiful country home outside Wheaton in Illinois. Here girls from the United States enter the Community and receive their early religious training, except for the Canonical Year made with the Canadian novices at the Mother House Novitiate.

Loretto Convent, Wheaton, Illinois



Maryholme at Roche's Point on Lake Simcoe is a summer residence for the nuns, the benefaction of a friend in 1946.

L ORETTO COLLEGE was founded in 1911 as a Catholic Women's College of the University of Toronto through St. Michael's College. The Faculty of Arts in the University consists of four federated colleges, all of which enjoy equal rights: University College which is non-denominational; Victoria, which is United Church; Trinity, which is Anglican, and St. Michael's, which is Catholic. Loretto College is, therefore, an affiliated College of the University of Toronto for women students enrolled in the federated College of St. Michael's. In such a situation, Loretto students enjoy a most unique status. They may obtain a degree, conferred by the Senate of the University of Toronto, one of the largest Universities in the world, and one of high international repute; and yet have the advantage of a corporate existence and spirit of their own, and of pursuing their studies in an atmosphere where Catholic thought and ideals are fostered.

The staff is composed of Basilian Fathers and other professors of St. Michael's College, and the Religious of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The general requirements for admission are those of the University: complete Pass Matriculation and five subjects of Honour Matriculation. The application of American students is considered as an individual case.

The courses of study offered are those outlined in the University Calendar: the Pass Course, which may be completed in three years; or any of the Honour Courses, which require

four years, detailed prescription for which may be found in the University Calendar for the current year.

Scholarships of excellent value are available for students of merit, such as, the MARY WARD, the MOTHER ESTELLE and the LORETTO ALUMNAE Scholarships, all of which provide considerable allowance on tuition for each of the four years.

The government of the College is directed by the Dean, assisted by the Students' Administrative Council and the House Committee. The central executive of the student body is composed of the officers of the various societies and the Year representatives, and this body acts in conjunction with the Faculty to maintain a high level of Catholic culture in all extra-curricular activities.

The many possible extra-curricular activities at the College afford considerable scope for the diversified interests of individual students. The following are some of the organizations: the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Public Speaking and Debating, Dramatic, Thomistic, Literary and Athletic Societies.

The opportunities afforded students of attendance at daily Mass and of the frequent reception of the Sacraments, establish the basis for genuinely Catholic habits of life and thought which should characterize the graduates of a Catholic College.



Loretto College, 86 St. George St., Toronto

High Schools



Loretto Academy (of Mater Admirabilis) in the Diocese of Hamilton, was founded in 1865. It offers classes from Kindergarten to Honour Matriculation for both resident and non-resident pupils, with special courses in music and commercial subjects. It is also the headquarters of a Correspondence Religion Course for eleven hundred pupils of the diocese, and is the residence for Sisters teaching in the parochial schools of St. Joseph's and St. Francis Xavier, Fruitland.



Loretto Academy, Hamilton, Ontario



Loretto Academy, Stratford, Ontario

Loretto Academy (of the Assumption of the B.V.M.) in the Diocese of London, was founded in 1878, and provides education at the secondary level for resident and non-resident pupils, with special courses in music, home economics and commercial subjects. It is the residence for Sisters teaching in St. Joseph's Parochial School and for students in attendance at the Stratford Normal School.





Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ontario

Loretto Academy (of the Blessed Sacrament) in the Archdiocese of Toronto, was founded in 1861 on a beautiful site overlooking the Falls. It is an elementary and secondary school for both resident and non-resident pupils, and offers special courses in music and commercial subjects. It is the residence of Sisters teaching in the parochial schools of St. Patrick's.



Loretto High School, 6541 Stewart Avenue, Chicago 21, Illinois.

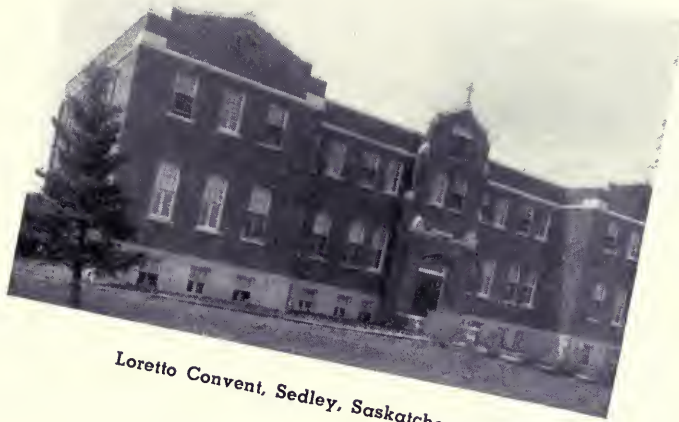
Loretto High School (of Our Lady of Good Counsel), founded in 1892, is a secondary school for non-resident students. It is accredited to the University of Illinois and the North Central Association, and affiliated with the Catholic University of America. It offers College, Normal, and Secretarial Preparatory as well as courses in music, art and dramatics. It is the residence for the Sisters who teach in the parochial school of St. Bernard's.



Loretto Academy (of the Immaculate Conception) in the Diocese of Hamilton, was founded in 1856. A high school for non-resident pupils, it offers a complete matriculation course, with special courses in music and commercial subjects. It is the residence as well for Sisters teaching in the parochial schools of St. Agnes, St. Stanislaus and Sacred Heart.



Loretto Convent, Guelph, Ontario

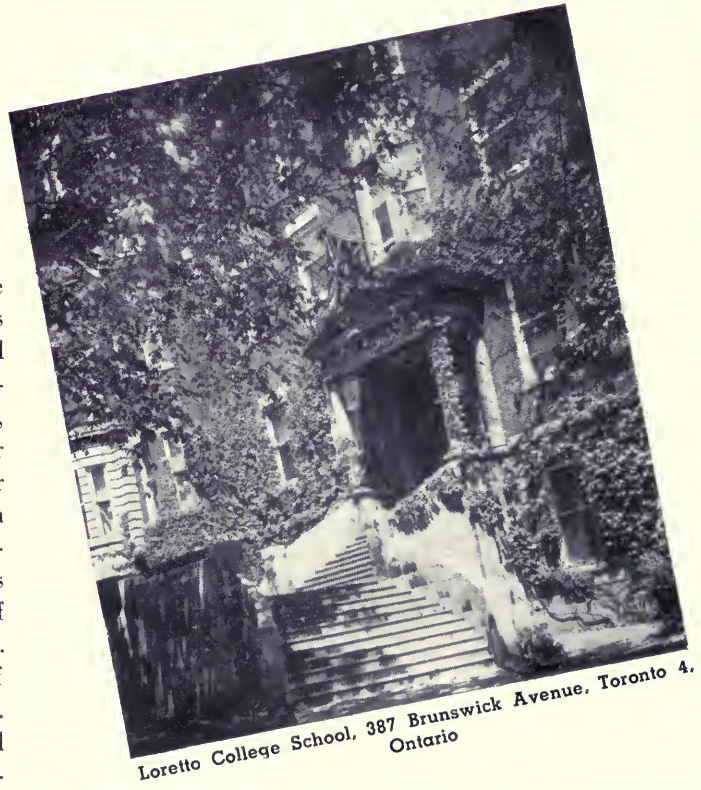


Loretto Convent, Sedley, Saskatchewan

Loretto Convent (of Our Lady of Mount Carmel) founded in 1921, as a resident school for girls, offers complete Public and High School courses as prescribed by the Department of Education of Saskatchewan. The Sisters teach in the Public School of St. Canisius.



Loretto College School (of the Holy Angels), founded in 1915, is an elementary and secondary school for non-resident pupils, with a Secretarial Department for resident pupils, providing a complete course for Entrance to Normal and Honour Matriculation, with special courses in music, dramatic art and home economics. It is the residence for Sisters teaching in the parochial schools of Holy Family, St. Anthony's, St. Helen's, St. James', St. Mary of the Angels', St. Matthew's and St. Vincent. The Catholic Deaf Social Centre is located here. The Secretarial Department offers an intensive course in shorthand, typewriting, bookkeeping, business English, commercial French and Spanish, comptometer, dictaphone and general office appliances.



Loretto College School, 387 Brunswick Avenue, Toronto 4, Ontario





Loretto Academy, 1447 E. 65th Street, Chicago 37, Illinois

Loretto Academy (of the Immaculate Conception), founded in 1905, is a secondary school for non-resident students. It is accredited to the University of Illinois and the North Central Association of Secondary Schools, and affiliated with the Catholic University of America. It offers College, Normal and Secretarial Preparatory, as well as courses in music and art. It is the residence for the Sisters who teach in the parochial schools of St. Cyril's and St. Adrian's.



Loretto Academy (of Our Lady of Victory) was founded as a residence and day-school for girls in 1896. It continued as such until 1944 when, with the approval of His Excellency, the late Most Reverend Francis J. Magner, Bishop of Marquette, it was converted into a co-educational school to enable boys at the secondary level to receive a Catholic education. In the Fall of 1944 the school became known as Loretto High School.

The course of subjects provides subjects required for College Preparatory Normal School entrance, nursing and business training. It is the residence for Sisters teaching in St. Mary's Parochial School.



Loretto High School, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

Parish Houses



St. Cecilia's Convent (of Our Lady of Perpetual Help), 1920. Toronto. Residence for Sisters in St. Cecilia's School. Day school for little girls. Music.



St. Cecilia's Convent (of Our Lady of Perpetual Help), founded in 1920, is a day-school for little girls. Complete music courses are taught here; it is the residence as well for Sisters teaching in the parochial schools of St. Cecilia's, St. Rita's and Our Lady of Victory, Mt. Dennis.

Loretto Convent (of Regina Angelorum) was founded in 1932 as a residence for Sisters teaching in the parochial school of St. Augustine's. Now courses are provided to Junior Matriculation in Loretto High School, re-opened in 1943.



Loretto Convent, 2348 Wallace Street, Regina, Saskatchewan.



Loretto Convent, Fort Erie, Ontario, 1944



Loretto Convent (of Our Lady of Loretto), founded in 1944, is the residence for Sisters teaching in the parochial schools of Our Lady of Victory, Fort Erie, and Our Lady of Peace, Crystal Beach. High school courses are now provided in Grades IX and X.



St. Bride's Convent (of Our Lady of Peace), founded in 1920, is the residence for Sisters teaching in the parochial school of St. Bride's.

St. Bride's Convent, 7760 South Shore Drive, Chicago 49, Illinois

Loretto Convent (of Our Lady, Help of Christians) founded in 1946, is the residence of the Sisters teaching in the parochial schools of St. Patrick's Gore of Toronto, and Our Lady of the Airways, Malton. High School courses are provided for Grades IX and X.



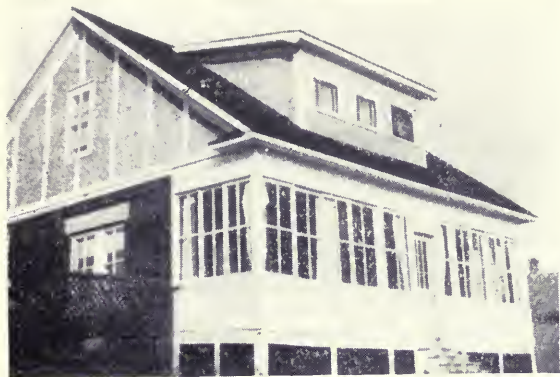
Loretto Convent, Marysfield (1946), R.R. No. 5, Bolton, Ont.

Foundations of 1949-1950

At Phoenix—In the Diocese of Tucson, Arizona, *St. Gregory's Parish Convent*, residence for the nuns teaching in St. Gregory's School.

At Sacramento—In the Diocese of Sacramento, California, *St. Philomene's Parish Convent*, residence for the Sisters teaching in St. Philomene's School.

At Weyburn—In the Archdiocese of Regina, *Loretto Convent*, residence for the Sisters teaching in the parochial school.



Loretto Convent, Estevan, Saskatchewan



St. Theresa's Convent, Port Colborne, Ontario

The Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary took its place in the contemporary movement for the spread of catechetical instructions with the foundation of St. Theresa's in Port Colborne, Ont., in 1937, followed in 1945 by those at Flemington, New Jersey and Estevan, Saskatchewan, and in 1950, at Central, New Mexico, in the Diocese of El Paso, Texas.

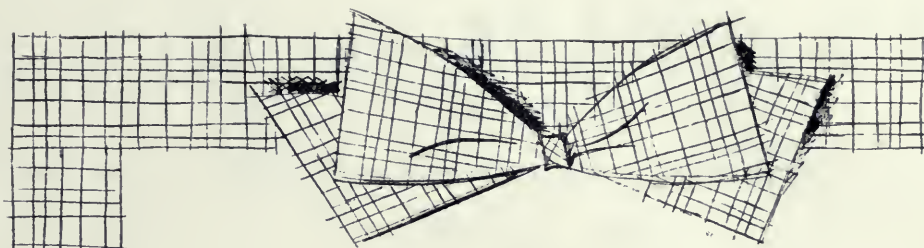
The Sisters in these centres provide daily catechism classes, children's church choir, Catholic library facilities and the general supervision of children who have no Catholic school.

Since 1943, St. Theresa's is the residence, as well, for Sisters teaching in the parochial school of St. John Bosco at Humberstone, Ontario.



Loretto Convent, 142 Main Street, Flemington, New Jersey





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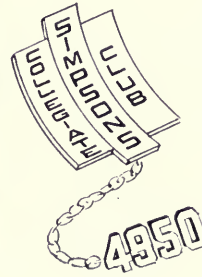
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LORETTO RAINBOW

LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS ★★★★★ TORONTO, CANADA

SUMMER, 1950



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The "Loretto Rainbow" is the publication of the Loretto Schools in Canada and the United States. Its object is to cultivate the literary taste of the pupils, to exchange news between the Schools, and to keep former pupils and friends in touch with Loretto activities. You will enjoy it, and by subscribing to it you will not only give yourself pleasure, but will help the cause of Christian education.

Published at Toronto
Three Times a Year

Subscription, \$1.00 per year



Printed by Garden City Press Co-Operative, Toronto, Ontario



At the Family Rosary Crusade in Niagara Falls, Loretto Convent was host to the Rev. Patrick Peyton, founder of the Crusade. With him, from left to right, were: Monsignor Allen; His Eminence, Cardinal McGuigan; His Excellency, Bishop Webster, and Mr. J. Williamson, of Niagara Falls, New York.

Family Rosary

Our Family is a happy one,
We work, we love, we play,
And every eve when work is done
Together kneel and pray.

Because we know of Fatima
And Mary's promise there,
We will fulfil our part
By means of Family Prayer.

The rosary is a weapon
More powerful than gun,
For it can stop a deadly war
Before it is begun.

So mothers, gather round your knees
Your husbands, daughters, sons,
And kneel with rosary clasped in hand,
And pray that peace be won.

Mary Catherine O'Brien, XII
Loretto College School

On My Ordination . . .

By Francis J. Diemert, S.J.

My Dream Realized

A West African tribe protested soberly—and this, mind you, in our own day!—that if sacrifices performed by its priest-king were to be stopped, the result might be disaster for the entire world. The whole course of nature might receive a profound shock.

Well, surely to take this seriously would be like believing in a fantastic condition out of a fairy tale. Uproot this magic tree, say, and the sky will come tumbling down!

And yet I, who am about to become a priest (of the familiar Catholic, not Yoruba, kind) am foolish enough to entertain just some such wild notions of the importance of what I myself shall soon be and do. I fancy myself an Atlas with the earth on my shoulders, an inconspicuous Father Brown smiling wisely over his possession of the key to big mysteries which have the expert investigators baffled hopelessly. For keeping the world going, I see trivial agents like the sun or a Security Council as nothing alongside my little daily doings of saying the eight o'clock Mass, pouring water on a baby's head, preaching a middling sermon, going into a dark box to encounter the world's sin. I am going to be really somebody!

Bringing Christ to the World

Somebody, that is, at the price of being the most insignificant, hollow nobody. As the angel assumed the shape of a man to be the travelling companion of Tobias—better, as the Word of God took over a human nature, divested of creaturely personality, to be one of us, a living tangible Sacrament of all good to us; so the person of the priest is meant to bring the Incarnation up to date, to be a form under which Christ may accost us on the road we are now travelling.

All of this is climaxed and summed up in the Sacrifice of the Mass. Here the priest, making audaciously, tremendously his own, the words of Christ at the Last Supper, introduces Christ really and bodily into our midst. He causes the reality and saving gladdening power of Calvary to be present to us, and in the same act joins it with the people's worship and sacrifice as a vivifying soul with a body. All the rest of the priest's daily business goes up to, or comes down from the altar.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Father Diemert, son of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Diemert, of Seattle, wrote the above article for *The Oregon Jesuit* on the eve of his ordination. His mother was Miss Della O'Reilly, an alumna of Loretto, Guelph.

Wearing of the Black

Perhaps the black suit the priest walks about in may be taken to typify his role of a sublime nobody, one making way in all his being and activity for Christ. The black is not mourning for a lost life or even for the sin of the world; rather it is what becomes a mere shadow of Christ. Black is not a color but the absence of every color; it may here stand for a retreat from all self-assertiveness.

You may well be pleased if your priest can preach with a fair command of words and skill at delivery, if he has a competent way with him in the confessional, if he organizes parish life ably, if he is a saint. But not primarily for that, even lacking all that, you tip your hat to him and bring your spiritual neediness to him to be fed and enriched. For as a priest, he is there to be looked through. He is an outward sign of Christ and his grace. No ridiculous bungling or blackest sin on his part will keep Christ from coming through him to you, any more than muddy water will keep a baptising action from washing a soul in glory.

Voluntary Slave of Mankind

In the light of all this, one sees how the priest feels that, at the touch of the bishop's hand and the impression of the ineffaceable seal on his soul, he is wholly, wholly given away to others.

This rather frightening self-dedication is exemplified in the *Monsieur Vincent* (de Paul) of the current film, slaving for the poor, his "masters", and regretting at the end that he found out too late he could do with but four hours' sleep a night. Perhaps the ordinary priest may be excused from quite such a program. Yet each must feel that in so putting on Christ, so letting into himself the tireless outpressing energy of Christ's Redemption, he belongs utterly to souls. Grace is heavy on his hands laid in them to save the world if only he scatter it abroad.

Somebody, am I? Clearly the new priest's reflection on his world-shaking importance leads down to an abysmal humility, to an urgent sense of responsibility that makes him cry aloud for the prayers of his friends.

And we now see why the friends ought to respond generously; the priest is their property, their concern. An ordination is not, like somebody else's birthday, a mere occasion for detached felicitations; it is an event in the life of every Christian. It is, however insignificant the particular young man may be, a renewal of Bethlehem. And that means everybody's birthday.

Graduates of 1950, Loretto Academy, Guelph



Seated, left to right: Mary Jewell, Joan Lorhan, Mary French, Mary Lester. Standing: Margaret Hamilton, Earla Drohan, Elvira Damaren, Betty-Gail Hanshaw, Joan McCarvell, Patricia Nunn, Joan Keating, Evelyn Hannam, Anne Crimmins, Rose Carey, Mary Seitz, Josephine Tanterdini.

Loretto in Sacramento . . .



Most Rev. Robert J. Armstrong, Bishop of Sacramento, with his secretary, Monsignor Kirby (right) and St. Philomene's pastor, the Rev. Father Twomey.

WITH the spring of 1950 there comes to Sacramento a celebration familiar to us who have so recently sung the Alleluias in honour of Loretto's Centenary in America. April marks the one hundredth anniversary of the celebration of the first Holy Mass in our lovely city of the Blessed Sacrament. And, under the benevolent care of St. Philomene, Loretto has come in time to be a part of the Jubilee!

Even in its infancy our new school has taken on the beauty, the charm, the spirit that is Loretto. During this, the first year of St. Philomene's, there are only five classrooms filled with our two hundred and fifty pupils. Typical of California schools all eight classrooms open on to the cloister walk which takes the place of our more familiar halls. Temporarily, a part of the school wing is used for the church where Christ, not minding His borrowed roof, listens to Reading, Writing and Arithmetic going on in fourth and fifth grades. The school Patrol, the choir, the altar boys—all have their place and duty in the regular routine of a day at S. Philomene's. Our devoted Pastor, Father D. Twomey, besides

playing the role of bus driver and gardener, makes himself accessible to all. Daily he may be seen driving the children to and from school in our new school bus (complete with its printed allegiance to St. Philomene!). Just as frequently we find him working on the grounds around the school and convent, planting young bushes and trees, thinking of tomorrow's silver birch and white gardenias.

Just at the end of the cloister walk and beyond the little green gate is the new convent with its white stucco walls, red tile roof and casement windows. It is dedicated to the Immaculate Heart Of Mary. St. Michael is very much "at home" in his usual place at the front entrance, and we, who are face to face with fostering the new life of another "Loretto" depend on his customary vigilance of love.

There is too much of beauty here in Loretto, Sacramento, to try to put it on to the printed page. It is the beauty peculiar to the infant life of any new endeavour for Christ. With Loretto, reaching as it does a multitude of young souls all over the world, we are reminded of Father Faber's hymn:

"Out beyond the shining of the farthest star,
Thou art ever reaching infinitely far."



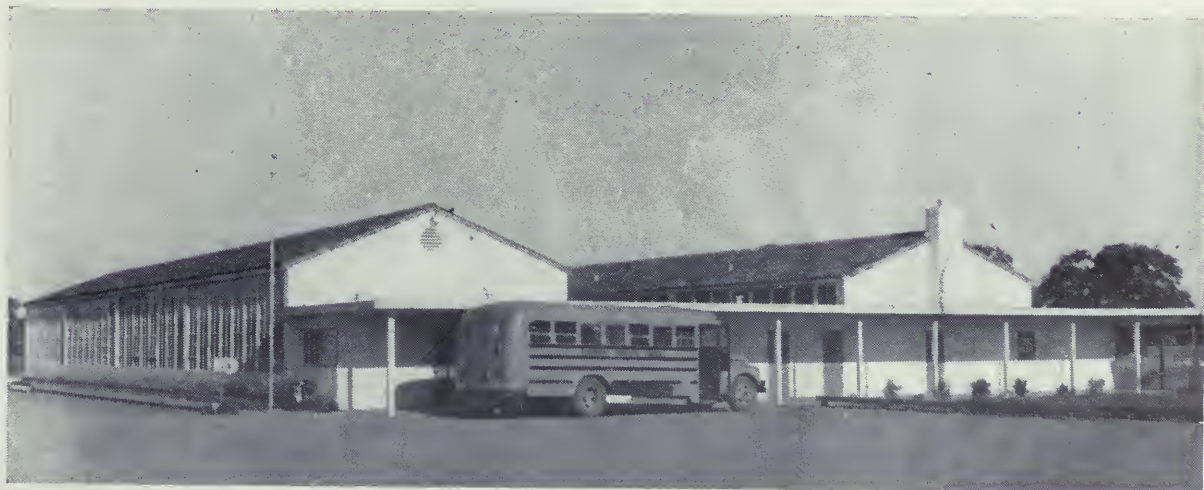
St. Philomene's Number One patrol boy, whose picture was chosen to illustrate the State safety folder.



The front door of Loretto Convent, Sacramento.



Open Air Assembly for Catholic Book Week.



St. Philomene's School and Bus.

St. Philomene's School, Sacramento



Top: Grade Three in session. Centre: Grade Six at lunch. Bottom: Baseball in the school yard.

In Memoriam

MOTHER REGIS KILGOUR (Toronto)

Mother M. Regis Kilgour died at Loretto College School, Toronto, on February 24. Mother Regis, who was in her forty-eighth year of religious life in the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, was born in Renfrew, Ontario, of Irish parents. One brother, Mr. Dan Kilgour, Eganville, survives her. Other brothers and sisters predeceased her. Mother Geraldine, who died at Loretto Abbey in 1947, was a sister.

A teacher of outstanding ability, Mother Regis required of her pupils a high standard of work and conduct. In mature years those pupils appreciated, and were grateful for the training which in their early years they may have found exacting. Toronto, Hamilton, Guelph and Stratford were all fields of labour.

Considerable physical suffering had always been her portion. Not to be a burden, not to give trouble was a foremost thought. What her unobtrusive endurance of suffering did for her own, and for others' sanctification, is known only to God. Those who lived with her know that it made her most sympathetic with the sick.

On Monday last the funeral Mass was sung by Rev. John Hochban, S.J. Rev. S. P. Ciriello was present in the sanctuary. Of Mother Regis' immediate family were present Mr. Peter O'Gorman and Mr. Desmond Kilgour, both of Eganville, and Mr. Raymond Kilgour of Grimsby with his small daughter, Mary Anne. The prayers at the grave were said by Rev. J. T. Mahoney. R.I.P.

MOTHER MAJELLA McKINNON (Toronto)

On April 19, Mother M. Majella McKinnon of Loretto College School, died at St. Joseph's Hospital where she had been for ten days.

Born at Glenelg, Ont., in 1874, Mother Majella entered the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in 1895. She spent a few years in the convents at Joliet, Ill., at Niagara Falls and at Bond Street, Toronto, respectively. The greater part of her life was spent at the Abbey, and at Loretto College School. The latter house claimed twenty-five of her fifty-five years.

Her duties brought her into frequent contact with community guests, religious and lay, over the years. A quiet, thoughtful hospitality made her eminently fit for such contact. She gave herself entirely to the daily com-

munity routine, but lived entirely above it. Her characteristic virtues were charity and fidelity to work. She dropped her duties only when illness intervened, three months ago.

The funeral Mass on April 21 was sung by Rev. H. Cormier, S.J. Also present were Rev. F. McNab, C.S.R.; Rev. D. Hourigan, S.J.; Rev. M. Doherty, S.J.; Rev. H. Carr, C.S.B.; Mrs. Steele, and two nieces, Mrs. Black, Priceville, and Mrs. Fitzgerald, Ottawa. Mother Majella is survived by two sisters, Mrs. McDonald and Mrs. Steele both of Priceville, Ont. R.I.P.

MOTHER EMERENTIA, L.B.V.M. (Toronto)

For the third time in slightly over three months, death has come for a member of the community at Loretto College School. Mother M. Emerentia died on May 30.

Many years of zealous activity as a religious teacher in Toronto, Joliet, Ill., Hamilton, Stratford and Niagara Falls were followed by some years of a different, but not less useful, sort. A semi-invalid, she joined the ranks of the praying sufferers who supply the motive power for the active members of a community. She persevered especially in a personal rosary crusade.

Mother Emerentia was born in Chippawa, the daughter of James McKeown and Mary Dinnery who came from Ireland and settled in Welland County near to one hundred years ago. She received her elementary education in the local school, her secondary education in Toronto, where she entered the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in 1897. She was the last of her family, several brothers and sisters having predeceased her.

The funeral Mass in the convent chapel on June 1 was sung by Rev. John Hochban, S.J., with Rev. F. McNab, C.S.P., and Rev. J. W. Tiedeman, C.S.P., present in the sanctuary. Interment took place in the community plot at Mount Hope Cemetery. R.I.P.

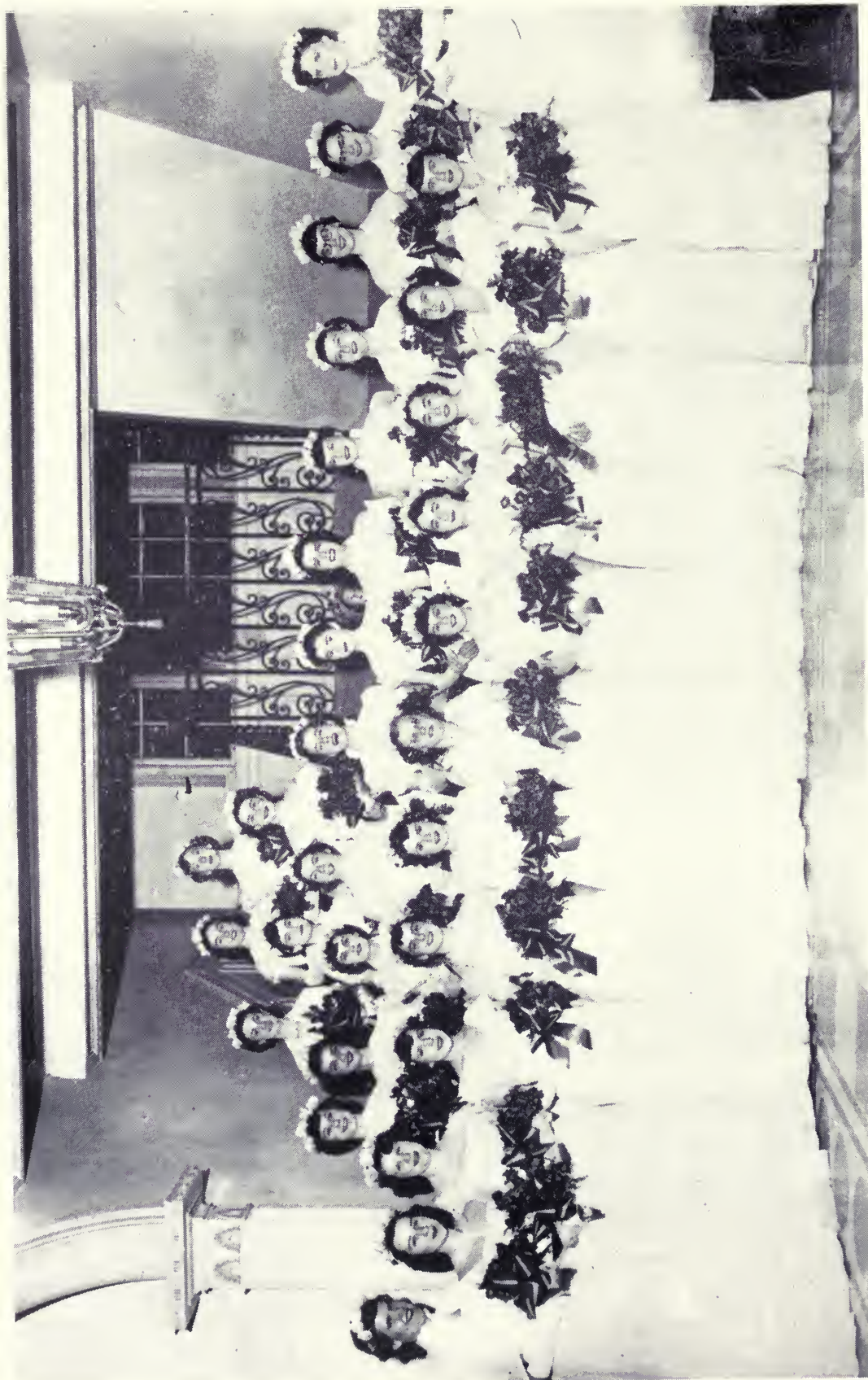
MOTHER ST. ANTHONY KEENAN

On the feast of Corpus Christi Mother Mary St. Anthony Keenan died at Loretto Abbey. She was eighty-five and had been a religious for fifty-four years.

Henrietta Keenan was born in Lindsay, Ontario, one of eleven children of Thomas Keenan and Bridge McAuley. She received her education at the Loretto Convent, then in Lindsay, and later with the Sisters of the

(Continued on page 11)

Graduates of 1950, Loretto Academy, Hamilton



Front Row, left to right: Patricia Tuck, Ann Morrison, Margaret Scanlan, Ann O'Shaughnessy, Ann Marshall, Sheila Moffet, Wanda Rychlicki, Teresa Hunter, Marylou Moore, Diana Cameuill, Phyllis Panek, Marianne Pulver. Second Row: Audrey Dawe, Cecilia Ramirez, Vivian Allen, Judy Brooker, Diana Hind, Phyllis O'Dowd, Dian Tuck, Pauline Cramp, Pamela Harrison, Donajune Truscott, Audrey Woolcott, Maureen Harris. Third Row: Audrey Walsh, Dorothy Ciceri, Elaine Slout. Back Row: Catherine Truscott, Patricia Poulhn.

In Memoriam

(Continued from page 9)

Holy Cross of Notre Dame, Indiana. She made her first entry into religion at Notre Dame and though her vocation finally proved to be with the Loretto Community, her esteem and affection for the Sisters of the Holy Cross remained a strong bond throughout life. She entered at Loretto Abbey in July, 1896.

Already equipped with a fine musical education, she was naturally soon enrolled as a teacher of music. This was her life work and brought her into kindly contact with many a family. For years at the Mother House and for over twenty years at Englewood, Chicago, and at Niagara Falls, she taught advanced pupils with great success. Returning to the Mother House about twelve years ago, instead of retiring from active service, she devoted her summer to Conservatory courses that would prepare her with newest methods for teaching beginners. This she did with the same zest as ever, taking the same kindly interest in the little ones and their families which had marked her earlier years.

Failing eyesight made it necessary to relinquish over a year ago all active occupation and days filled with prayer crowned a life of cheerful self-sacrifice. After a very short time of serious sickness, she died peacefully on the morning of Corpus Christi and was laid to rest in Mount Hope Cemetery on Saturday, June 10, after requiem high Mass sung by Rev. Wm. Hingston, S.J., at which her sister, many friends and former pupils were present. She is survived by her sister, Mrs. Rose Fortt, Toronto, and by nieces and nephews. R.I.P.

The Assumption

Death, but not corruption,
This was Mary's grace.
Taken by the angels
Unto God's embrace.
Grant that after my death
My soul may join with thee,
In the everlasting love of God
For all eternity.

Carol Quinlan, Junior,
Loretto-Englewood.

The Essence of Freedom

IN Hungary, a Cardinal languishes in prison. In Massachusetts, a young woman has been committed to a state hospital for the insane.

In North Dakota, a nun is teaching school wearing secular clothing.

In Illinois, a man has been sentenced to life imprisonment.

In Alabama, a colored college graduate is sweeping out an office.

A Cardinal, a convict, a nun, a lunatic, a negro janitor, five people having but one thing in common; each has been denied some freedom. Oh, the reasons have varied from "crimes" against the Soviet government to the color of a man's skin, but the one thing remains common to all. In every case freedom has been denied!

We can clearly see that Cardinal Mindzenty in Hungary was deprived of freedom, but would it be wrong to say that there is freedom denied in our country, that it is not entirely the land of the free with liberty and justice for all? It would not only be right to say this but it would be blind not to realize it, for four of my examples show denial of freedom in this country; denials which continue day after day, week after week, year after year, growing and multiplying.

Yes, it would be blind, but we've been blinded by the speeches of our politicians, by the propaganda that comes over our radios and through our movies, and most of all by our own stupidity that will not let us see that speeches do not make freedom, for freedom is more than a word. Freedom is a state of being free to worship, think, learn, and express our opinion; freedom from want, fear and oppression. Freedom in education, advancement and opportunity.

The slave behind the Iron Curtain yearns for it; the prisoner dreams of it; the oppressed minority fights for it. For the desire for freedom is one of the basic compulsions of man. But the strange, the sad thing, is that man does not know what it is. He is living, he is dying for something which he does not understand.

If this is true, and it is, then what is freedom; from where does it come; what is its essence; who has a right to it and how can we win it?

These are important questions and where can we find the answers? In the daily papers, in the Congressional Record, over the radio, in the movies, perhaps on television? Well, you may

Mary Ward Guild of Loretto-Englewood



Left to right: Betty Hedderman, Katherine Walsh, Rita Powers, Mary Hayes, Virginia Bosgraaf.

look there if you choose, but before you find the answer in these places the world will have long since been enslaved.

No, there is but one place to find the answers to these questions and that is in the Catholic Church which has spoken through the great Doctor of the Church, St. Thomas Aquinas, in the pages of the *Summa Theologica*. For there is nothing in life that cannot be at least clarified by the crystal words of this book, nothing that cannot be illumined by its glowing sentences.

So in these days when men are blindly seeking the answer to the question of Freedom, what is wiser than to turn to St. Thomas for these answers?

From where does freedom come?

We can easily find this answer by using the logical reasoning of the *Summa*. All things good come from God; freedom is good; therefore it comes from God. But, you quickly ask, is free-

dom always good? Is it *always* to man's benefit? Here we come to our second point.

What is the nature—the essence of freedom?

It is on this point that man has wandered farthest from the truth, for the true spirit of freedom is rarely understood. For to too many people freedom has become license, the self-assumed right to do whatever one pleases without regard for anyone but one's self and without fear of reprisal or punishment.

It is by glorifying this erroneous idea that communism has made such headway in the world, that outlaws have become national heroes, that materialism is so prevalent, and worst of all, that the spread of the Catholic Church, the mystical body of Christ, has been hindered.

When the day comes that man begins to realize that freedom belongs to everyone, that everyone has the right to his share and no more, that will be the day when freedom will come to

dwell in the world. Because freedom, paradoxically, is restriction—restriction to justice and truth. Perhaps we can see this more clearly by the use of examples.

A man condemned to death for murder has been condemned for two reasons. First, he has infringed upon the right of another to live. Second, and most important, he has infringed upon the freedom of God to have sole right over the life of every human. He has denied freedom, therefore he must be denied in order that he be punished. This is justice.

Here is another.

You will readily grant that two times two equal four, not three or five, but four. No one has the freedom to argue that it equals any number more or less than four, for there is only one answer. That is the truth.

This, then, is the answer to our question of what is the essence of freedom, and it is also our answer to those who say that our religion is a mockery of freedom because we are bound to believe, to think, and to act in a certain way. In reality, as we can prove by our answer, it is in the Church that the only true freedom can be found, for true freedom lies in the things that are found in their most perfect form in the Church—justice to God, justice to men, and divine truth.

There are those who profess to give others freedom by persuading them to forsake their God and their families in order to live a “free” life, a life that is free from law, free from the restrictions of God and society. They parade under many banners and preach freedom long and loud. They are the advocates of free love, birth control, mercy killing, divorce and all the other manifestations of the new liberty which is governing man’s life. Counted among these disciples of the “free life” are the communists who strive to lead man away from the orderly life that promises, if not perfect freedom, at least hope of it, into the chaos of revolution and the dismal prospect of slavery.

Do not be taken in by these evil men and women who promise so much and give nothing. They are right when they say that all men have a right to freedom, but miserably wrong in their

plans for attaining it; for freedom is to be had only when its essence is present—justice and truth.

By answering the questions we proposed at the beginning of our explanation we have come a long way toward understanding, under the guidance of St. Thomas, this basic urge of mankind, the desire to be free. We have discovered what freedom is, where it comes from, its nature, and its possessors. We have seen the dangers to it and have been warned against its false prophets. We have answered all our questions.

But wait, has not that most important question of all been missed? Where is freedom to be found and how can we find it? Or is there no answer to this question? Men have been seeking freedom for many centuries and have not yet found it. Is it to be found anywhere on this earth? To this we can say a triumphant YES, for God Himself has told us where to find it and we have been unsuccessful only because we have not followed His divine directions.

There is a sentence that contains all we need to find freedom and in it is the most sublime truth. Hear it, obey it, and you will have won the essence of freedom.

“Know you the truth and the truth shall make you free!”

Ann O’Hara, Senior,
 Loretto-Woodlawn.



Christmas tableau at Loretto-Sedley.

In the Valley of the Sun

THERE is always excitement over founding a new mission. It is a promise of adventure. Certainly there will be surprises, and even difficulties to face. But they will be *different* emergencies. None of those humdrum hardships we find galling because we know them so well. So it was with the foundation in Phoenix, set out in the middle of the desert, over two thousand miles away.

Phoenix is a surprise indeed. But the most surprising part of Phoenix is how much like home it is. There are Masses on Sunday; school calls at 9.00 a.m.; water flows freely from the pipes; the people speak English; and every yard has a beautiful green lawn. We had hardly expected all that. Of course, St. Gregory's blessings are not common to all of Phoenix. There are sections and outlying districts where none of those blessings prevail. It is our fervent prayer that more nuns will come soon, so that at length we can help in those neglected districts.

School-keeping and housekeeping consume most of our time. But there are a few extra-curricular activities. Every Saturday there are catechism classes for Catholic children attending public schools. Class in remedial reading is offered on Saturday, also. Before Christmas, some of the children received intensive training for a Christmas Choir. After Christmas, all our efforts were directed toward the production of the Holy Year Pageant.

The Pageant was a gigantic undertaking for a primary school. But with help from all sides, it succeeded. Parents went to endless trouble making costumes. And seeing their children parade gracefully before the footlights seemed ample reward. The biggest single achievement during the pageant was erecting our own stage. Soliciting a curtain from a downtown store. Planks and horses from workers around the school, two stairways from our carpenter-neighbor, shrubbery from local nurseries, we achieved a thing of beauty and safety. Father Gordon observed that now that the stage is no longer needed, the men can continue building the school. (We used their "foundation forms" for the stage floor.)

March 12 was the patronal feast of St. Gregory's. It was also the third anniversary of the parish. To mark the event it was fitting that the Forty Hours' Devotion begin that day. Flower girls and altar boys from the school eagerly awaited the procession. Certainly their



A choir of St. Gregory's School, Phoenix.

lives centre around their church, and religion has a wonderful attraction.

We can hardly claim the aura of sacrifice that surrounds a mission. Life in St. Gregory's Convent would seem very familiar to you. But it is appalling sometimes, amid all these ordinary duties, to lift one's eyes to the mountains, to the great expanse of sky, and try to understand the distance. Gradually the desert heat returned. This is what is new to us. And no matter how familiar and ordinary our work indoors becomes, there is always the breathtaking outdoors. Desert, mountains, blue sky, and an overpowering sense of God's nearness—this is Phoenix.

Publish Pageant of 1950 Holy Year

OUR HERITAGE. Booklet on Holy Year published by Ladies of Loretto. Box 349, Central, New Mexico. \$1.00.

This booklet on the Holy Year has been published by the Ladies of Loretto, St. Gregory convent, Phoenix, Ariz.

They conceived the pageant as a living lesson and traced the story of indulgences back to Christ's sufferings on the cross.

Continuing they watched the treasury of these merits being carefully guarded down the years by a concourse of valiant men and women. Then, in Jubilee Year, they joined the pilgrims in Rome, where the Holy Father was dispensing from this treasury. In brief, that is their pageant which they called "Our Heritage."

One hundred and twenty children took part in the pageant but there was room for many more. It is suitable for any level of grade or high school. from "The New World"

Holy Year Pageant



Upper left: His Holiness, and Guards.

Below: Crusaders of The Middle Ages.



Lower left: His Holiness in his papal court.

Below: His Holiness receiving pilgrims of the Holy Year.

Right: Our Lord and His Blessed Mother.



Valedictory of 1950



It is, I assure you, a great honour, and one of which I am deeply appreciative, to be selected to give the valedictory for this year's graduating class.

At this moment the foremost thought in our minds is one of gratitude. We are grateful to St. Michael's and to its professors. Many do not realize the privilege we Catholics enjoy because of the unique position of St. Michael's, as a Catholic College in a state university. I never realized the potentialities of an education such as we have received until I fell under the influence of the teachers at St. Michael's. They are so human and withal such close imitators of the Divine. When the final accounting is made, I know the priests of St. Michael's will stand in the foremost ranks of those who under God have directed the many thousands of young in the path of rectitude.

We are grateful to the Sisters of Loretto. Under God's providence there were, I believe, two individuals, both born in an era of trial and persecution, both English, who gave a great impetus to Catholic education. One was John Henry Newman who sowed the seeds of the National University of Ireland. The other was the saintly Mother Mary Ward. Until the time of Mary Ward, an advanced education for women was not the accepted thing. "Woman's place is in the home," was the recognized dictum. That is still true, but she, like her model, the great St.

Catherine of Siena, realized that an educated woman can do more than one less cultured. In an age when women did not take part in worldly affairs, she saw with the vision of a prophetess that day approaching when the way of Catholic women would go beyond the home. She founded the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, a group of holy cultured educated women who would devote their lives to the Catholic education of girls. The seed sown fructified. The Institute spread to many lands and we are the latest to have the good fortune to fall under the influence of Loretto.

We are grateful to our parents. Their many sacrifices for us will always be gratefully remembered. May God reward them, and may they have a partial recompense in the knowledge that we shall always endeavour to conform our lives to their ideal of what a Catholic woman ought to be.

We are about to leave St. Michael's and Loretto, but as one of our professors has told us we are not severing our connection with them. I feel sure that if we were to ask the priests and Sisters who have sacrificed so much for us, what they desired in return, they would answer that they wished us to live a life in accord with the ideals they have inculcated, and to remember that we are not just individuals but a unified whole, and any act which brings shame to one reflects upon the entire corporate alumnae. Likewise, the courage and nobility in the life of one redounds to the glory of the whole. Why should we not all be leaders? Why should we hesitate to expose by the logic and philosophy taught us here the errors and sophistry of those so-called leaders whose "glory is in their shame"?

It will always be our joy in the future to have the assurance that Loretto College will be a second home, to which we may return to become renewed in spirit, and refreshed by its holy and benign atmosphere, and to know that the traditional Irish invitation will always hold true:

"There is a candle in the window,
And the latch is on the door,
And many thousand welcomes."

Mary Sheridan.

GRADUATES OF LORETTO COLLEGE, 1950

LORETTO COLLEGE is a centre of higher learning for women students enrolled in St. Michael's, one of the four federated colleges of the University of Toronto. These students of Loretto College enjoy a most unique status. They may obtain a degree from one of the largest universities of the world and one of high international repute; and yet have the advantage of a corporate existence and spirit of their own; and of pursuing their studies in an atmosphere where Catholic thought and ideals are fostered.

The opportunities afforded students of attendance at daily Mass and of the frequent reception of the Sacraments and participation in the various efforts of Catholic action, establish the basis for genuinely Catholic habits of life and thought. There is to be enjoyed also a goodly measure of social activity within the college itself and also as a part of St. Michael's and the University. Thus these graduates of 1950 leave their Alma Mater with a wealth of hopes and memories, gathered during their College days.



HELEN SMYTH, B.A.,
Toronto.

Graduate of Loretto Abbey. Vice President and Treasurer of S.A.C. in III yr. President of S.A.C. in IV yr. Debating, I, II. Hockey, III, IV. Joint Executive Council of St. Michael's Women, III, IV.



PAMELA LATOUR, B.A.
British West Indies.

Graduate of Loretto, Hamilton. President of House Committee in III Yr.



MARY SHERIDAN, B.A.
Hamilton.

Graduate of Loretto, Hamilton. Prefect of Sodality in IV Yr. Class Valedictorian. Music and Drama. Dramatics: several parts; made fame as St. Thomas More in Saint of Chelsea.



HÉLÈNE CANNON, B.A.
Quebec.

Newman Club I. Music and Drama I.
III. Tennis. Golf. Hockey, I, II, III.
Social Representative on S.A.C. in III Yr.



ELIZABETH CORMACK, B.A.
Toronto.

Interested in Dramatics. Prominent in
I, II in several Hart House productions
and in St. Michael's Dramatic Society.
Interested in various aspects of Catholic
Action. Plans to go into Social Science
Graduate work in the Fall.



JANET DAVIS, B.A.

Born in Quebec, lived alternately in
New York and Kapuskasing, Ont. Now
in Appleton, Wisconsin. Tried her hand
at teaching for one year in "Kap".
Music and Drama II, III. Newman II,
II, III.



ELSPETH IRELAND, B.A.
Toronto.

Graduate of Loretto College School.
Very interested in Sociology. Plans to go
into Social Science for Graduate work
in the Fall.



JULIA McCOOL, B.A.
North Bay, Ont.
Graduate of Loretto Abbey. Music and
Drama I, II, III. Dramatics I, II. Sports
I, II, III. College Representative on
Torontonensis.



KATHLEEN McEVENUE, B.A.
Toronto.
Graduate of Loretto Abbey. Newman
Club I, II, III. Delta Gamma Fraternity.



LORRAINE RAFFERTY, B.A.
Toronto.
Came to Loretto from Humberside Col-
legiate. Newman II, III. Interested in
Science.

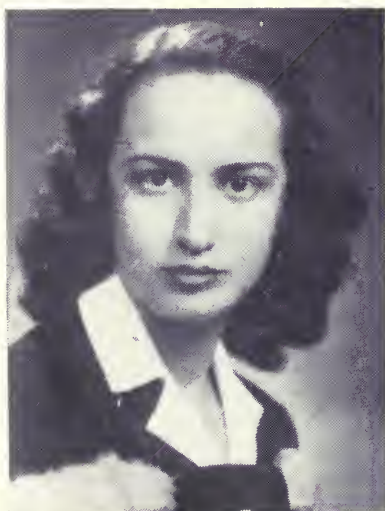


PATRICIA SMITH, B.A.
Toronto.
Graduate of Loretto Abbey. Interested
in music. Music and Drama III, IV.



HELEN SOUTHCOTT, B.A.
Newfoundland.

Came to Loretto from Mt. St. Vincent, Halifax. Music and Drama, I, II, III. Sports. Tennis I, II, III. Runner-up for University Women's Tennis Champion in III Yr. The College Prima Donna for three years, 1947-1950; magnificent voice which was generously used on all occasions.



GRACE ANN TWOHEY, B.A.
Lindsay.

Attended St. Joseph's Convent, Lindsay. Newman Club, I, II, III. Music and Drama, I, II, III. Sports: Tennis, Bowling.



JANE WHITE, B.A.
Toronto.

Graduate of Loretto Abbey. Household Economics. Interested in Dietetics and plans to follow that work.

SISTER M. ANGELINA, I.B.V.M., B.A.

The light that never was on land or sea

By RUSSELL FOX

A BENIGN Providence had put into the eyes of Loretta Ward that light that was never on land or sea. One may see it at times in the eyes of religious and lay folk alike. I believe it must have shone in the eyes of the several Marys of whom mention is made in the life of Our Lord, and perhaps, too, in the eyes of those Daughters of Jerusalem to whom He spoke as they followed Him on the way to Calvary.

Accompanying it invariably is a faith that would move mountains. The supernatural seems to be something very real to such persons. There is absolutely nothing they would hesitate to undertake once they feel the hand of God is helping them. Of such no doubt would an apostolate be composed that would convert the entire world, and I am not too certain that such an apostolate could not be cultivated.

Anyhow, Loretta Ward seemed to have this special gift. Loretta Ward is not her real name, of course. Rather it is a composite evolved from the fact that her education and early years were spent under the direction of the religious daughters of the noble and Blessed Mary Ward.

Loretta selected journalism as her occupation which is the reason I came to know something about her. The newspaper staff with which she became identified was, like most other such staffs, a model of worldly educated young men and women whose sole divinity was the goddess of human reason. There were play boys and play girls on it, home lovers, sadists, frivolous and jovial devil-may-care wights, and naturally a few genuine idealists and earnest Christians.

When she joined the staff, Loretta was put to work in the "society" room, taking news over the telephone about weddings, parties, women's meetings, personals, etc. Once they gain a little experience, most young newspaper women regard such work as drudgery. Perhaps Loretta did. I never asked her. One day, however, when I was passing close to her desk I saw a number of young women around her, all members of the staff from one department or another.

"A conspiracy?" I suggested to them. "Perhaps a prelude to a revolutionary change in women's fashions."

"Not quite," replied Loretta. "We're conspiring to make a retreat."

"Just as soldiers do, backing up from the enemy?"

That, of course, evoked a smile, and Miss Loretta explained that the retreat was to be one of those week-end events that have proved so popular with Catholic men and women. Later, I asked Loretta whether the women's retreat had been a success.

"So much a success," she said, "that we have planned on having one every second week-end. I had been making them," she continued, "for several years, and I happened to be talking to one of the girls here about writing a story on them. She knew little about them, and I found that other Catholic girls on the staff knew even less. So we all got together and we're all glad we did."

"Somewhat of a little missionary?" I murmured.

"Shucks, no," she answered. "It was just an accident that I happened to mention it in the first place. If the others hadn't decided to come, I would be making the retreats anyhow. I found retreats very helpful at school, and they are even more helpful now with a big problem I have to solve."

"A problem? Could I help you with it?"

"Hardly," she answered with a smile. "I expect to be married in about a month, and I don't know whether I am doing the right thing. I had intended entering religion until I met a young man of whom I think a great deal. So we're going to marry, and yet I don't know whether or not it's the right thing to do."

"Have you asked a priest about it?"

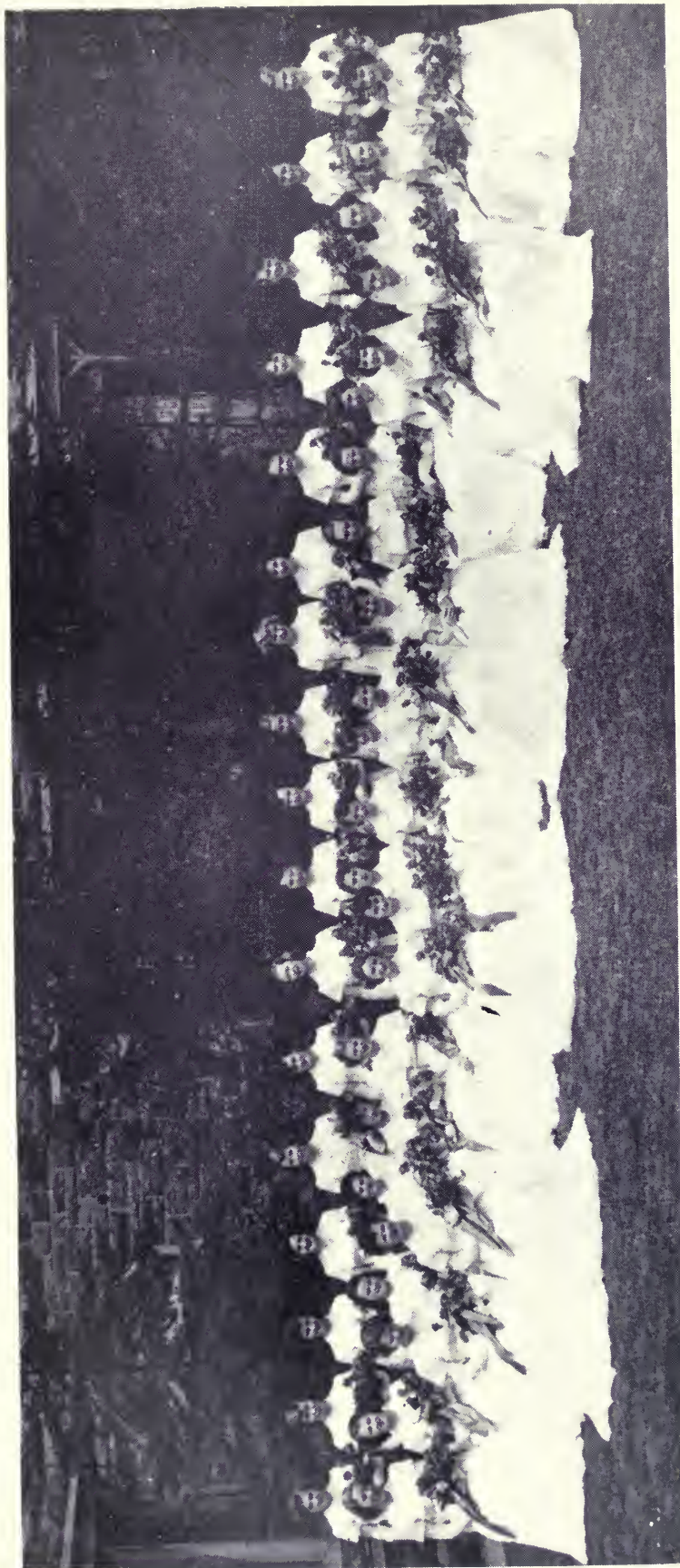
"Yes, several of them, but, of course, all they can tell me to do is to pray for guidance, and that's what I am doing."

A few days later a change came into Loretta's life, a change she had not likely expected so soon. She was to be given a chance to show her reportorial ability. Far away in the little town of Chicora there is a jail and in the jail were several prisoners whose lives and experiences offered excellent opportunity for news copy. Loretta was to surrender her "society" room desk to another, go to Chicora, call at the jail and try to interview these prisoners.

She did interview some of them and converted

(Continued on page 23)

Graduates of 1950, Loretto Abbey, Toronto



Back row from left: P. Gamble, A. Berthon, M. Mitro, P. McDonough, E. McCarthy, B. Polson, B. A. McKay, N. Mitchell, E. Jeffrey, C. A. Broadhurst, J. Schuck, M. Todd,
E. MacInnis, J. McLean, E. Turnbull, S. Denomy, C. Starrs.

Front: M. Fitzpatrick, M. C. Rogers, P. Smith, J. Clarke, S. M. Noonan, M. P. Boudrias, M. Mongrain, M. Knowlton, R. Parker, M. Loneragan, D. Shelby, B. Dandeneau, N. Kennedy,
B. Rosar, A. Kirkpatrick, S. Shannon, J. Spinner, J. O'Go-man, J. Kerr, P. Heenan, B. Flood, D. Hawley, M. Hoare.

The light that never was on land or sea

(Continued from page 21)

their stories into well worth while copy, but undoubtedly her most dramatic experience was with a woman who, within a few days, was to be hanged for the murder of her husband and children. The doomed woman apparently had not a friend in the world. Even the psychiatrists who had examined her refused to show sympathy by declaring her sub-normal or insane. The governor of the jail granted Loretta not only permission to see her but to stay with her as long as she cared to, under, of course, the watchful eye of the death-house guard.

I knew of the pending execution, and fearing it might be too much of a strain on my little co-religionist, I quietly hastened to Chicora to give whatever help might be required. I took precautions to prevent her from knowing I was in the town, and learning at the jail how friendly she had become with the woman under sentence, and that at the latter's request she intended witnessing the hanging, or as Loretta had put it to the jail officials of "helping the poor woman bear up under the ordeal," I decided I had also better be on hand to help Loretta bear up should she need help in doing so. At 4.50 a.m. on the day appointed, therefore, I hid myself behind a woodpile in the yard of the jail not far from the gallows. The hanging was to take place at 5 a.m., but it was 5.10 before the little procession composed of the doomed woman, her guards, the matron, the governor of the jail, and of all persons, a Catholic priest and Miss Loretta Ward started for the yard where the executioner waited.

I remained well hidden behind the woodpile, but the silence was so intense I could hear the priest reciting the Litany of the Dying and Miss Loretta making the responses. The gruesome proceedings were soon finished and after allowing several minutes for the assemblage to move back into the jail I left my hiding spot. But my timing was at fault. Standing beside the priest, her face as white as chalk, was Miss Loretta looking straight in my direction.

"Do you usually stand behind woodpiles at such events?" she asked me as I approached her. I brushed her question aside.

"Are you all right?" I asked her. "Do you feel faint? Can I get you anything?"

"Yes," she answered. "Father O'Brien is going to say Mass now for this woman, and you

could help me get to the church if you wish."

I certainly did so, but it was not until after the Mass when I sat down to breakfast in the hotel with Miss Loretta and Father O'Brien that I learned of the dramatic events leading up to the execution.

It would seem the pastor of the church at Chicora, an elderly man, had been taken to the hospital the day before, a fact unknown to Loretta until she tried to get in touch with him on the telephone a few hours before the execution. She learned, however, that Father O'Brien had a church some 25 miles away, and she telephoned him close to 4 o'clock or one hour before the legal time for execution.

"I promised to come at once," said Father O'Brien. "Of course, I had heard all about the case, but I had no idea the woman would likely want to die a Catholic. Everything, however, seemed to be against me. My car broke down on the way, and I had to get a farmer out of bed. He had nothing speedier than a hay wagon and a team. That is why I was so late in arriving. It's surprising the governor of the jail held up the hanging for me. I understand that is a pretty serious thing to do."

"I asked him to wait," interposed Miss Loretta.

"Nevertheless", I said, "he did something he is not supposed to do."

"Anyhow", continued the priest, I baptized the poor soul, heard her confession and administered the last Sacraments before she was led to the gallows. This young lady insisted the baptism be conditional, but I didn't have time to ask her why."

"That I can explain," said Miss Ward. "I feared you would not get here in time, and so I emptied my cough medicine at a fount in the corridor of the jail, filled the bottle with water and baptized her conditionally in her cell about 15 minutes before you arrived."

"But there is a great deal of the story yet untold," I protested. "How did the woman come to want to die a Catholic? I understand not a soul in the world, not even a neighbor, felt kindly towards her on account of the atrocity of her crime."

"Her story," smiled Loretta, "is not for publication. I have her confidence and I can not betray it."

Miss Loretta failed possibly to recognize, how-

(Continued on page 25)

Graduates of 1950, Loretto Academy, Stratford, Ontario



Left to right: Helen Boda, Antoinette Luyser, Barbara Shea, Dora Pirocci, Bernadette Ducharme, Marie White, Marie Hearn.

The light that never was on land or sea

(Continued from page 23)

ever, that a guard had been stationed at the door of the condemned woman's cell constantly, and that he had heard much of the conversation between her and the girl reporter, and was under no promise to keep any of it secret.

"You never heard anything like it," the guard told me. "The woman sat on the side of her cot and the girl reporter stood some feet from her. The girl started to talk about God and about how He loved the prisoner in spite of what she had done. She just laughed at the young lady, said that she didn't believe it, didn't think there was a God any more than there ever was a Little Red Riding Hood. She said she had heard about both of them when she was a kid. She had been going to tell her own children about them because she thought stories like that were rather nice for children but her husband wouldn't let her.

"The young reporter got real good, convincing, I mean. She nearly had me crying about God's Heart. What was it she called it? Let's see. Oh, yes, she called it the Heart of Jesus, and she tried to make that dame believe the Heart of Jesus would welcome her in Heaven in spite of her murders, if she would only trust Him and try hard to love His Heart. She told the dame a story of a fellow who was put up on a cross same time God was put on a cross, and of how he said he was sorry, and of how God said he would be with Him in heaven.

"The woman after a while started to ask the girl some questions, and I could see the talk was having an effect on her. Then the girl asked the woman to say a prayer with her and she agreed. They knelt down and prayed but it wasn't like any prayer I had ever heard, and I can't describe it to you very well. The girl would say something like 'Heart of Jesus full of goodness and love,' and the woman would say: 'Have mercy on us,' that is after the girl had told her what to say.

"Then the oddest thing ever happened. That hard-boiled tigress agreed to let the girl go and call a priest. That's how he came to be here, but when it looked like he wouldn't get here until after the hanging, the girl had something in a bottle and she sprinkled it on the woman's head. I saw it all because I had to keep a close eye on everything in that cell or lose my job as turn-key."

It was some time before I again spoke to Miss

Ward about her experience. "Surely," I said, "you will not be betraying a confidence if you tell me what argument you used to bring about her conversion."

"No," she said, "I can do that but the fact is there was no argument. Like everybody else you believe that only argument and reason count for anything. I consider them very secondary if, indeed, of any value, in such matters. It was the Litany of the Sacred Heart that won over that poor soul. I have great faith in it myself. In fact, I feel, and I have proved it to be true, that if I do all I can in the interests of the Sacred Heart I don't need to worry about anything concerning myself.

"Most folks haven't enough faith in the Sacred Heart," she continued. "That is why they don't always or often enjoy unusual experiences. They say faith without good works is dead, but good works without faith are also dead, in my opinion. What made Peter get out of the boat and walk on the water? His faith. How many people today have enough faith to trust Our Lord as Peter trusted Him?

"Yet we are all quite capable of faith. We use it in our daily lives, but draw a line against it when it comes to the supernatural. A good salesman has to have faith in what he proposes to sell and in himself or he wouldn't sell anything. Yet he would scoff at the idea of having the same amount of faith in prayer. It's not consistent with the much vaunted reasoning things out which is supposed to be the right and proper thing to do always."

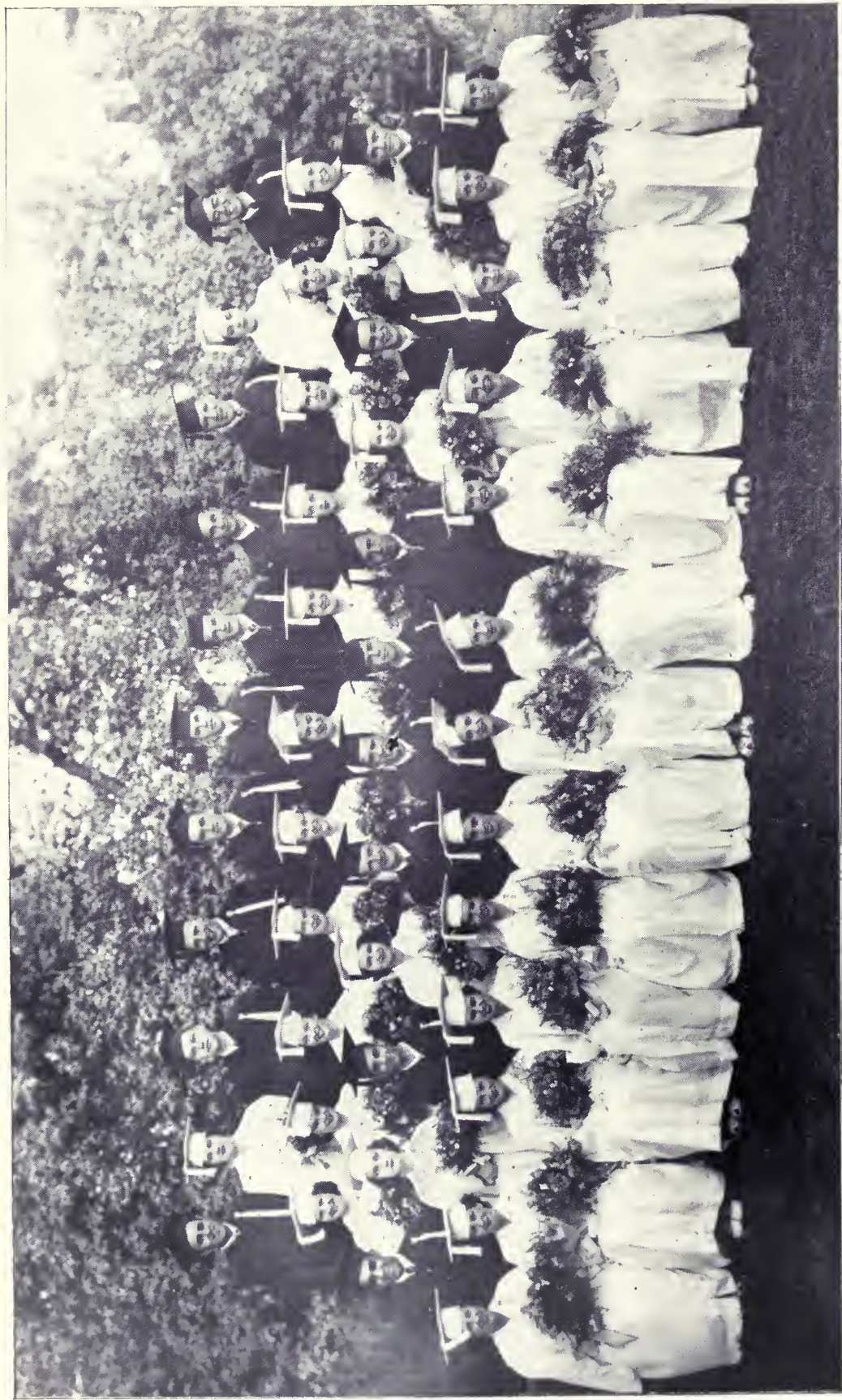
I went on my way feeling that perhaps Loretta Ward was possessed of wisdom in high degree, and I just couldn't help linking it up with that supernatural light of which I have spoken, the light that was never on land or sea.

Weeks passed before I had occasion to speak to her again.

"If I am not rude," I said, then, "might I ask how you are coming along with that personal problem, marriage versus convent?"

"Oh," she replied, "We have put that over for another year. I can't make up my mind. The Sacred Heart hasn't let me down. Of that I am sure. But for some very sound reason I am being kept waiting for an answer to my request for directions. I am not in the least upset about it, however."

Graduates of 1950, Loretto High School, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan



Front Row, left to right: Betty Ruth Meyer, Roberta Thibert, Phyllis O'Connor, Betty Jo Fitzpatrick, Dora Cummings, Harriet Bedore, Nancy Fazari, Gertrude Hantz, Marie Cummings, Catherine Massey, Eileen Eagle, Shirley O'Connor, Patricia Killips.
 Second Row: James Jobour, Anne Rucker, Frank Porcaro, Orzelie Sowa, Gordon MacMaster, Robert Hallesy, Robert Thibert, James Ryan, Joann Christie, David Shields, Betty Theut, William Ayers.
 Third Row: Shirley Scales, Geraldine Flynn, Anne Marie Blain, Nellie Casino, Normajean Bennett, Patricia Zelmer, Patricia Ranson, Donna Devereaux, Laura Davis, Eleanor Molinaro, Wanda Doran.
 Back Row: Lea Hatch, Loretta Pendell, Sydney Smith, Gerald Synett, Anthony Fazi, Leo Robbins, William Donnelly, Raymond Bedore, Duane Syrett, Carolyn Pingatore, Lee Roy Eitrem.

The Family Rosary Crusade

What the Family Rosary means to me

By Patricia McDonough, Loretto Abbey
(First Prize Essay for Grade XIII in the Archdiocese of Toronto Family Rosary Crusade.)

The Family Rosary signifies a family homage to God, by which this unit prays together for its necessary daily blessings. The Family Rosary thus aids in preserving two of the greatest virtues throughout our daily life: charity and humility.

Charity is manifested in a twofold manner by the Family Rosary, for the words of Christ are, "Where two are gathered in my name, there am I in the midst of them." Is this not a great love to be united with Christ in prayer during fifteen minutes every day? Though an individual be distracted by mundane thoughts, he is still in union with Christ because Christ is always present in the gathering. Charity is preserved again by group prayer for, this way, the individual is more acutely aware of his neighbour's needs, and love of God is love of neighbour. As a result, both parties forget their own impetuous desires, and seek only to pray for the lasting benefits of life. The virtue of Charity, one benefit of the Family Rosary, gives rise to humility of which our homes, our societies, and the whole world are badly in need.

Also, is it not a beautiful form of humility to kneel in the presence of others, as sinners, as unworthy creatures of God, begging Him to pity us, and have mercy upon those who have disgraced the purpose of our creation? By group prayer, we pay homage to the Almighty and our prayers are more efficacious because they unite us in God who is our strength. What is more desirable in our daily living than, by the unity, in the recitation of the Family Rosary, to become strong in the virtue of humility? For saints are only those who have been humble and charitable to the greatest degree ever known.

It is then quite evident that the Family Rosary produces saints. Every day, its steady recitation recalls to our minds what our eternal destiny is. Every day, the Family asks for the courage, the strength of virtue, and the blessings, by which it may attain that destined reward.

The Family Rosary, therefore, means to me, a steady means of praising God; a source of daily blessings necessary for family cooperation; a repetitious way of strengthening virtue; and finally, a foundation for the making of saints.

Thoughts on the Rosary in May

By Mary Catherine Aldridge, Loretto Abbey
(First Prize Poem for Grade IX)

Hail Mary, full of grace!
(Our garden is a lovely place
I seem to see Our Lady there
A wreath of blossoms in her hair)
As at my window, now, in May
The Joyful Decades I start to say.
Glorious Gabriel—Heaven-sent,
Brings tidings of the great event
"The Lord is with Thee, Blessed One."
And Mary murmurs "God's will be done!"
Then came Three Kings from lands afar
Following a wondrous Star
To where the Babe in Mary's arms
Is safe from all of Herod's harms.

Oh Blessed Mother visit me,
And help me today in History!

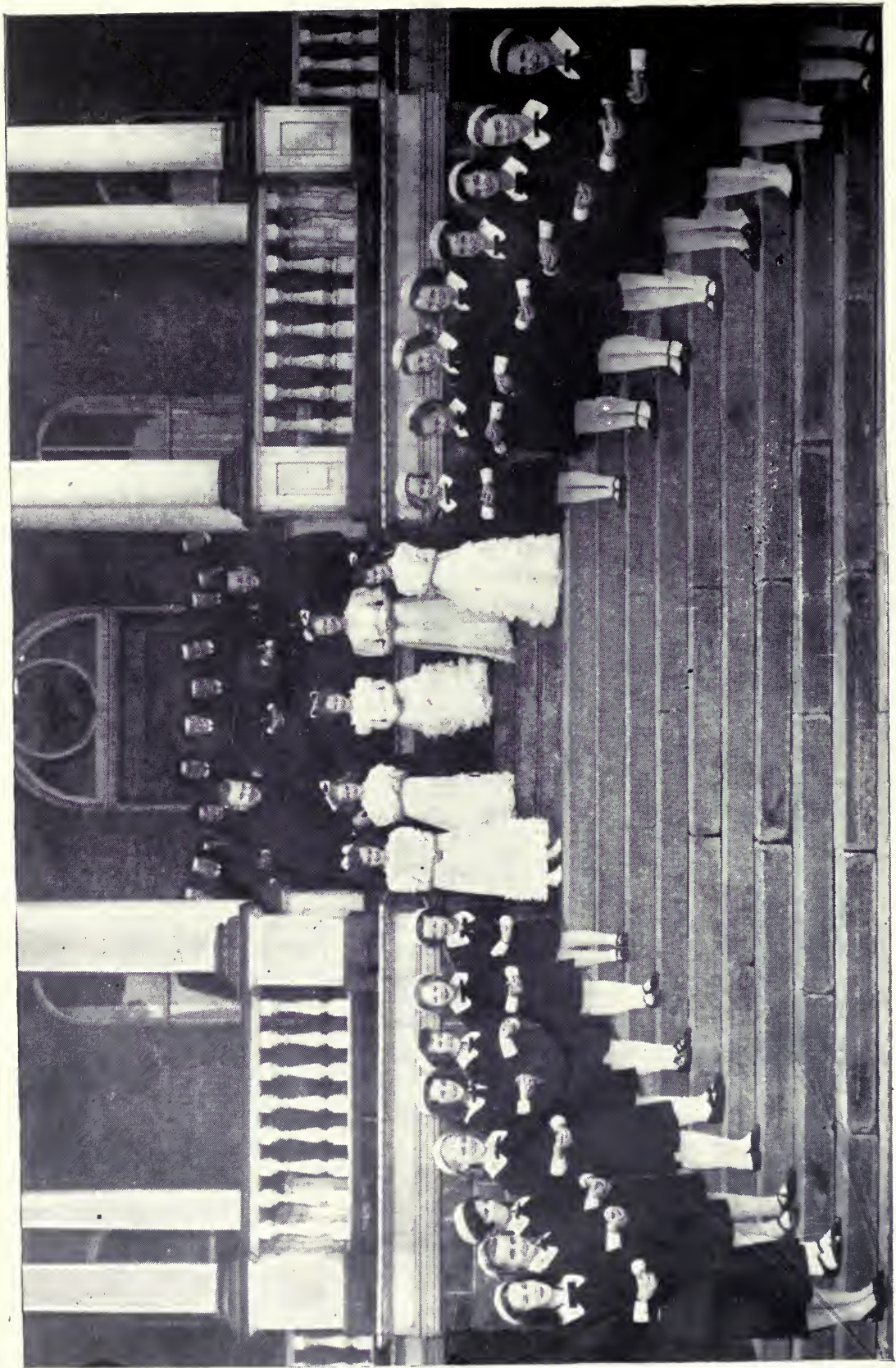
Pray for us sinners, now,
The blossoms are fallen from the bough—
The garden is in all sad array
For the Sorrowful Mysteries I tell today.
The rain comes down in silver sheen,
A Thorn-crowned Brow is dimly seen,
The purple jonquil droops its head
At the sound of the scourge that is tipped with lead.

In the mist beyond a Hill appears
And a stony path that is wet with tears.
A weary Figure—a loyal few—
Hosanna-ing multitudes, where are you?
The air is darkening about the Place,
And Our Lady's mantle hides her face.

Mother of Mercy, in Heaven above,
Help me to merit thy Son's great love.

Glory to the Risen One,
The radiant light of morning sun
Restores to our Garden its beauty in May
For the Glorious Mysteries I pray today.
Golden bells of Forsythia ring
As if to acclaim the ascending King.
Our garden is lovely, but cannot compare
With the Garden of Heaven—for Mary is there!
No garland of blossoms now rests on her hair
For a heavenly crown Her Son has placed there.
And to show her homage, we call her today
"Queen of the Angels, Queen of the May."

Queen of the Rosary, in this Holy Year
Help our Crusade for the Prayer you hold dear!



FATHER PATRICK PEYTON, FOUNDER OF THE FAMILY ROSARY CRUSADE IS WELCOMED AT LORETO CONVENT, NIAGARA FALLS

The Rosary

By Daria Hasiuk, Loretto College School
(First Prize Essay for Grade XII)

It is true that even atheists in dangerous moments of their lives begin to pray. The incident about which I write occurred in Haselbach, a little Bavarian village, a few days before the capitulation of Germany.

The American Army was already in the village and neighbouring fields, and from these points they bombarded Passau, a city on the Danube not very far away. Most people went to the farm which was probably a mile from the village, near the forest, where there seemed to be more quiet and safety. Except my parents and me, all were German (nearly fifty persons). We were there a whole week without any possibility of going to the village. Of these seven days, one remains in my memory very clearly. Among the Germans was a young man, an officer of the German Army. He had become separated from the Army, and now, dressed in farmer's clothes, was waiting the end of the war. He belonged to the Party, and still believed that Hitler would perform a miracle to save Germany.

Suddenly, on Friday morning, an explosion near the house startled everyone. One . . . two . . . three . . . bombs fell around the house. Everyone was terrified. Some went to the cellar, others lay down where they were. At any moment that little house, packed with people, might be destroyed. After a short interval, bombing was repeated. There was no escape. And so, one by one, all knelt down and began to say the rosary. Only the officer remained standing, looking with a sarcastic smile at those kneeling. But when danger increased, the smile left his lips, and he also knelt and began to pray. It seemed to me that this man had never prayed in his life before. And now he was kneeling with the others, and praying, praying with all his heart . . . because there was danger.

I believe that it was the rosary alone which saved us. Not only I, nearly all believed that. Only the officer, with sarcasm in his voice, said: "O, ja! the Holy Ghost came from paradise to save you. To believe in such nonsense . . ."

When I think of it now, I do not know what made this man speak so. Was it shame for his human weakness that in every danger turns to God? Or did he really believe only a little while? I do not know, because this day lies among my childhood memories, when I did not analyze nor try to see deeply into human nature.

In the evening all was calm, and many went outside to the fresh air. All was quiet. And in this quietness, one bomb . . . The officer was killed by it. Three times he had been saved from death, but the fourth time he was not so fortunate.

You may explain this incident to yourself in any way you like. I believe that the power of the rosary was clearly manifested.

What the Family Rosary means to me

By Mary Foy, St. Patrick's School,
Niagara Falls

(First Prize Essay for Grade V)

People wonder why we don't have peace. We can't have peace unless we say the rosary—Our Blessed Mother has told us that. It is the secret bomb that will wipe out wars and bring peace to the world.

At night when we say the rosary it means a lot to me. I think of each mystery as a story. I like the joyful mysteries for there you think of Jesus as a child and Mary His mother taking care of Him. I would like to have Our Lord for a playmate, because He is always so kind, gentle and sweet. In the Sorrowful mysteries I think of how Our Lord would go through all those terrible sufferings for just one soul—of how much He really loves us. I find it easier to offer up my little sufferings for the love of Him. I love the Glorious mysteries because it reminds me of heaven. Some day if I keep on being good and pray hard, I hope to go to heaven and see Our Lord and Lady.

If your parents are busy get your little brother and sister to say it with you. Remember what Our Lord said "When two or three are gathered together in my name there I am in the midst of them."

I think the story of the family rosary is like the parable Our Lord told to the people one day. "Every one who hears these my words and acts upon them, shall be like a wise man, who built his house on a rock." Our Blessed Mother has told us many times to say the rosary. If people obey her and say the rosary their homes would be built upon a rock and when pain and sorrow come they would stay together. While those who do not say the rosary will be like the foolish man who built his house on the sand. They will not have God's grace to keep them together. So be wise and say the family Rosary. Bring peace and happiness not only to your home, but to the whole world; for prayerful homes mean a peaceful nation.

Father Peyton

I can see him standing there in our little classroom at Loretto, Niagara, and never shall I forget the feeling of reverence that I felt for this saint of our day, Father Peyton. I had the privilege of hearing Father speak three times, and each time one knew more surely than before that Our Lady was close beside him, telling him what to say.

Father Peyton endeared himself to the hearts of the many thousands at the Niagara Rally, when he told us in a humble, almost shy way, that awoke sympathetic understanding in the hearts of the many who find public speaking a trial, of how his home had been a Family Rosary home and how wonderful his parents were. He made us think of our own Mother and Father, Sisters and Brothers, some of them far away. Every father and mother there whispered a promise to Mary to make their children's home a happy one through the Family Rosary, and every boy and girl, young man and young woman pledged to Our Lady that theirs would be a Rosary Home. That great crowd, moved to tears, by the simple words of this God-sent messenger felt gathered close to the heart of Our Immaculate Mother, as her mantle of blue enfolded all protectingly.

I count that day blessed on which Father Peyton visited us, on which I saw and heard this ardent apostle, on fire with love for Our Blessed Mother, burning with zeal to bring the whole world to God and Mary through Our Lady's own prayer, The Family Rosary.

Marilyn Maynard, Grade IX,
Loretto-Niagara.



O Blessed Mother of this woeful race,
Thine own dear Son was crucified for us;
As evening shadows spread their silent hush,
May we, thy children, lift our eyes and gaze
And unto heaven chant our song of praise:
The rosary—that saving song you gave to us.

At night as families gather at thy feet
To offer to thee homage for all men,
They think of that sure peace thou promised them,
And know this tribute fair to thee is meet,
For thou canst keep above them skies of blue
By thy sweet intercession unto Him.

Mary Platten, Grade X,
Loretto-Niagara.



MISS ANNA MAE ELWARD,
junior at Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, won second
place in the annual high school mathematics tournament
held April 15, at Mundelein College, Chicago.

The Family Rosary

Each sweet "Hail Mary" rising,
In that prayer that Mary loves
Is much sweeter, much more pleasing
If, in rising up above,
It comes from not just Mom or Dad
But from each and every one
Of course, including you!

Pray together, stay together!
That should be your cry.
Work together, play together,
It's easy if you try.
The Perfect family always did,
When they were here on earth
So follow their example,
Unite in prayer and mirth!

Pray for grace! Pray for Peace!
Pray for Russia, too,
Our Dearest Heavenly mother
Asks you and you and you!
So, your share. Say a prayer
Together one and all.
Join the Family Crusade,
Respond to Mary's Call.

Say the Family Rosary,
Take heed of her advice.
Put forth your utmost effort!
Adopt the plan of Christ.
This old world's in a sad state
It needs the Rosary
With Mary and the Crusade
We're sure of "Victory!"

Darlene Stecko, Grade XI,
Loretto-Niagara.

My story of the Family Rosary

There was great excitement in the locker-room of the kindergarten class as the children donned their coats and hats. Every one of them was bubbling with enthusiasm to run home and relate to their parents the story of Father Peyton and the Family Rosary Crusade, which Sister Margaret had talked about during class. One little girl, rather poorly dressed, slipped away from the crowd and ran toward the poorer section of the friendly town. Leaving the noise and excitement far behind, little Mary Anderson slowed down to a walking pace until she came to a tiny, shabby cottage, set back among green foliage. As she turned in, her baby mind was racing with thoughts while she pondered on the question, "How can I get Mommy and Daddy to say the rosary with me?"

Mary hurried with her daily chores of dusting and running errands and then stole to her room. Mommy is really very kind to me, she thought, and so is Daddy, but they are both so busy working to pay for Johnny's delicate operation.

"Johnny!" she thought, "why, I will go to him; I'll tell him; he will understand." Johnny was fifteen and had been a pale, sickly boy all his life, and Mary loved him dearly. Quietly she slipped into his room and told him of her eager desire to unite the family by the rosary for ten minutes each day. Johnny advised Mary to ask outright.

When the supper was over and the kitchen tidied, shyly Mary stepped into the parlor where her mother and daddy were figuring out their debts.

How worn and tired they looked! Timidly, Mary blurted out the question.

"Mommy, a-and daddy, c-could you please say the r-rosary with me,"

"No, dear, we are too busy and too tired, some other time," answered her mother.

"Oh, plea-se, mommy, sister told us we must, for Our Lady asked it," she pleaded.

"No, Mary, now be a good little girl and run off to play; we are very busy," concluded her mother impatiently.

Tearfully, Mary climbed the stairs to her little room. Johnny was asleep and she wouldn't waken him. Now in her room, she chokingly sobbed, "Who will say the rosary with me?" Sadly she

picked up an old rag doll and panda bear and with one on each side knelt down to say the rosary before her little shrine of Our Lady.

Just as she had finished the first joyful mystery, her father's deep voice echoed through the room, as he said the Our Father with the mother sweetly answering. Her little heart filled with joy as she turned to see her parents kneeling behind her with rosaries clasped in their hands as they looked fondly on their small daughter.

Night after night this happy family continued the holy practice and soon God saw to it that once more they were able to pay their debts, and their troubling worries ceased.

One wondrous day a fourth one was added to this happy family group. Through the glorious intercession of Our Blessed Mother, Johnny was cured and able to join in all the family activities. He had become a happy, healthy boy. Abundantly had Our Lady rewarded the Family Rosary in this home.

Marguerite Warner, Grade IX,
Loretto-Niagara.

The Family Rosary

When my family prays the rosary,
All heads with love bend low,
In praise of God's own Mother,
Who is watching us, we know.

And little sister Mary Jane,
Looks up at me with glee,
As through her dimpled fingers
She slips her Rosary.

Each evening after supper,
All minds are set at ease,
As we recite the decades
Of Our Lady's Rosary.

We know that as we pray,
Mary's own great prayer,
That Jesus, Mary, Joseph
Watch over us with care.

Winnifred Crowley, Grade IX,
Loretto-Niagara.

Loretto-Niagara Debaters



For four consecutive weeks the Negative and Affirmative team of Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ont., won debating victories. The subject was: "Resolved that the United Nations should now be revised into a Federal World Government." Loretto teams scored victories against Stella Niagara, St. Mary's High School, Bishop Duffy (Boys) High School, all of Niagara Falls, N.Y., and St. Joseph's Academy, Lockport, N.Y. The trophy will be donated to the Debating League by Niagara University. Invaluable experience, a knowledge of current events and pleasant social contacts were recompense for the research work the debates entailed. The members of the successful team are Mary Oros, Niagara Falls, Ont., Gail Hodgins, Niagara Falls, N.Y.; Betsie Fernandio, Georgetown, British Guiana; Patricia Quinn, St. Catharines, Ont.; Dolores Cronmiller, Niagara Falls, Ont., and Darlene Stecks, Niagara Falls, N.Y.

Ad Jesum Per Mariam

A lily blossomed in the valley,
The sweetest flower that grew.

"I know who that is," cried Janet,
"Do you?"

Angels bow when they hear her name.
A crown they made for her head.

"She is their queen," whispered Janet,
"God said."

Doves will rest by her sandled feet;
Her face with God's love did shine.

"She is His Mother," thought Janet.
"And mine."

In her arms rests the King of Kings,
He who came to conquer sin.

"How to live?" questioned Janet.
"For Him!"

How can we please that dear Infant?
"Pray to Him. But how?" asked I.

"To Jesus through Mary," said Janet.
"Just try!!"

Virginia Morgan, Grade IV,
Loretto-Woodlawn.

Pitter

PITTER should never have come to Chuchow. Before even the octave of the Annunciation had closed, Mother Superior wondered ruefully how he should be borne with for the five remaining weeks.

The peace of the compound had fled with his alighting from the sampan which had carried him upstream from neighbouring Tsingtien. The boy who brought him brought also a letter from the nuns there with greetings for the feast of Our Lady's Annunciation. It seemed that Marika, their goat, had kidded twins; the nanny kid they were keeping; Pitter was to be for Saint Michael's Convent. They should fatten him for six weeks when he would provide a welcome change from the unvarying pork diet. In China, where it would seem only pigs went to market, this now doubtful gift would soon justify the love that prompted it.

At that moment angry tones, shattering the siesta hour, came up to Mother Superior as she crossed to the window.

"Oh, my veil! You've ruined my veil," moaned Sister Bernard, as she beat off the offending goat from the clothesline. "You imp!"

Pitter bleated plaintively.

"You might well whine; it's a beating you need."

"You poor dear!" Sister Angela had hurried through the back door, letting it bang behind her; "And your poor veil! I guess we'll have to raise the line; a bamboo stick would do it."

"He'll probably eat that, too. On his present diet he'll be ready for table by Easter".

"I'll tie him up", hastily interposed Sister Angela. She felt that this was no time to mention Ling-Pu's surplice, the lace of which Pitter had chewed beyond recognition as the youngster left the Convent after Mass. April-fool from Pitter!

Mother Superior could not be sure but she thought she saw Sister Angela pat him before she went indoors.

He stood there lifting his beard triumphantly. He was an elegantly marked creature and carried his small horned head a trifle disdainfully. He could frisk and leap, but his thoughtful manner of setting down his feet was most characteristic, making his walk a pitter rather than a patter. It might be possible, mused Mother Superior, to establish with him an entente cordiale.

During the succeeding spring days Pitter did all in his power to bring it about. If he butted

at Sister Bernard, it was only in fun. He walked into the Refectory one morning during breakfast, it is true, but his manner became the silence and recollection he found there. He was hard put to understand Sister Angela's giggle. As she removed him, he rubbed his head against her, questioningly.

He learned slowly that good behaviour was synonymous with freedom. Though he loved the shed he shared with the rickshaw, he loved Sister Angela more. At her side he entered completely into life in the Compound. As he frisked beside her, on her way over to choir practise, she thought of her Convent-school at home, where other nuns had catered to another pet, Mussolini the black tom, later to be known more inoffensively as Buttercup. She rubbed Pitter's head.

After choir practise he waited long hours outside the Dispensary for Mother Superior and with his antics cheered the weary queue of sick. He felt repaid by the salt she gave him later on. When the Nuns returned from their visits to the sick inland, he saw through the white paling of the Convent their rickshaw when it was a long way off. He tried to get out to them in such a frenzy of joy that Sister Bernard wondered who had welcomed them before he came. In fact, she was almost on the point of wondering what they had done at all without him.

Her growing affection for him had its setbacks, however. Pitter did not realize that, in the land of everlasting rice and bean curd, chopped pork, sharks' fins, and preserved eggs, the sweet potato patch in the Sister's garden was doubly dear. At least, he did not realize until he nibbled delicately right through the field of young plants. At such moments Sister Bernard had serious doubts about delaying his execution.

Later he seemed to have repented of this mid-Lent rioting, and with the coming of Holy Week, his conduct reflected the solemnity of the time.

With the Paschal season his joy broke out afresh. He chose, however, to celebrate with the pagans. Just at this time the Chinese kept Ching Ming Festival, to honor their dead. The long wailing procession wended its way past the Convent, the grave-gifts of paper money and joss sticks borne by the mourning relatives. Who can say how Pitter got out of the compound and into the procession? Mother Superior sent the boy after him, but great wrath and mighty

(Continued on page 35)

Graduates of 1950, Loretto College School, Toronto



Back row, left to right: Catherine Badour, Mary Joan Rochford, Irene Terejko, Gertrude McCarthy, Loyola Matwey, Joan Edwards, Joanne Mahon. Centre row: Lois Kidd, Mary Alice Young, Augusta Mills, Beryl Sullivan, Dorothy Joan McCabe, Mary Reniowski, Joyce Bellamy, Patricia Tatz, Jean Wightman, Jara Chladney. Front row: Dorothy Nekechuk, Ann Turpak, Lillian Renzetti, Barbara Buck, Grace Albani, Elizabeth Anne Egan, Rose Marie Cruickshank, Frances McDonald.—Photo by Cyril Cassidy.

Pitter

(Continued from page 33)

invectives had been added to the wails before Pitter was content to be led home. Over the supper dishes the Nuns went off into gales of laughter as they recalled Ling-Pu's story of Pitter's attack on the pagans. When he had swallowed the paper money as it was laid on the graves, he had leaped enthusiastically through the graveyard, out-bleating one to ten the strident cries of the wailers. Sister Bernard maintained stoutly her faith in his anti-heathenish sentiments. Mother Superior sobered somewhat when she thought of the possible consequences. None, however, were forthcoming and life flowed on at the Mission in comparative calm.

Some time afterwards the storm clouds gathered in unexpected quarters. At evening devotions in the Mission Church where the only light during prayers was from the two candles on the Altar and the lantern at the back, the Nuns forgot they were in pagan China. The soft strains of the Gregorian "Salve" flowing from the very hearts of some thirty Chinese boys caught up in its tender tribute all their love and longing for their Queen—"Vita, dulcedo, et spes nostra, salve." Had loneliness seized Pitter, too, when he left the shed, crossed over the yard and entered the Church? The "Salve" ended less devoutly than Father would have wished, but he did not know the reason, until turning around to give his people his blessing, he met the cool glance of Pitter as he stood nodding his beard at the top centre aisle.

The next morning the storm broke—for Pitter—when Father asked to see Mother Superior after Mass.

That evening at the end of supper, she spoke briefly to the Nuns. She spoke in a rush, with determination, and with her eyes down. Had she seen the hurt expression in Sister Angela's eyes, and the incredulity in Sister Bernard's, she could not have gone on.

"Last night's episode forces us to—to get rid of Pitter. Father feels that he is creating impossible situations in the parish life." She reached for the Grace book and the two Nuns rose with her for Grace.

Two days later the Rectory received some forty pounds of young goat's meat.

"A gift from the Convent," said Father with a twinkle in his eye.

"We might have killed him," thought Mother Superior as she read the note of thanks, "But never could we have eaten him."

My Trip

It was a sultry summer day that I boarded a streamline to set out on the trip of my life. I soon settled down to gaze at the acres of farmland, swampland, mountains, the big cities and the small rushing by. After a pleasant journey I stepped off at Grand Central Station.

In this vast metropolis the next few days were spent taking in Radio City, Rockefeller Center, Empire State, Central Park and then some of the neighboring New England States of Mass., Conn., and New Jersey. But this was not the end. The Emerald Isle was my destination.

"Have your passports ready," commanded the American officer as I boarded the gigantic ocean liner. The air tingled with the excitement of the anxious crowd and the music of the band playing "Now Is The Time." The ship began to move and I prepared for five glorious days on the sea with sunbathing, dancing, movies and good food to satisfy the ocean-hungry appetite. Those sun-filled days and starry nights with nothing but the blue Atlantic around was a dream-vacation for any traveler.

Four o'clock in the morning of the sixth day I spotted Erin's Green Isle. There was much anticipation and tears and laughter on board. As the sun rose, the green of the countryside, seen from the ocean, was like a blanket of velvet.

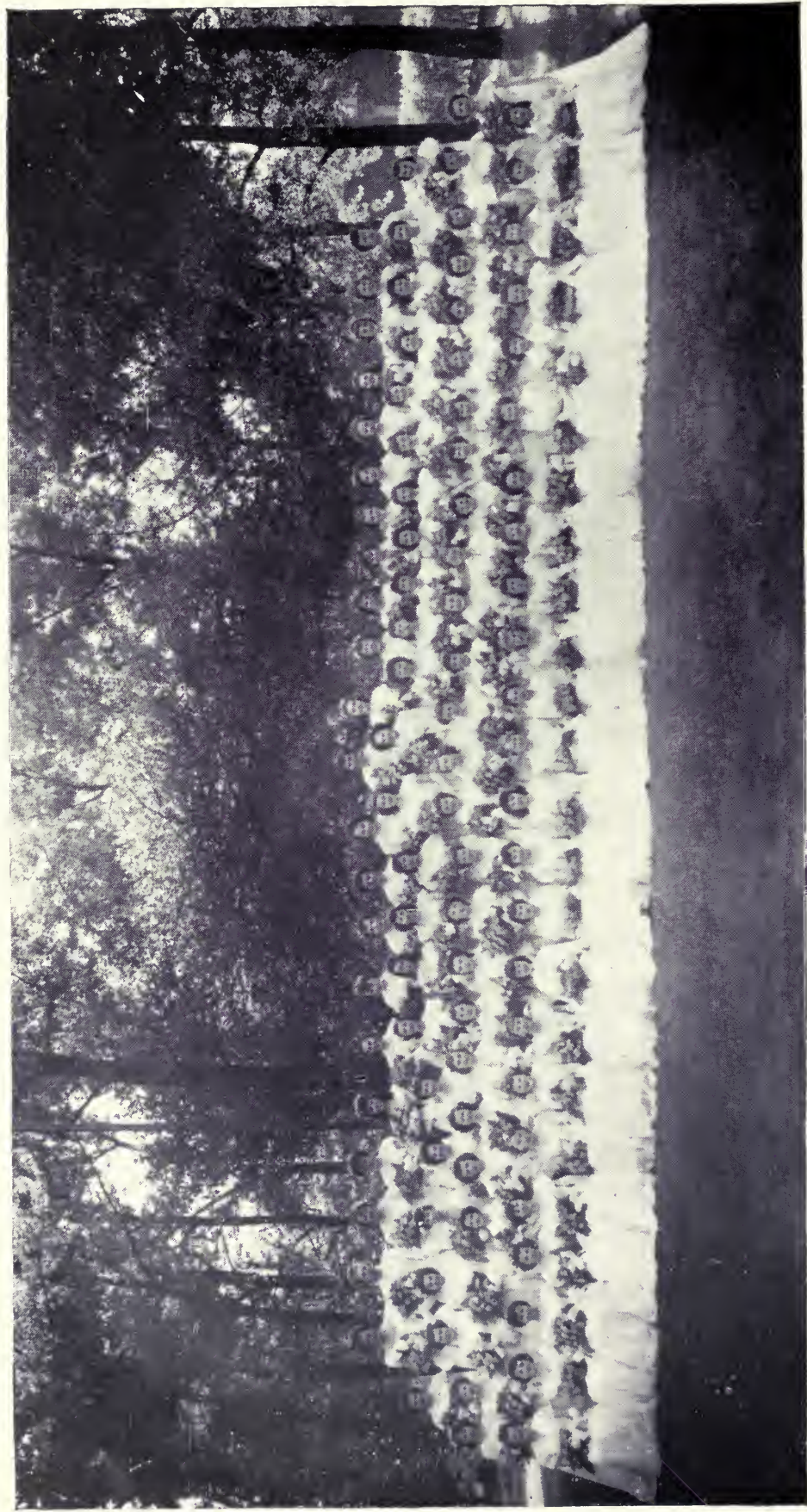
The people in this country were warm and friendly. There was no rush. Hospitality was the keynote in every household. Their simplicity and lightheartedness was noticed by all Americans.

As any tourist I didn't want to miss anything from the lakes of Killarney to Dublin's fair city. Several days were spent riding along the highways absorbing the scenery. The old castles were intriguing and the view from Tara Hill splendid.

It was midnight as we crossed the rough Irish Sea to Liverpool en route home. We had just enough time in the city to visit English shops and view the destruction that had taken place during the war years.

After a rather rough voyage across the ocean, we saw the Statue of Liberty, and the great white way of New York guided the weary traveller home. My trip had come to an end with a pleasant memory behind me.

Mary Flaherty, Senior,
Loretto-Englewood.



Graduates of 1950, Loretto Academy, Woodlawn

Loretto-Fort Erie



Taking part in a dance for the Christmas Concert were: Group 1 (left to right): Margaret Hartley, Barbara Kieswetter, Barbara Cork, Lena Morabito, Joan Le Bere. Group 2: Marcella Maurier, Esther Holback, Irene Waytko, Moira Stiles. Group 3: Nancy Hoak, Jeannine Laroque, Eileen O'Connor, Margaret Yukas, Joanne Lanthier, Anne Yukas. Group 4: Ruby Beicke, Sylvia Vail, Norma Clara, Mary Zohn, Evelyn Beicke, Patricia Morris, Marion Brand, Catherine McMahon.

Our Lady of Victory School

1950—six years have slipped by since the founding of our convent by the Ladies of Loretto here at Fort Erie.

The members of the Institute of the blessed Virgin Mary who came then began work among people who had had very little in the way of religious instruction. Catechetical work got under way, and with the aid of the pastor, the Reverend E. J. Canning, religious instruction classes were introduced into the public schools. The growing need for a separate school soon became apparent.

About a month before the opening of school in September, 1946, Father Canning saw to the purchase of Winston Hall, a vacated hostel for army women, for the new separate school. With less than a month before the opening of school the renovation was begun with all speed. The faith of the parish was now manifest as it took on the responsibility of such an enterprise. The

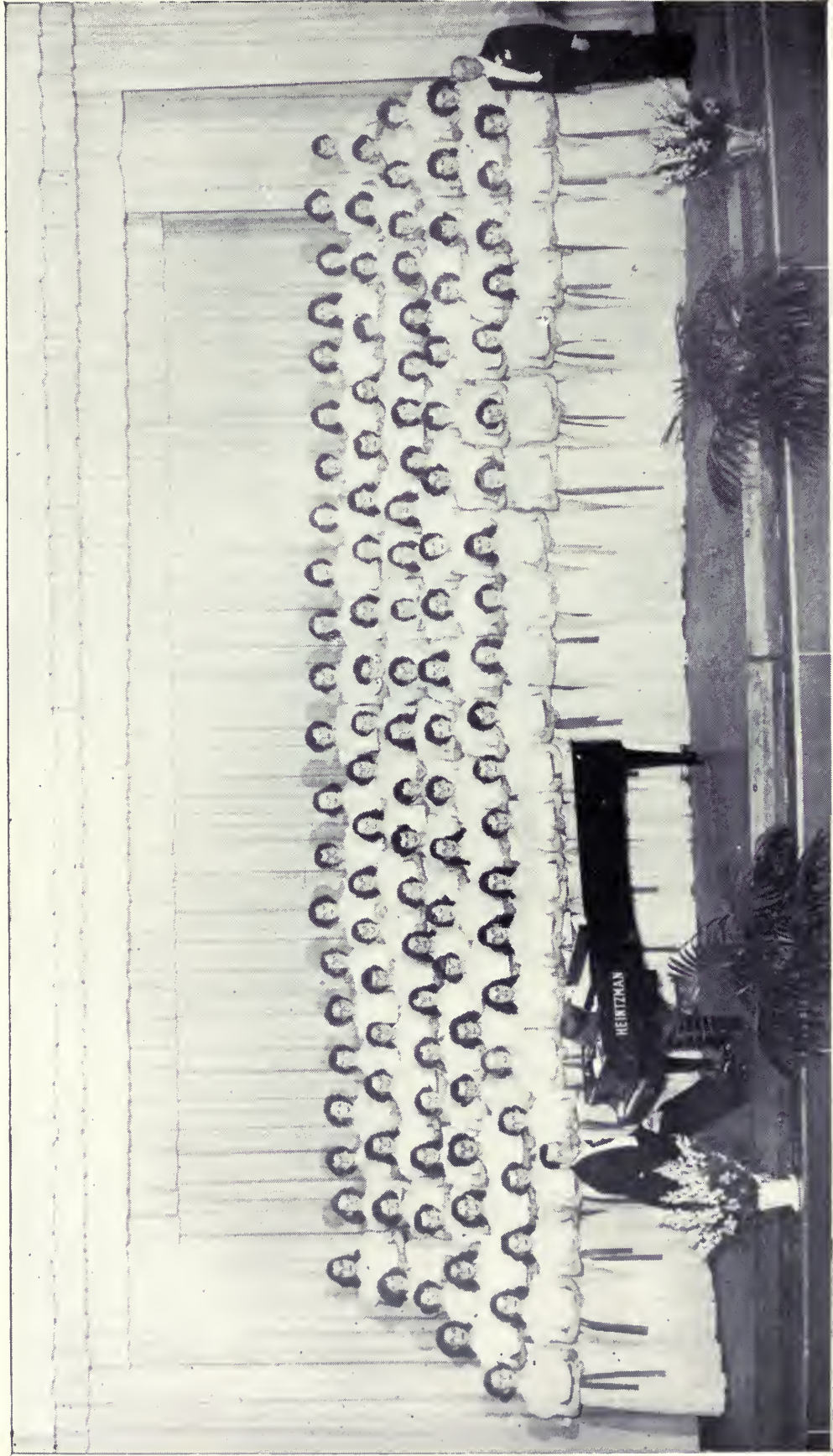
co-operation of the Sisters and parishioners alike was inspiring. The work proceeded rapidly, and the school, known as Our Lady of Victory, opened in September as planned.

The hastily constructed classrooms, seven in all were to accommodate one hundred and eighty-five pupils. Since then there has been a large increase in the enrollment, necessitating the opening of two more rooms. With the opening of our new high school, we are looking forward to even greater things.

1950—and through the efforts of the clergy, religious and laity, and under the patronage of Our Lady of Victory, another step has been taken toward the accomplishing of our God-given duty of educating the youth of today in a truly Christ-like way.

Michael George, Grade X,
Our Lady of Victory School, Fort Erie, Ont.

Loretto-Niagara Choristers



AS THEY APPEARED IN THE NEW COLLEGIATE AUDITORIUM, MAY 4th.

Michigan Avenue Generosity

I forget the excuse I used to get out of work early that afternoon—or even why I wanted out. It must have been frightfully important then but now all I can remember is that I met Mr. Schenk that day.

I'd rushed out of the office and was all the way to the train station, a good three blocks away, before I remembered that I had left my books on my desk. It seems as though something like that happens every time I'm in a hurry.

Well, I missed the train. Since the next one wouldn't leave for almost half an hour, I trudged back to the office. I had plenty of time now.

The lobby of the building was in a turmoil when I arrived. There was a baker's dozen of pompous executives from Ryland and Schenk, my employers, milling around a short fat individual who was shouting even louder than the others.

I watched the commotion, fascinated. The stocky little man was evidently Mr. Schenk and apparently he was disturbed over one of his many nebulous transactions.

He was screaming as I approached. "Ten thousand dollars I lose if that bungling purchasing agent calls New York and I can't get up to my own office to stop him."

He was near tears now. There was only one elevator running at this time and the indicator showed it to be on the forty-fifth floor. Mr. Schenk would never get upstairs in time to stop that call. Still he was my employer. And I remembered all the success stories of rewarded zeal I had heard. Never had Mr. Schenk been doing the rewarding—. But, who could tell?

"Mr. Schenk!" I pushed my way through the seething mob. "Mr. Schenk! Why don't you phone your office from the pay station? You can have the switchboard stop the call."

Mr. Schenk stared at me as though he had been struck by a thunderbolt. Then he led his followers in a mad scramble for the phone booth in the corner of the lobby. He wedged himself into the booth then looked at the coin slots as though surprised at their existence.

"Quick!" He extended his hand. "Give me a nickel."

The different members of his band fumbled through their pockets in vain. They pulled out quarters, halves, and bigger bills than I had seen in months—but no nickels.

I slid my own hand into the pocket of my coat. I *had* a nickel. I also had two dimes and a penny. And that was all I had. Mr. Schenk's desperate look was returning when I edged my way foryard once more. I handed him the nickel silently.

He clutched at it as only the Schenks of this world can clutch at money. "I'll never forget this," he said. "You've saved me a fortune." He slammed the booth door shut and spent the next few minutes talking excitedly. When he emerged his face was wreathed in smiles. The faces of all his friends were wreathed in smiles, too. They thundered past me and out into the night.

As I said I was quite excited over meeting Mr. Schenk. He was my employer—the only millionaire I had ever met—and it seemed likely that he would appreciate the favor I had done him.

The very next morning I met Mr. Schenk in the elevator. I cleared my throat.

"Good morning, Mr. Schenk!"

He grunted and looked at me blankly.

"Don't you remember? I'm the girl who suggested you phone the office last night. I'm the one who lent you a nickel."

"O yes! Yes!" Recognition washed over his face. "I'll bet you thought I forgot. Well, I didn't. Oliver Schenk never forgets. Here!" He pushed his pudgy hand toward me. "Here's your nickel back. A Schenk always pays his debts." With that the elevator stopped and Mr. Schenk swept grandly past me.

Mary Alice Ladd, Junior,
Loretto-Englewood.



A Prayer for Poets

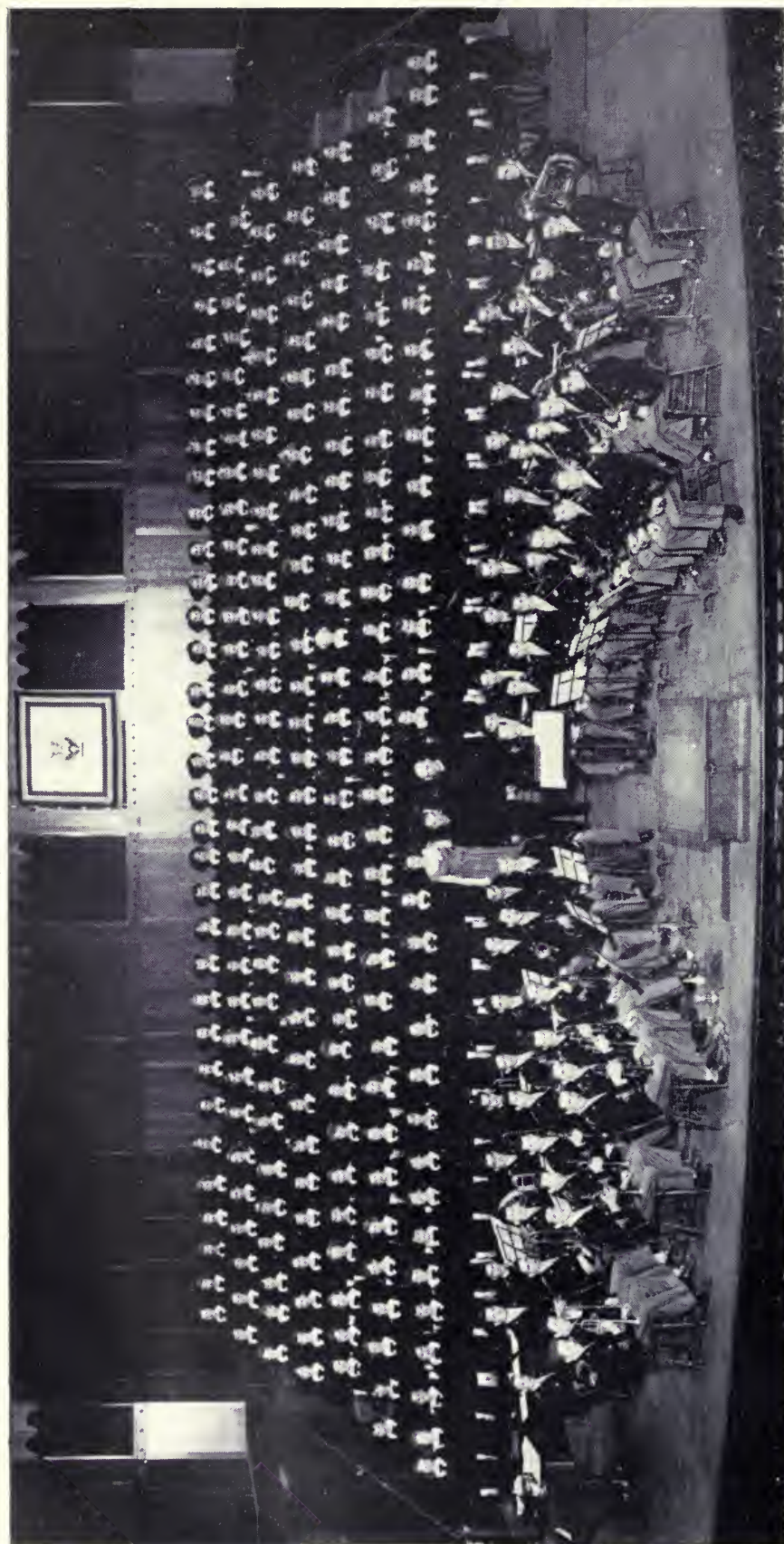
Mother of God, Star of the Sea,
Oh, hear our humble prayer.
Oh, Help of Christians, Virgin pure,
Our words shall fill the air.

Our songs arise as clouds to thee
To praise thee, Mystic Flower.
They sing, they swell with every breath
To bless thee, David's Tower.

Oh, Hope of Carmel, Brown Robed Queen,
Thy titles great we praise.
We bring our poems as gifts to thee,
Oh, bless us all our days.

Ann O'Hara, Senior,
Loretto-Woodlawn.

St. Michael's Annual Band Concert



dedicated to Mr. Cesar Borré, was supported by Loretto choristers, under the direction of Monsignor Ronan. Miss Mary Macdonald was the accompanist.

Loretto College School

Debaters

"Madam chairman, honourable judges, worthy opponents, members of the house." These words have become very familiar to the ears of the students at Loretto College School, Brunswick Ave. This past year, with the help of our English teachers, we have prepared, fought, won or lost, numerous debates, on as many different topics. We have proven that chivalry is not dead. We also attempted to abolish homework, but the influences on the opposition were overpowering. It was proven that home life in the city is more advantageous than that of the country.

The debate for top honours, after a very hard fought battle, was won by the two Grade Twelve debaters on the negative side of resolution "Modern advertising does more harm than good." Congratulations to Barbara Dopp and Patricia Quigley on their success.

Patricia Switzer, Grade XII.

Recital

On March 13, 1950, Loretto College School was honoured by the presence of a brilliant Hungarian pianist, Bela Boszormenyi-Nagy. His recital included three sonatas by Beethoven, two studies by Debussy and three selections from Bartok. In conclusion he played the ever-pleasing "Waltz in A flat," by Brahms. In addition to this pleasant recital he spoke a few words on the Loretto Sisters in Hungary who are asking for our prayers and help.

Mr. Boszormenyi-Nagy has been in Canada for almost two years, during which time he has been a leading member of the piano faculty at the Royal Conservatory of Music of Toronto. He has already made successful tours of both Eastern and Western Canada. In spite of his busy life he has appeared several times with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, and in November of 1949 he performed with the famous violinist Yehudi Menuhin in a sonata night in Chicago.

Mary Heinrich, Grade XII.

Drama Festival

On May 12, 1950, Loretto Abbey and Loretto College School presented an Inter-Loretto Drama Festival in the auditorium of Loretto College School. The programme, under the very capable direction of Miss Devon Dabelle, A.T.C.L., consisted of a series of five dramatic sketches woven about folk motifs of different countries—this theme being carried throughout

each play by music and dancing.

The adjudication and awards were presented by Miss Olive de Wilton in co-operation with the Brian Doherty Theatre Production. Miss de Wilton commended the fine work of the young performers and made mention of the authentic costumes and dances which were under the supervision of Miss Helen Zevior, and also of the excellent scenery made by Mr. Fraser Metcalfe.

"The Little People", a story of the Leprechauns of Ireland and their legendary Pot of Gold, drew its cast from Grades IX and X of Loretto Abbey. The "Littlest Leprechaun" was engagingly played by Mary Jane Kilgore, the "littlest" girl in the play (Grade 3).

Grades VII and VIII of Loretto College School gave us "A Glimpse of the Orient"—a visit to a Chinese Garden as visualized in a school girl's dream. Marie Collins gave an entertaining performance as one of the Chinese girls in the garden.

"Tulip Time," with its cast from Grades VI, VII and VIII of Loretto Abbey, was the story of tulip time in Holland and the gay Festival of Flowers. Colourful costumes and scenery helped to make this sketch most pleasing.

The presentation of the Senior School of Loretto Abbey was "The Stolen Babe," a tale of gypsy jealousy and hate, and the final triumph of true love. The cast, headed by Dorothy Brickley as "Granny," gave an effective performance. Beatrice Asunsulo, one of the many Latin-American girls taking part in the play, was praised by Miss de Wilton for her spirited dancing.

"In Old Vienna," presented by the High School Drama Club of L.C.S., told of incidents in the life of Johann Strauss as he walked the rough road to fame. The Loretto College School students, with Carol Lindholm as "Johann Strauss" and Hildegard Zihlmann as "Leischen", gave an impressive performance and for their excellent work were awarded the school cup for the best play.

Silver cups were awarded to Hildegard Zihlmann and Marie Collins, both of L.C.S., for the best individual performances.

Special mention and small prizes were awarded Maureen Tone, Dorothy Brickley, Mary Jane Kilgore and Beatrice Asunsulo, all of Loretto Abbey.

Hildegard Zihlmann, Grade XII.



TROPHY WINNERS IN THE STRATFORD KIWANIS MUSIC FESTIVAL FOR THE THIRD TIME IN THE GIRLS' CHORUS

TOP ROW: Agnes Stemmler, Margaret Merkel, Joy Torrance, Marjorie Gaffney, Barbara Schooley, Lillian Vollmer, Phyllis Schultz, Cecilia Walsh, Doris Pollard, Shiela McPhee. MIDDLE ROW: Rita Perocchi, Kathleen Campbell, Myrna Hotot, Connie Trafagandar, Carmen Cuevas, Eileen Campbell, Paulina Pardo, Dolores Chippa, Joan Flanagan, Marie Price, Doreen McKinnon, Maureen Campbell, Eleanor Pollard. FRONT: Irene Whaling, Donna Phelan, Gloria Colvin, Margaret Sequin, Maureen Melligan, Shirley Gibbard, Margaret Patterson, Myriam Cabrera, Maureen Butler, Mary Chesney, Kathleen Meligan, Donna Connelly, Rose Marie Belliveau, Josefina Villegas, Denis Routhier (conductor). Pianist: Claire Lee.

Graduation

Graduation exercises of Loretto College School took place in St. Peter's Church, Toronto, on Sunday afternoon, May 14. The graduates, in white, wore white floral wreaths and carried bouquets of red roses.

The graduation diplomas were presented to the graduates in the sanctuary by Right Reverend Monsignor G. J. Kirby, D.P., Ph.D. The address to the graduates was given by Reverend Walter Kerr, of St. Augustine's Seminary. Father Kerr reminded the girls of the privilege that had been theirs, of receiving a Christian education, a privilege made possible by the sacrifice of their parents, pastors, and teachers. He warned them of the forces of evil that would surround them in their future life, and urged them to hold fast to the principles that had been taught them.

The officiating clergy at Solemn Benediction were Right Reverend Monsignor G. J. Kirby, Reverend D. D. Simpson, Walkerton, and Reverend M. Shuba, of Sts. Cyril and Methodius parish.

Benediction was sung by a choral group of two hundred girls selected from the student body. The work of preparation had been brought almost to completion by the late Cesar Borré before his death a month ago. It was taken over by Reverend John I. Hochban, S.J., who conducted the singing at the graduation exercises. The girls sang Ave Maria, by Saint-Saëns, Sanctus, by Right Reverend Monsignor Ronan, O Salutaris, by Cesar Borré, Tantum, a 16th century melody arranged by Schumann, Adoremus, by Monsignor Ronan, and the 150th Psalm, by César Franck.

A reception was held at Loretto College School for the graduates and their friends.

St. Michael's Band Concert

On Wednesday, April 26, that St. Michael's Band and a choral group of two hundred students from Loretto Abbey and Loretto College School united at Massey Hall to present, under the direction of Monsignor Ronan, St. Michael's Annual Band Concert. The whole program from Mr. Borré's arrangement of the glorious 150th Psalm to the popular favourite "You Belong to My Heart" was dedicated to Mr. Borré, who died two weeks before the concert.

A former Loretto, Brunswick, girl, Lillian Mucci, sang the "Ave Maria" and "Panis Angelicus" solos for an appreciative audience.

Loretto is grateful to Monsignor Ronan for the difficult task he assumed of the last-minute direction, and to Father Whelan, the band's moderator, whom they have gained as a good friend. His encouraging smile will not soon be forgotten.

Beverly Burch, Grade XII,
Loretto College School.

A Tribute

Mr. Borré, the beloved choral director at Loretto Abbey and Loretto College School for many years, died suddenly on April 12. He was a musician of great renown. Numerous compositions and arrangements, religious as well as classical, can be attributed to him. He was a brilliant pianist and a magnificent singer.

Our late choral master was born in Belgium and had the distinction of being the first conductor of the Royal Flemish Opera Company at Antwerp. Prior to that he conducted the Italian Opera Company in England. Here in Canada, Mr. Borré taught Gregorian Chant in London at St. Peter's Seminary. Later, he became director of the Schola Cantorum at St. Basil's Church, in Toronto, and professor in charge of music at St. Michael's College.

We know Mr. Borré best though, as our choral director. We saw him only eighty minutes a week and only a privileged few of us knew him personally, yet with his death each of us felt we had lost a good friend who had all our interests at heart. Before all our singing concerts, his calm assurance filled us with confidence. He clapped for us himself and would tell us how proud he was of us, although all the praise was due to him. He conducted for us at many recitals, yet he said shortly before he died the one he thought would be most beautiful was the concert of St. Michael's Band with two hundred and twenty-five Loretto girls assisting in the choral numbers. Although he was not there in person, it was made possible through him.

Mr. Borré will long remain in our hearts and be for us a model of a Catholic with an ardent faith and a musician with rare talent. May eternal light shine upon him!

Arden Spence, Grade XII,
Loretto Abbey.

Graduates of 1950, Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls



Standing, left to right: Ida Mae De Grant, Elizabeth Hayes, Elizabeth Young, Joanne Merry, Mary Healey, Mary Sullivan, Louise D'Anna, Theresa Henning, Marie McGraw, Leona Crawford. Sitting, left to right: Daisy McGibbon, Angela Flocca, Caryll Ann Fisher, Mary Pozer, Rita d'Escota, Rene Pereira, Frances McKinley, Betsie Fernandes.

Success??

"How would I like to write an article for the *Loretto Rainbow*? Why, I'd love to!!" With the natural pride of human nature, I immediately saw my name under an article as I eagerly raced through the glossy, freshly printed pages of the *Rainbow*. Ah! Success!! At last I made it!! After three years of scanning these pages to find a famous name from Loretto, Englewood, adorning its pages, I now came to the name I had seen so frequently—predominantly on innumerable history papers!!

"Now, just one minute, Miss Repplier, you haven't even thought of a topic to write on". Sunday night I sat down at 6.00 . . . all ready to begin. I began thinking—thinking—thinking. To let you see how broad my mind is, I'll mention a *few* of the subjects on which I commenced to write.

The telephone rang and my friend called—after finishing talking I began to write on "The Mystery of Telephone Communication". Then I received a little grace and began on "The Corporal Works of Mercy". As I sat trying to remember the third work, the gleaming Christmas tree met my eye. "The True Christmas Spirit" had its birth on the next clean sheet of paper and it died without much fame about five minutes after. Then my sister's friend came in. A new topic—"The Ideal Date". That was quickly abandoned after I began thinking he didn't buy me a Christmas present. I wouldn't give him the satisfaction that he was the inspiration of MY essay. Then I looked through a fashion magazine and began on "Don't Use Too Much Makeup, Girls". That title was too long! I deserted it because I could think of only two sentences to accompany it.

I could hear Gabriel Heatter discussing the peace problems on the radio. Work on "The Confused World" began to flourish!!! This was my longest accomplishment. First I told about the confused world, the people who confused it, and then their confused ideas of Christianity and politics. After two paragraphs I was too confused to attempt to UN-confuse the world.

So there it was; 11.00 Sunday and no topic. The rough copy had to be handed in tomorrow. On the streetcar in the morning I decided I'd not come to class empty-handed. I'd simply write what I experienced going through the process of choosing a topic. At least I spent time thinking—not saying how *diligently*.

Well, I handed in my conglomeration of facts and hoped for the best. If this mass of sentences reaches the *Rainbow's* pages, I hope it will be a source of hope to the girls whose minds develop into a tumult when they begin searching for a topic on which to write a composition.

Harriet Crawford, Senior,
Loretto-Englewood.



Robert Burns: His Poetry

ROBERT BURNS was at his best when he wrote from experience. His poems were himself and they appeal to the ordinary man for, being one himself, Burns had an insight into the thoughts and feelings of his people—the common man. His deep sympathy with the common man is expressed in "A Man's a Man for a' That". This poem is a statement of Burns' philosophy and reveals that he was interested in the French Revolution and its doctrine of Liberty, Fraternity and Equality; it also lead us to believe that he was, in some way, acquainted with the writings of Rousseau.

"It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that."

"To a Mouse" gives us another taste of Burns' philosophy and the oft quoted lines:

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley."

This poem also contains a touch of autobiography. Burns gives us an insight into the heavy grief he is carrying; he appears depressed and disillusioned; almost despairing. In these lines he compares the mouse to himself:

"Still thou art blest compared wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But, och! I backward cast my ee
On prospects drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear!"

The poems closely associated with nature are among the most beautiful written by Burns. His language in description is rich in feeling and paints a vivid picture which gives us a glimpse of the beauty that surrounded him. His descriptions come from actual experience and observation, thus giving his poetry a realistic atmosphere. Burns uses nature to paint his moods. When he is happy nature is beautiful, as in "Highland Mary".

The Grattons



At St. Catharines, in February, Barbara Gratton (right) won the Dominion Junior Figure Skating Championship, while her sister, Elizabeth came second. They are in Grades Ten and Eleven at Loretto Abbey.

"How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom."

Yet, when his mood is pensive and sad, nature is pictured as being dreary, as in "To a Mouse".

"Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
An' weary winter comin' fast."

Burns' love life gave his work pathos and tenderness; he felt love and anguish and expressed them beautifully in his love poetry. When the theme of his poetry is of love, Burns writes in English and although this does take some of the charm and quaintness away from his work it is, nevertheless, beautiful and tender. This is exemplified in "Highland Mary" and "To Mary in Heaven". Mary Campbell must have occupied a very special place in Burns' heart for he writes of her with a spirit of reverence not felt in his other love poetry.

"The golden hours on angel wings
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary."

But how fickle he was! His numerous love affairs are preserved in numerous love poems and he reveals his excellent knowledge of women in such poems as "Last May a Braw Wooer" and "Tam Glen".

Hildegard Zihlmann, Grade XII,
Loretto College School.

Ludwig

Thuds were heard on the front stairs, and as we looked out, we saw a couple of men struggling to get Ludwig up the steep stairs. After a few grunts and groans from the hard-working men, Ludwig was in the house and being placed by the middle window in our living room. Ludwig had a face which could change its expression most frequently, and along with each new expression was a new personality to accompany it. There was no doubt about it—Ludwig was terrific! Ludwig had a knack for keeping the children amused and also a great knack for keeping the adults entertained.

Since the day of Ludwig's arrival our living room has been swarming with people, children and grownups alike. They all seem to be entranced with Ludwig's wonderful personalities. These people are not the only ones entranced by Ludwig's presence—definitely not! Since Ludwig's arrival my little sister has become deaf and blind to all things, except Ludwig. She sits for hour upon hour watching and listening to her idol—Ludwig.

My father also has become somewhat changed by Ludwig's appearance. He no longer sits with his nose in the paper, but instead, he keeps his eyes constantly glued to the space in front of the middle window where sits Ludwig. My mother now has a hard time keeping her supper from burning for, you see, she too has been affected by Ludwig's radiant personality. The rest of the family has also been torn away from other interests to sit and watch Ludwig for hours on end, rarely even tearing themselves away to acknowledge the arrivals of newcomers into the room.

Yes, it seems Ludwig has us all hypnotized. That is, all except Mrs. Ingabore from next door, who is everlastingly tripping in to announce to all the wonderful bargains at Porky Worky's Department Store. Her announcements are usually interrupted by shouts of "Quiet" and "Down in front, Ludwig has the floor". At this Mrs. Ingabore always gets an insulted look on her face and in great haste stalks out the door probably promising herself never again to bring us the news about the bargains, but we don't worry about that because she's bound to come back. Yes, even talkative Mrs. Ingabore can sometimes sit long enough to listen to Ludwig.

More and more people are becoming acquainted with the famous Ludwig and before long there will probably be a Ludwig in every home, for Ludwig has a way of amusing people, thrilling them, and sometimes even saddening them, but people will always enjoy this wonderful invention—the television set.

Geraldine Cain, Senior,
Loretto-Englewood.

The Family Rosary

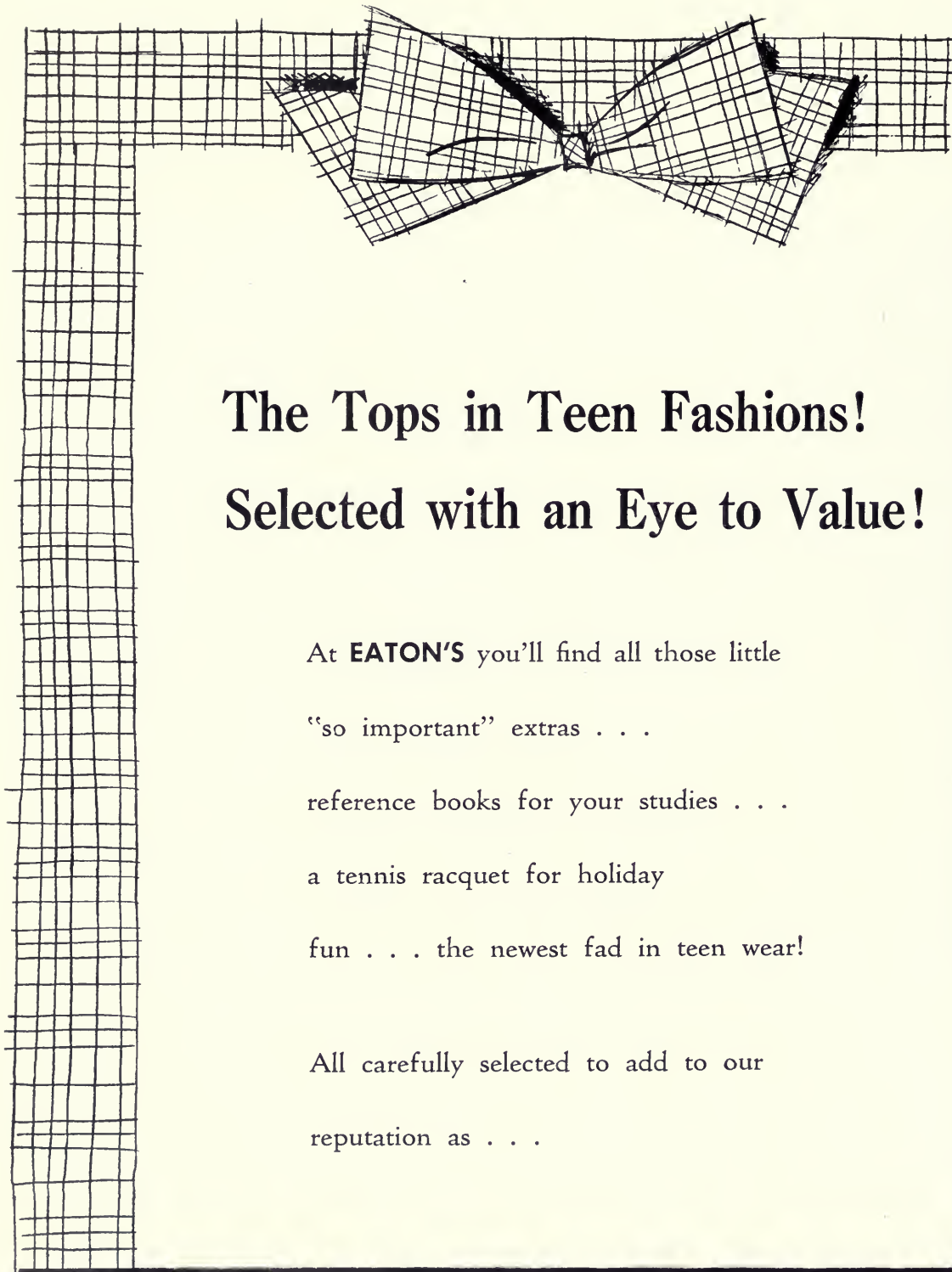
What does the Family Rosary mean to me?
Were I the greatest poet I could not say,
For words did not persuade my family,
But actions, brought them all to see my way.

Our Lady promised peace to troubled lands;
"If you recite the rosary", rings her plea.
Each evening amidst my family she stands;
"Hail, Mary", we exclaim on bended knee.

Sweet Lady Help of Christians with us stay,
To help us bear our cross should sorrow fall.
Then from our family circle we'll not stray,
Till each of us has heard your Son's clear call.

Need any faithful Christians wonder whether
The family, that prays together, stays together?

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